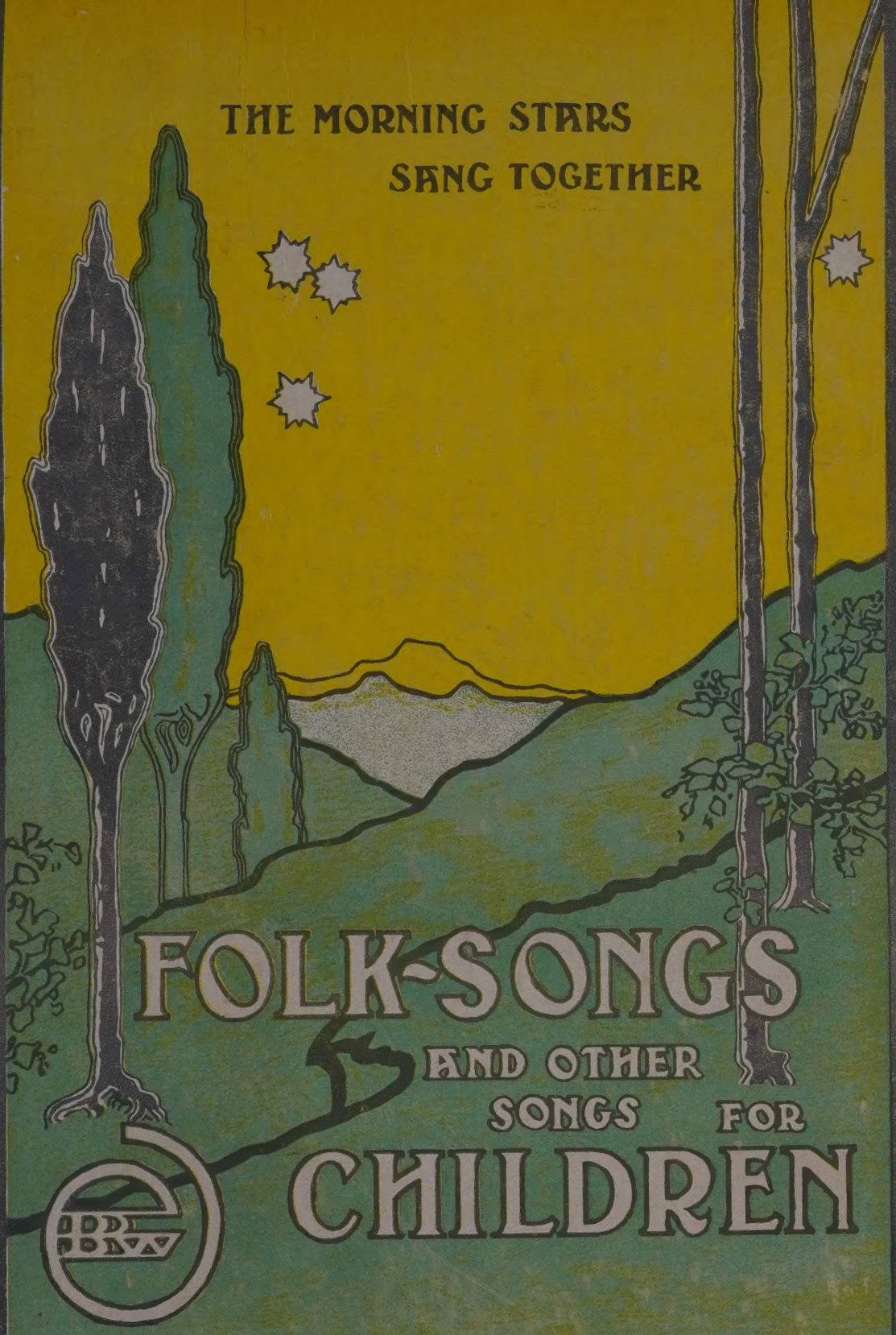
THE MORNING STARS SANG TOGETHER



# FOLK-SONGS AND OTHER SONGS FOR CHILDREN

OLIVER·DITSON·COMPANY

October 1940

# FOLK-SONGS

## AND OTHER SONGS

# FOR CHILDREN

EDITED BY

JANE BYRD RADCLIFFE-WHITEHEAD

$3.00

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
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# PREFACE

The following collection originated in the idea of acquainting children of the new world with some of the songs which in the old world have kept their hold on the affection of the people for a long time — folk-songs, chiefly — which, because of their simplicity and naïveté must appeal particularly to the young. In some cases the words of foreign love songs have been replaced by simple English ones, but the melodies have been kept intact.

The childhood of the race is now recognized as a source of light on the psychology of the child, and eminent American educators, like President Stanley Hall of Clark University, and Professor John Dewey of Chicago, have proved beyond doubt that the old methods of teaching must be modified, and that the way of a child in learning a subject is very different from the way of a man. The child learns individual concrete facts, whereas the man wants to grasp the logic of a subject or to fit the facts to it. This principle should be applied in the teaching of music.

Most folk-songs which have kept their place for even a few generations have qualities which render them suitable for children. Although every folk-song is originally the work of an individual, it is always of such a character as to appeal to the imagination of simple folk. Sometimes, as in the case of the "Marseillaise," we know who was the originator of the melody, which owing to its character was at once adopted by a nation, or a part of a nation, as its own, but in many cases the original source cannot be traced.

In America, if we except the negro and Indian melodies, some college songs, and a few others, we can hardly be said to have as yet any folk-songs.

Whether this is due to lack of time, to unsettled conditions, and the restlessness of American life as inimical to an indigenous art is an interesting question. What influence the perpetual influx and admixture of German, Slavic, and Italian blood is to have on the national life as expressed in music, the future alone can reveal. At present we must gather from the old world those simple songs naïve with perpetual youth which have been consecrated by the spontaneous feeling of a people.

Out of this fragrant, old-time garden the editor has gathered this volume, including at the same time a few simple melodies and child songs not out of keeping with the plan of offering to mothers, teachers, and lovers of children, music that is simple and child-like in its appeal.

*The Editor.*

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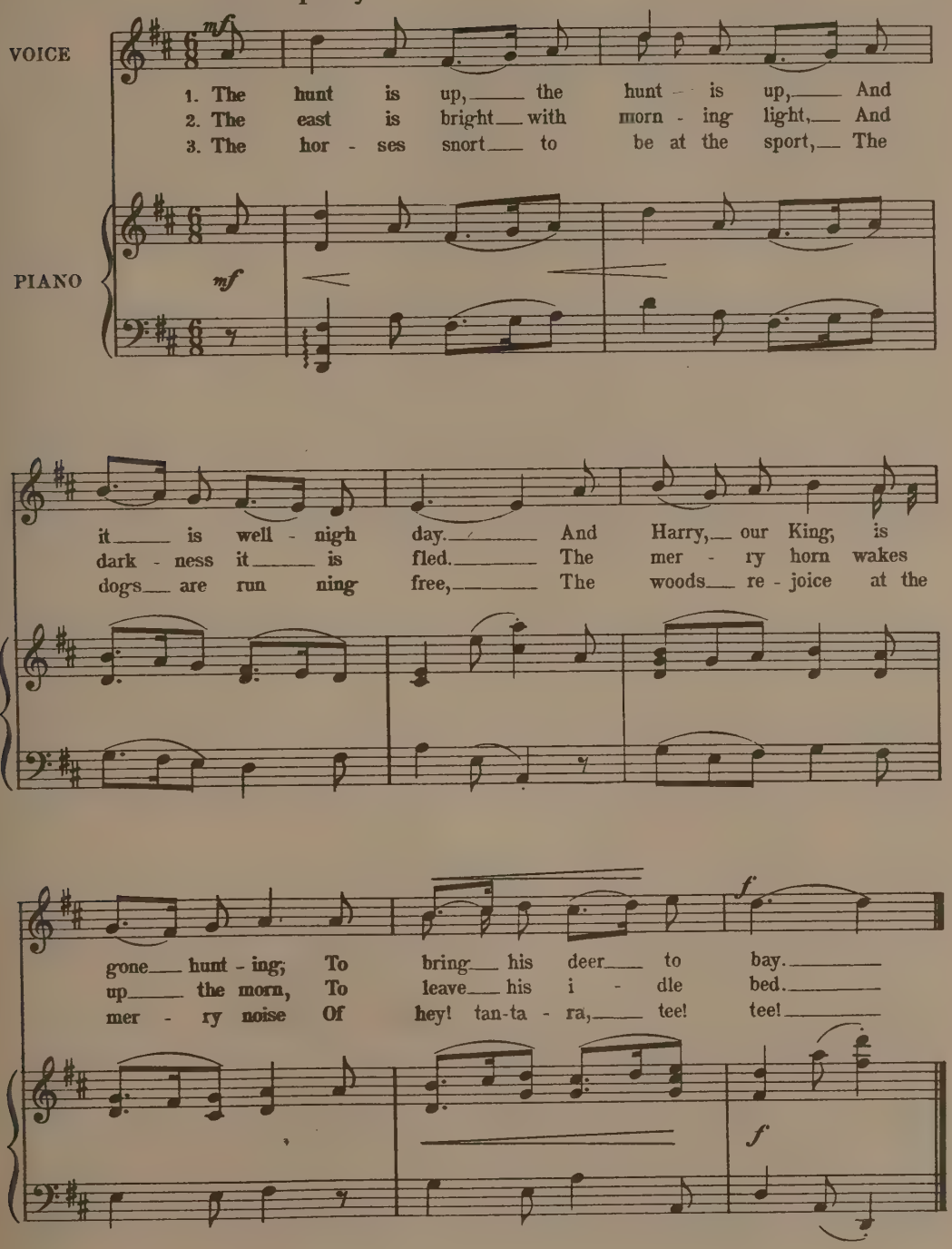
# ENGLISH SONGS

## THE HUNT IS UP

*Words ancient*

Ascribed to WILLIAM GRAY (1587)
*(Musician to King Henry VIII)*
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Somewhat quickly


VOICE
PIANO
mf
1. The hunt is up, the hunt is up, And it is well - nigh day. And Harry, our King, is
2. The east is bright with morn - ing light, And dark - ness it is fled. The mer - ry horn wakes
3. The hor - ses snort to be at the sport, The dogs are run ning free, The woods re - joice at the
mf
f
gone hunt - ing; To bring his deer to bay.
up the morn, To leave his i - dle bed.
mer - ry noise Of hey! tan-ta - ra, tee! tee!
f

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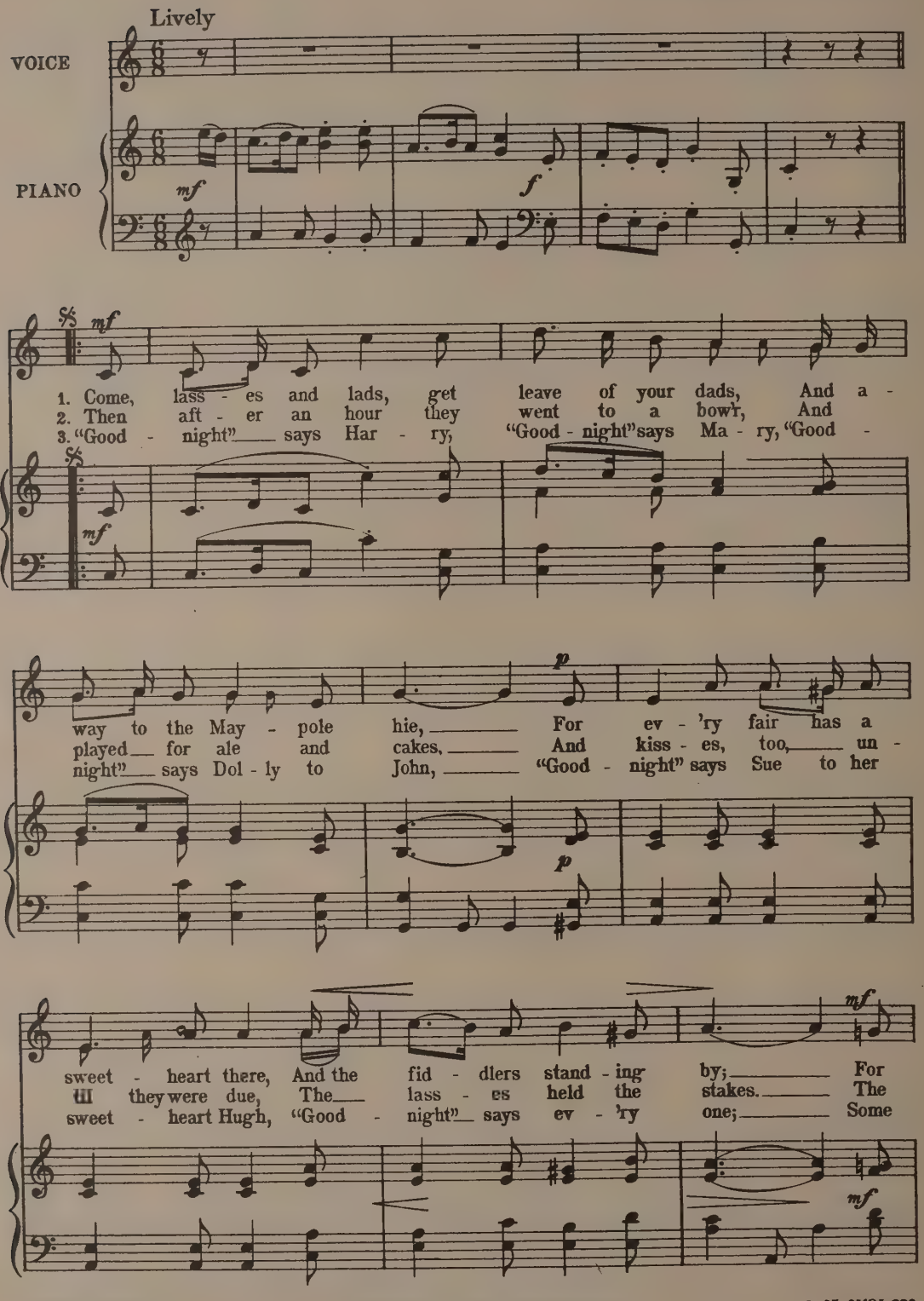
# COME, LASSES AND LADS

OLD MELODY *(17th Century or older)*
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Lively
VOICE
PIANO
mf
f
1. Come, lass - es and lads, get leave of your dads, And a -
2. Then aft - er an hour they went to a bowr, And
3. "Good - night" says Har - ry, "Good - night" says Ma - ry, "Good -
way to the May - pole hie, For ev - 'ry fair has a
played for ale and cakes, And kiss - es, too, un -
night" says Dol - ly to John, "Good - night" says Sue to her
p
sweet - heart there, And the fid - dlers stand - ing by; For
til they were due, The lass - es held the stakes. The
sweet - heart Hugh, "Good - night" says ev - 'ry one; Some

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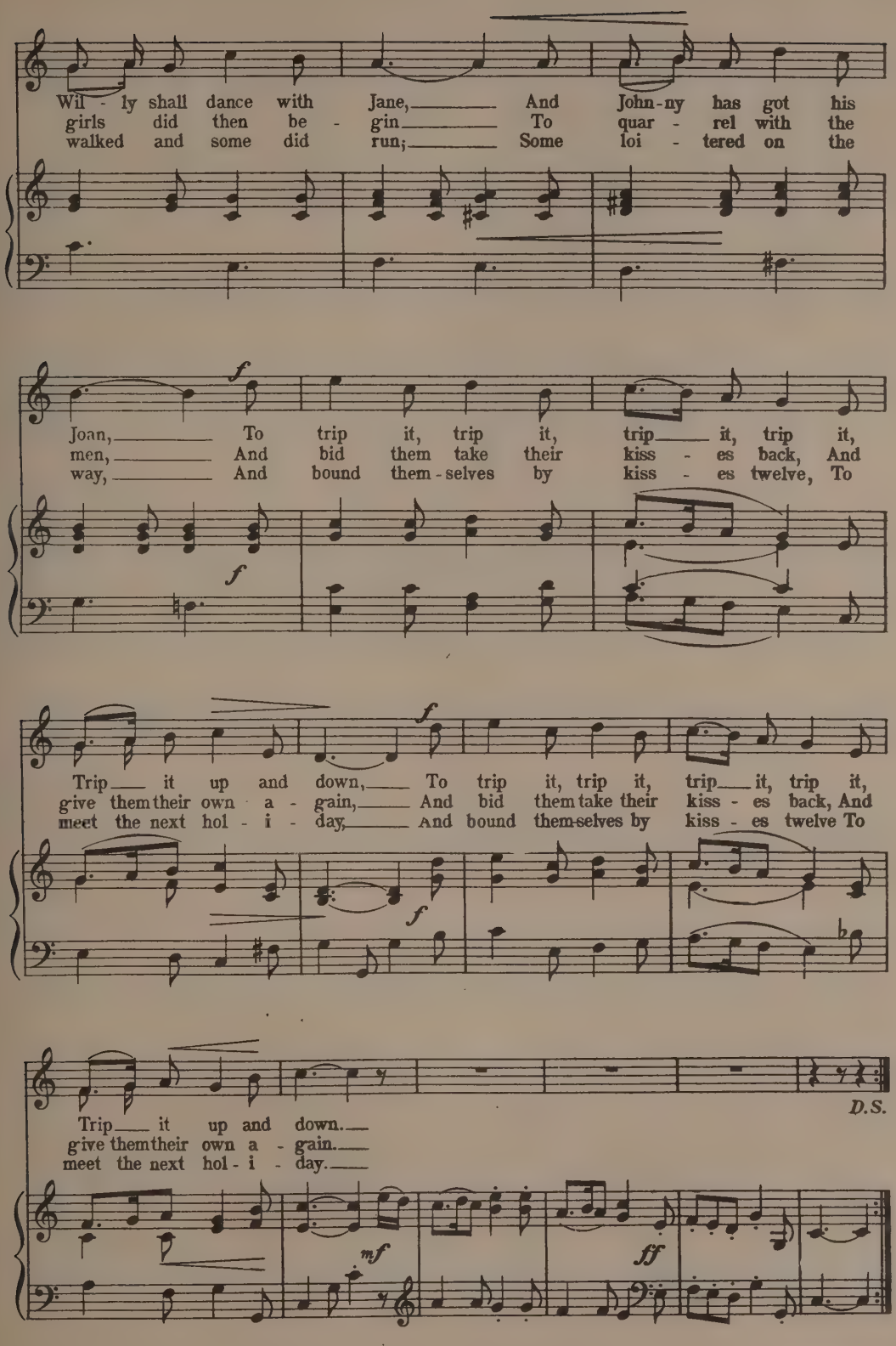
Wil - ly shall dance with Jane, And John-ny has got his
girls did then be - gin To quar - rel with the
walked and some did run; Some loi - tered on the
f
Joan, To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
men, And bid them take their kiss - es back, And
way, And bound them-selves by kiss - es twelve, To
f
Trip it up and down, To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
give them their own a - gain, And bid them take their kiss - es back, And
meet the next hol - i - day, And bound them-selves by kiss - es twelve To
f
f
D.S.
Trip it up and down.
give them their own a - gain.
meet the next hol - i - day.
mf
ff

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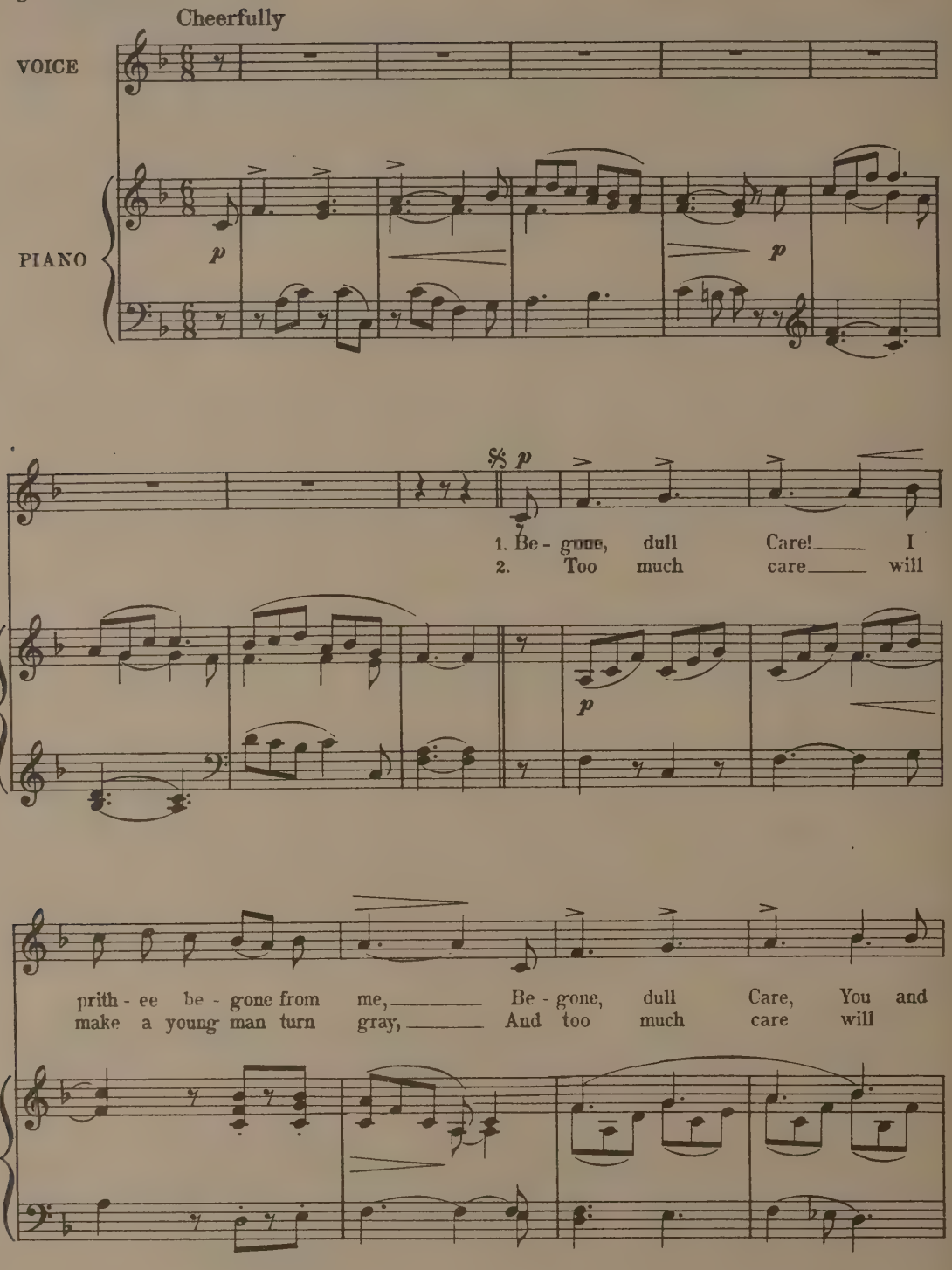
# BEGONE, DULL CARE!

Word founded on a
Song of the 16th Century

OLD TUNE *(17th Century)*
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Cheerfully
VOICE
PIANO
p
p
1. Be - gone, dull Care! I
2. Too much care will
p
prith - ee be - gone from me, Be - gone, dull Care, You and
make a young man turn gray, And too much care will

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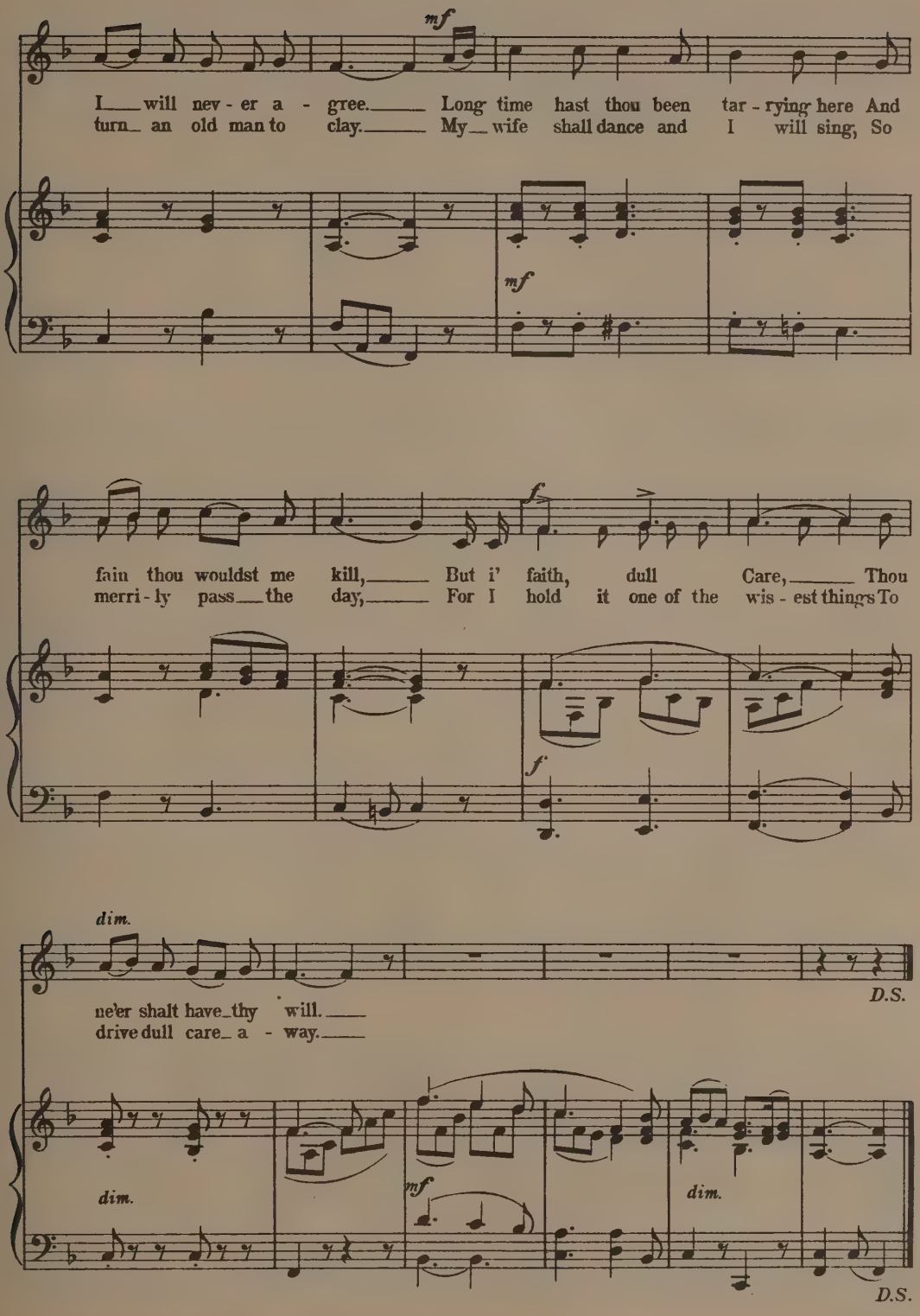
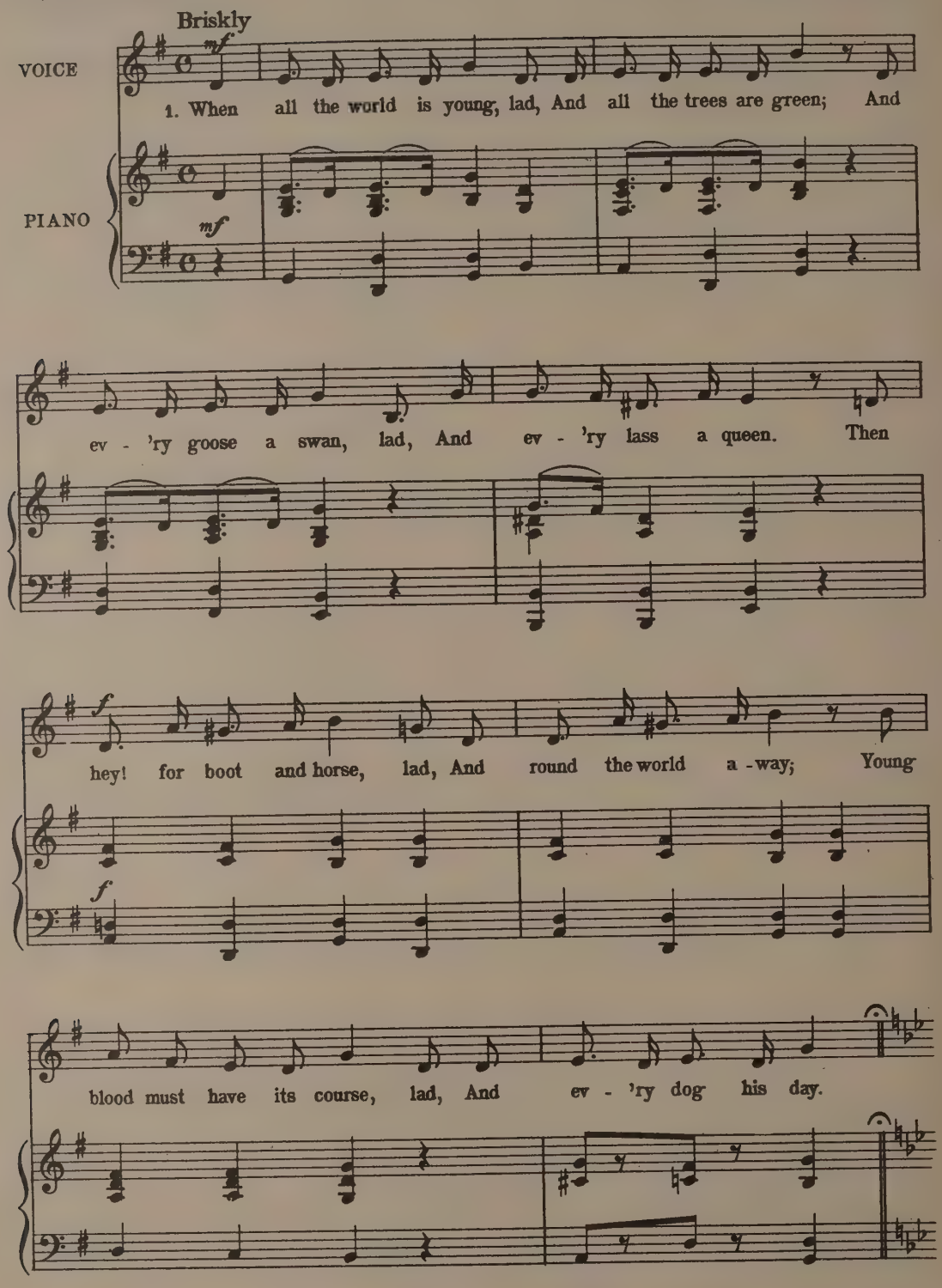

mf
I will nev - er a - gree. Long time hast thou been tar - rying here And
turn an old man to clay. My wife shall dance and I will sing, So
mf
f
fain thou wouldst me kill, But i' faith, dull Care, Thou
merri - ly pass the day, For I hold it one of the wis - est things To
f
dim.
ne'er shalt have thy will.
drive dull care a - way.
D.S.
dim.
mf
dim.
D.S.

4-95-64184-226

# WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG

CHARLES KINGSLEY THOMAS WHARTON


Briskly
VOICE
PIANO
1. When all the world is young, lad, And all the trees are green; And
ev - 'ry goose a swan, lad, And ev - 'ry lass a queen. Then
hey! for boot and horse, lad, And round the world a - way; Young
blood must have its course, lad, And ev - 'ry dog his day.

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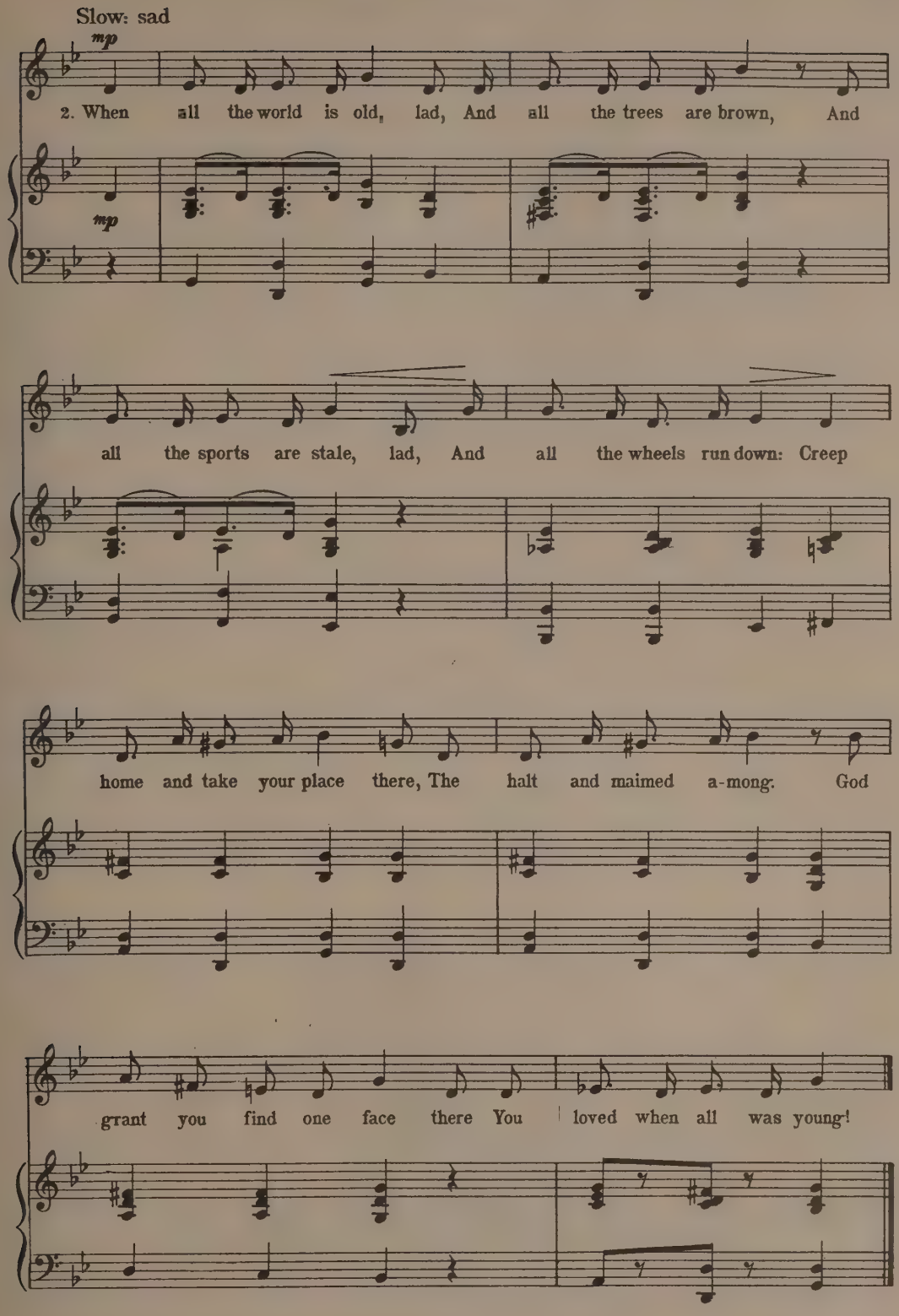
Slow: sad
mp
2. When all the world is old, lad, And all the trees are brown, And
mp
all the sports are stale, lad, And all the wheels run down: Creep
home and take your place there, The halt and maimed a-mong: God
grant you find one face there You loved when all was young!

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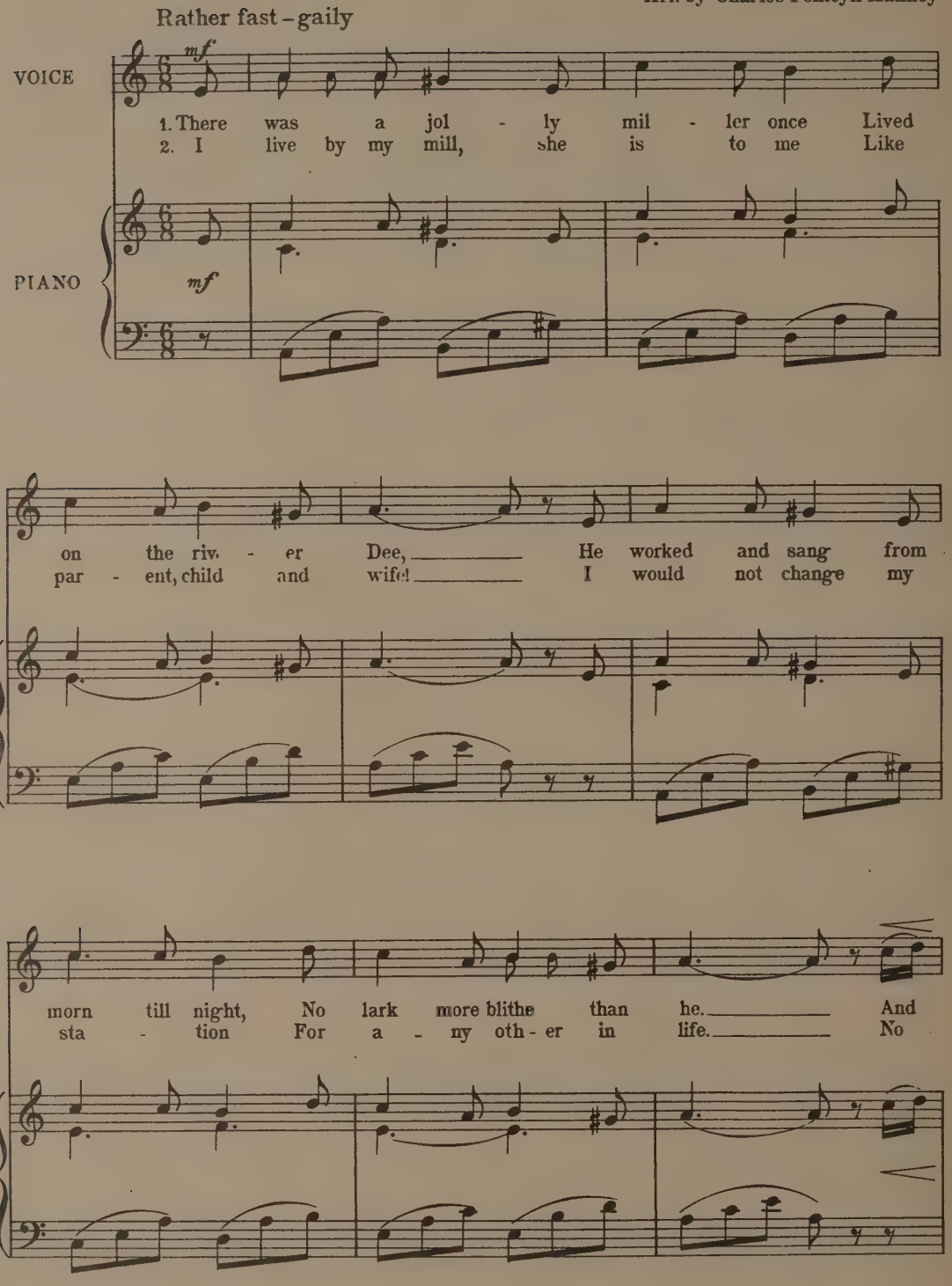
# THE JOLLY MILLER

OLD AIR *(Early 18th Century)*
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Rather fast – gaily
VOICE
PIANO
mf
1. There was a jol - ly mil - ler once Lived on the riv - er Dee, He worked and sang from morn till night, No lark more blithe than he. And sta - tion For a - ny oth - er in life. No
2. I live by my mill, she is to me Like par - ent, child and wife! I would not change my

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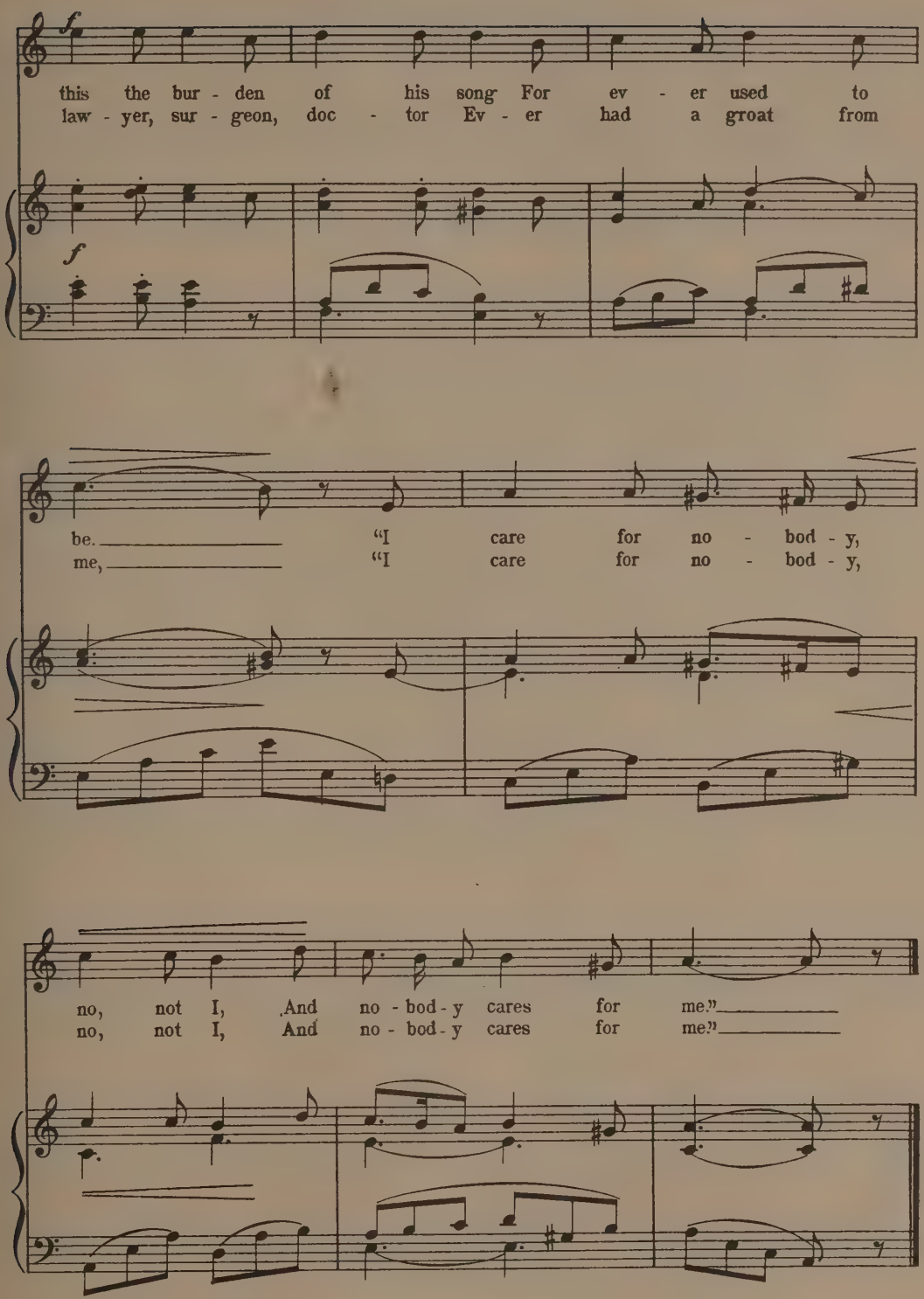
f
this the bur - den of his song For ev - er used to
law - yer, sur - geon, doc - tor Ev - er had a groat from
f
be. "I care for no - bod - y,
me, "I care for no - bod - y,
no, not I, And no - bod - y cares for me."
no, not I, And no - bod - y cares for me."

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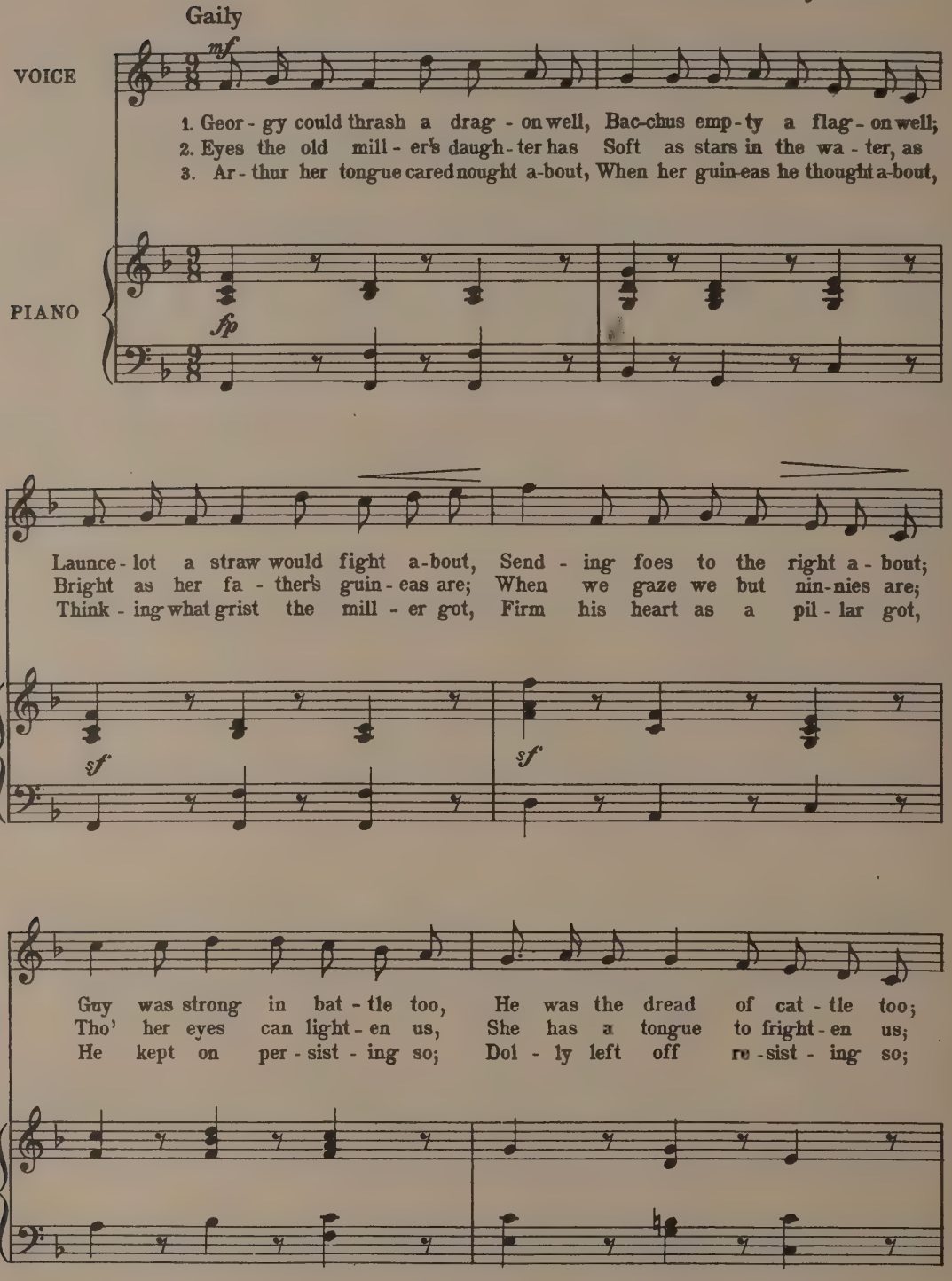
# ARTHUR OF BRADLEY

TUNE: "ROGER DE COVERLY"
*(17th Century or older)*

Gaily
VOICE
PIANO
mf
fp
1. Geor - gy could thrash a drag - on well, Bac-chus emp - ty a flag - on well;
2. Eyes the old mill - er's daugh - ter has Soft as stars in the wa - ter, as
3. Ar - thur her tongue cared nought a-bout, When her guin-eas he thought a-bout,
Launce - lot a straw would fight a-bout, Send - ing foes to the right a - bout;
Bright as her fa - ther's guin - eas are; When we gaze we but nin-nies are;
Think - ing what grist the mill - er got, Firm his heart as a pil - lar got,
sf
sf
Guy was strong in bat - tle too, He was the dread of cat - tle too;
Tho' her eyes can light - en us, She has a tongue to fright - en us;
He kept on per - sist - ing so; Dol - ly left off re - sist - ing so;

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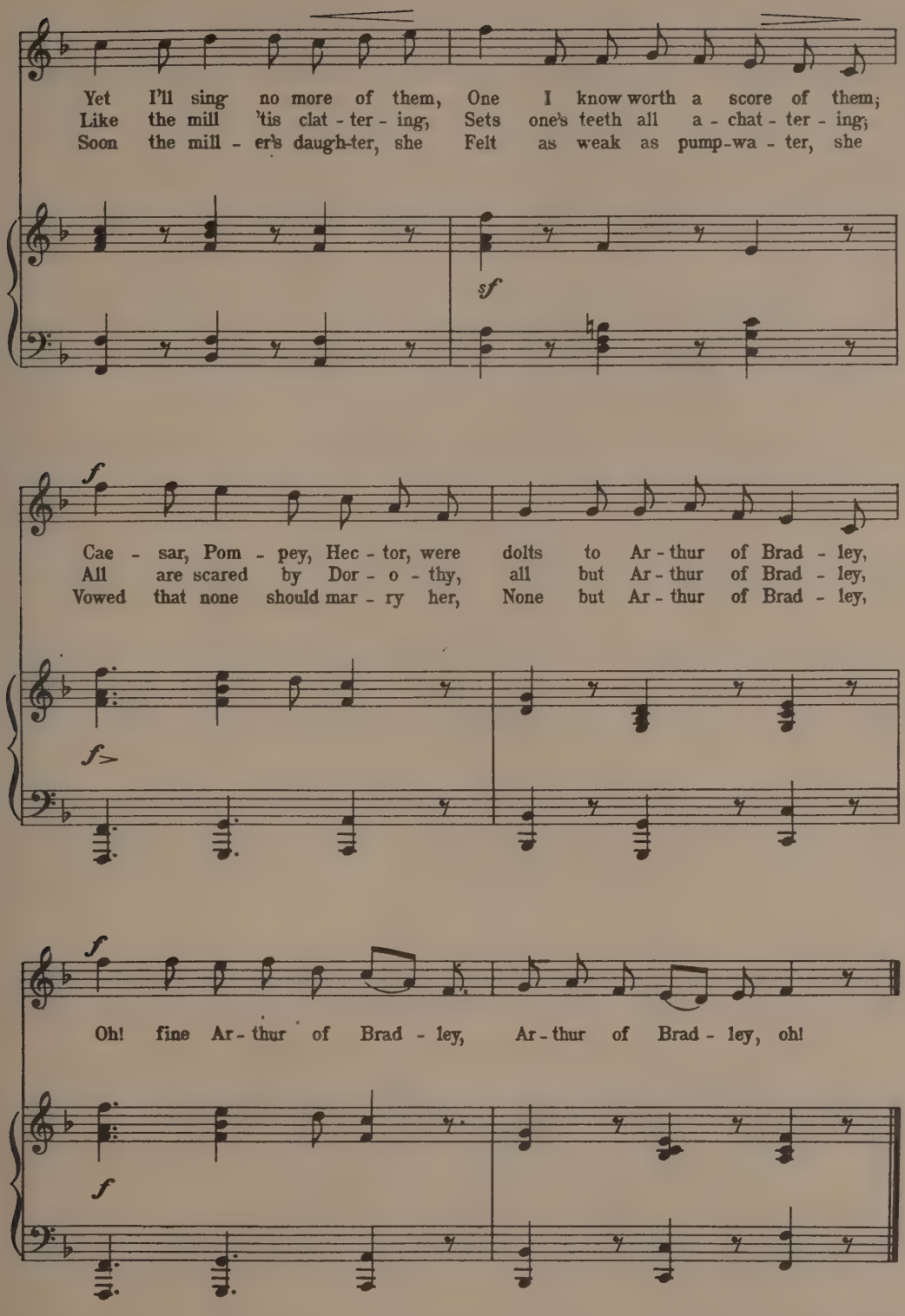
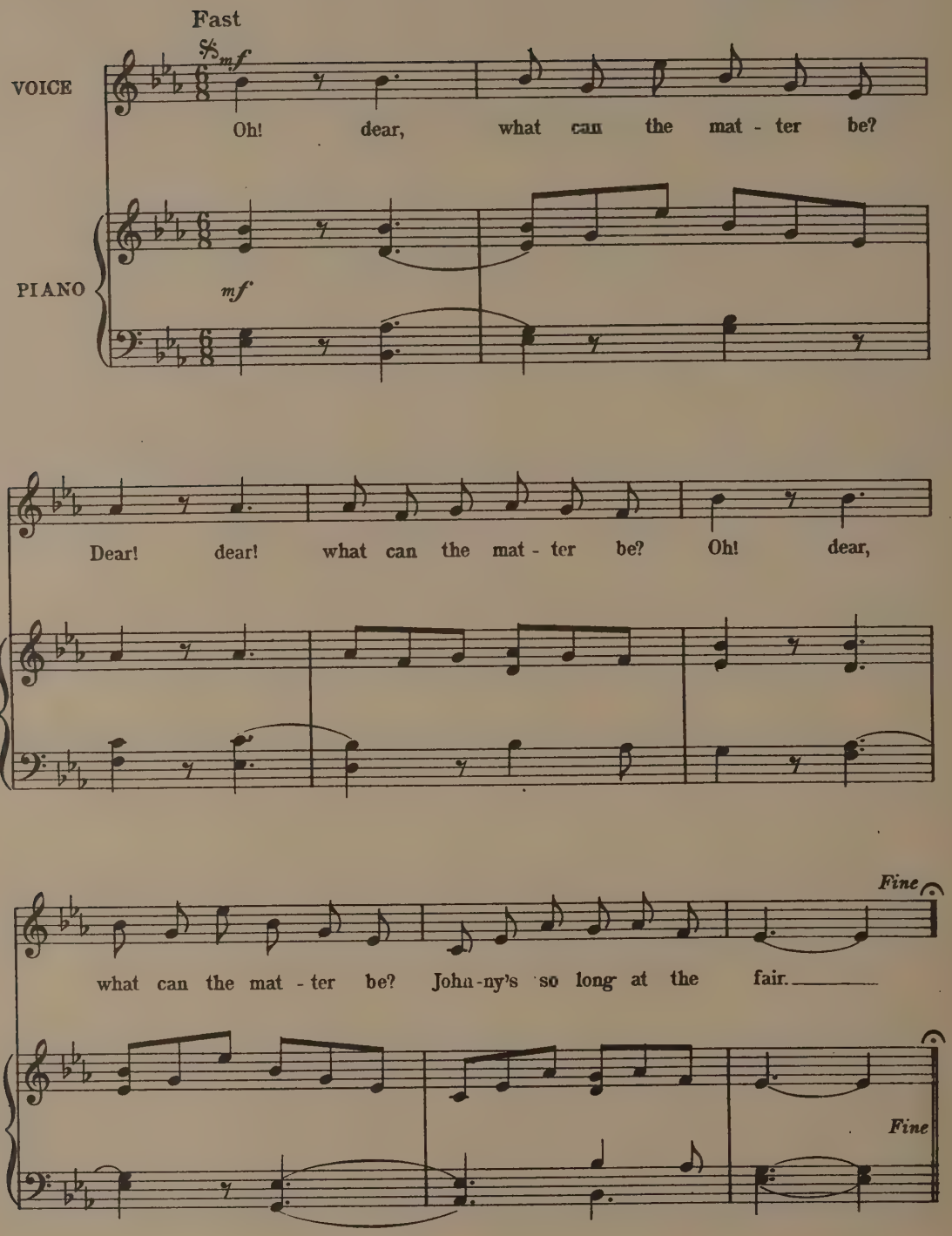

Yet I'll sing no more of them, One I know worth a score of them;
Like the mill 'tis clat - ter - ing, Sets one's teeth all a - chat - ter - ing;
Soon the mill - er's daugh-ter, she Felt as weak as pump-wa - ter, she
sf
Cae - sar, Pom - pey, Hec - tor, were dolts to Ar - thur of Brad - ley,
All are scared by Dor - o - thy, all but Ar - thur of Brad - ley,
Vowed that none should mar - ry her, None but Ar - thur of Brad - ley,
f
Oh! fine Ar - thur of Brad - ley, Ar - thur of Brad - ley, oh!
f

4-95-64194-220

# OH! DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

**OLD TUNE**
*(Time of King Henry VIII)*


Fast
VOICE
PIANO
mf
Oh! dear, what can the mat - ter be?
Dear! dear! what can the mat - ter be? Oh! dear,
what can the mat - ter be? John-ny's so long at the fair.
Fine
Fine

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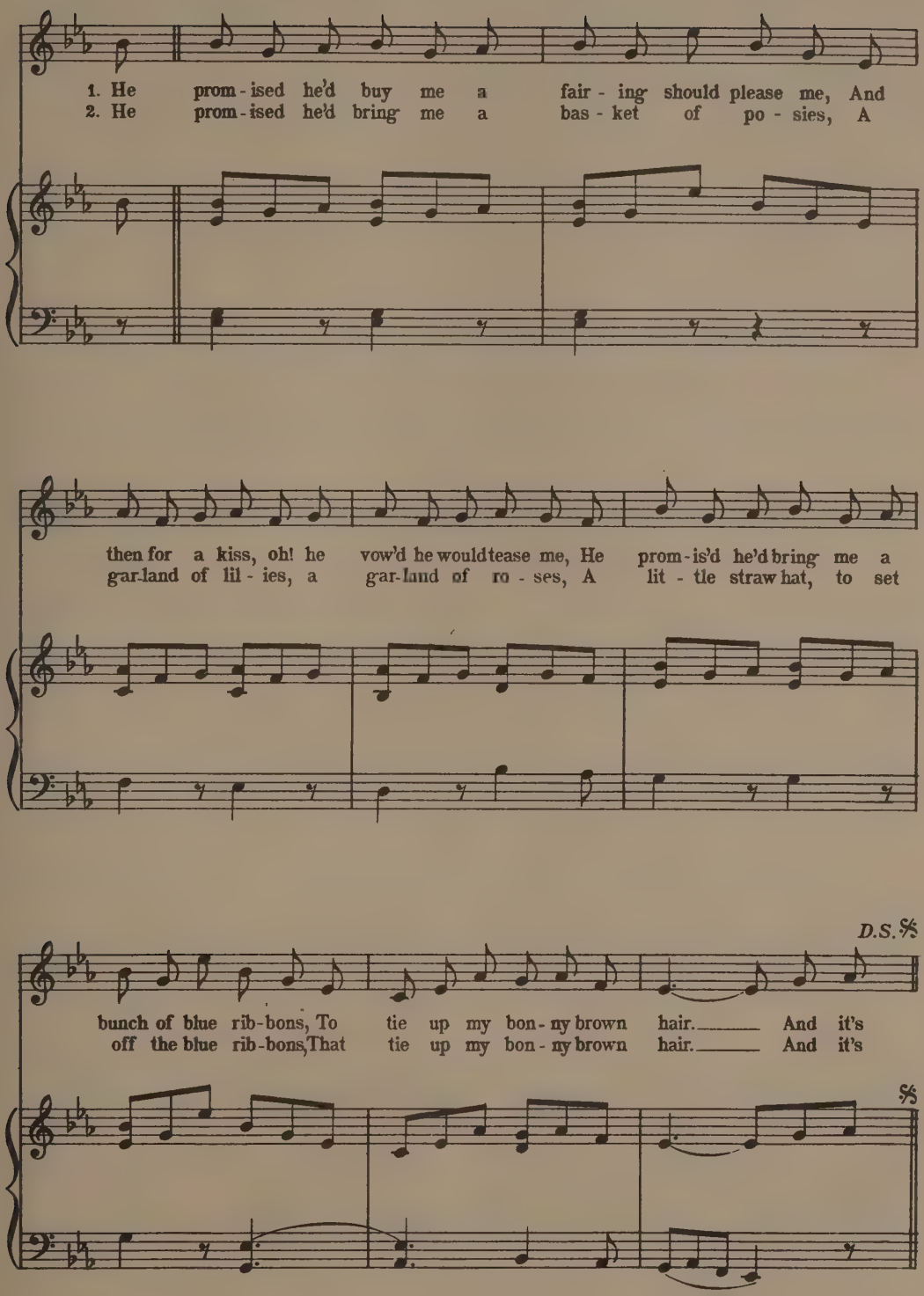
1. He prom - ised he'd buy me a fair - ing should please me, And
2. He prom - ised he'd bring me a bas - ket of po - sies, A
then for a kiss, oh! he vow'd he would tease me, He prom - is'd he'd bring me a
gar-land of lil - ies, a gar-land of ro - ses, A lit - tle straw hat, to set
D.S. 𝄋
bunch of blue rib-bons, To tie up my bon - ny brown hair. And it's
off the blue rib-bons, That tie up my bon - ny brown hair. And it's
𝄋

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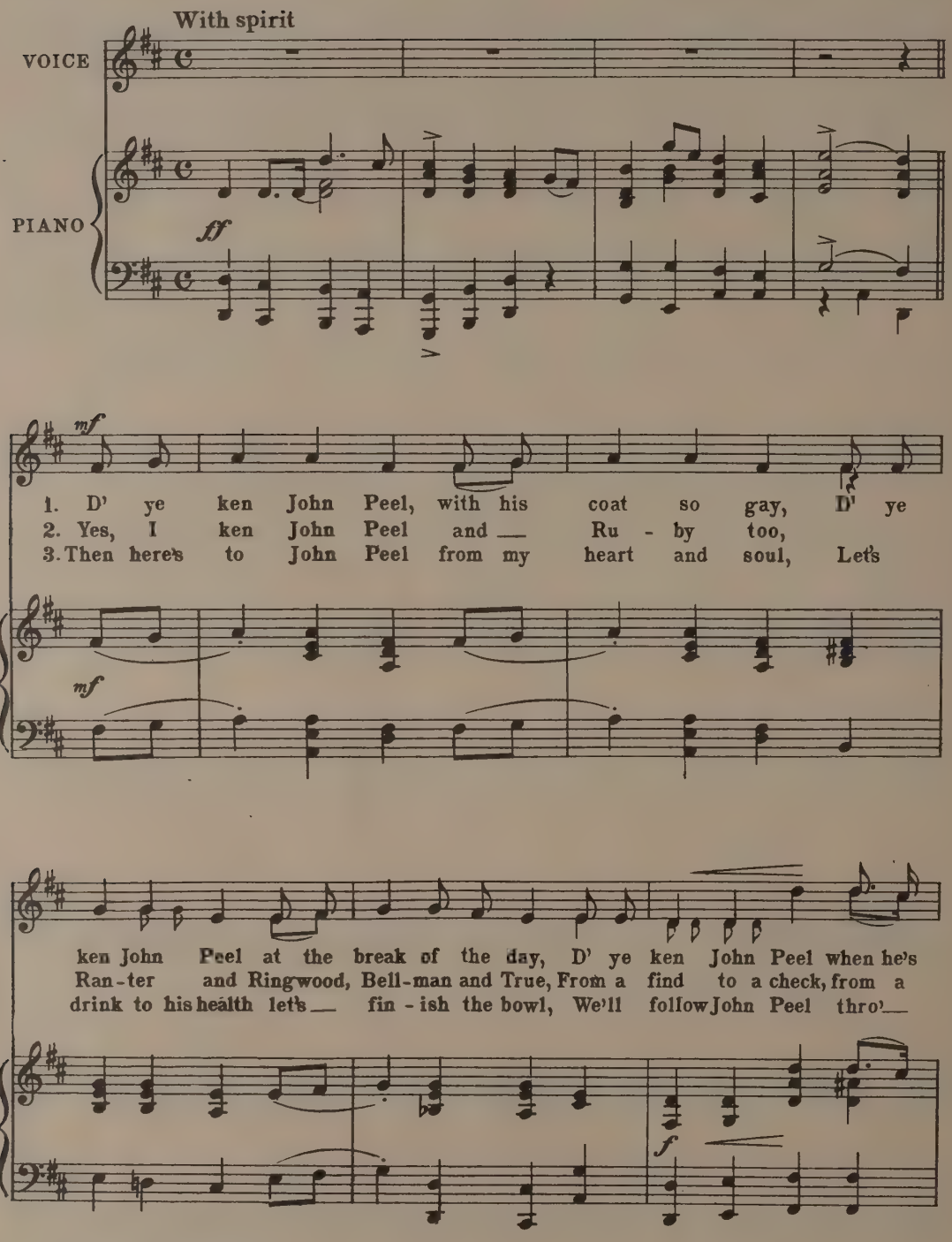
# *) JOHN PEEL

T. N. GRAVES (1820)

OLD HUNTING SONG
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


With spirit
VOICE
PIANO
ff
mf
1. D' ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay, D' ye
2. Yes, I ken John Peel and ___ Ru - by too,
3. Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul, Let's
mf
ken John Peel at the break of the day, D' ye ken John Peel when he's
Ran-ter and Ringwood, Bell-man and True, From a find to a check, from a
drink to his health let's ___ fin - ish the bowl, We'll follow John Peel thro'___
f

*) A famous Cumberland huntsman

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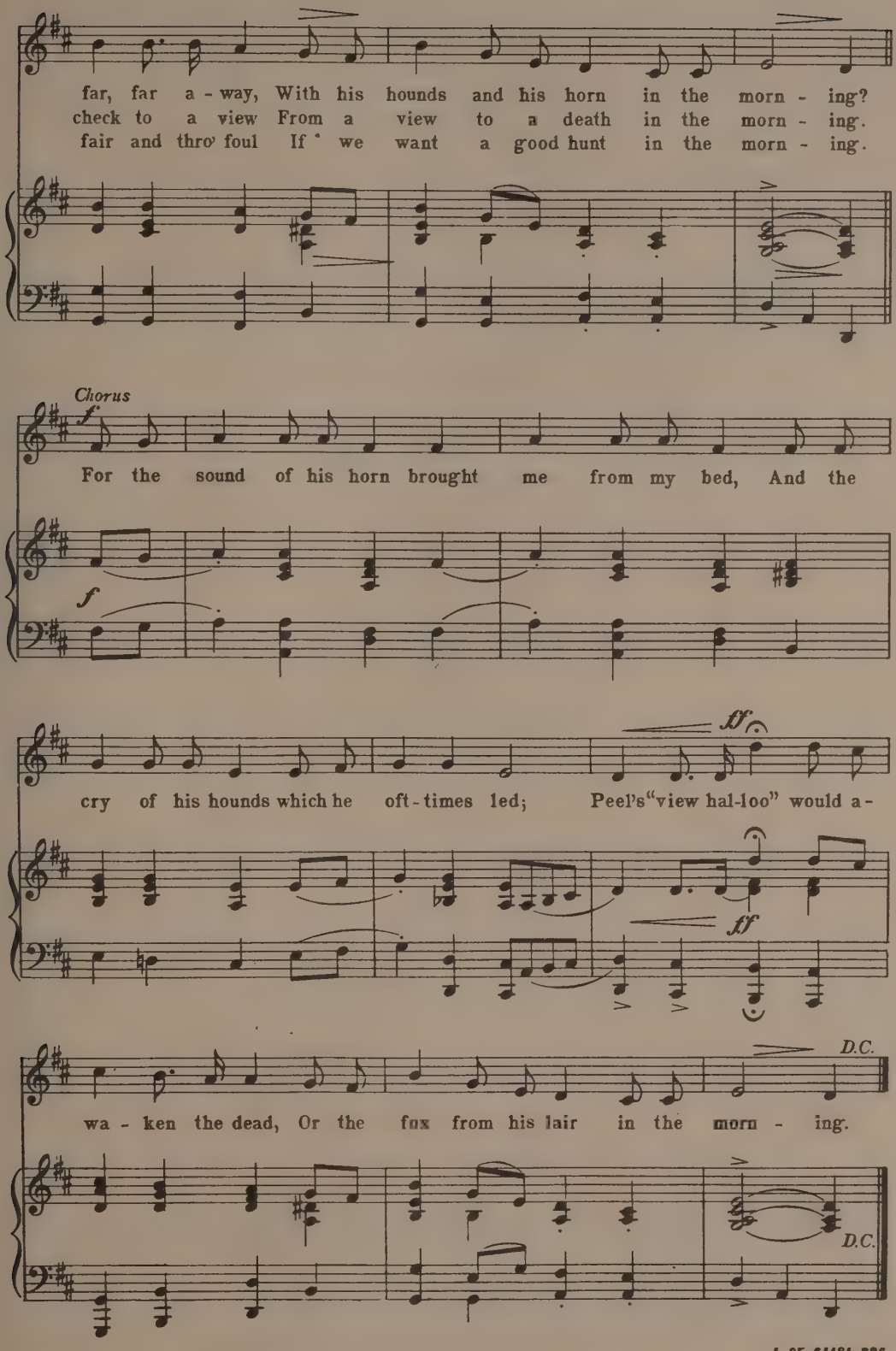
far, far a - way, With his hounds and his horn in the morn - ing?
check to a view From a view to a death in the morn - ing.
fair and thro' foul If we want a good hunt in the morn - ing.
Chorus
f
For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the
f
ff
cry of his hounds which he oft-times led; Peel's "view hal-loo" would a-
ff
D.C.
wa - ken the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn - ing.
D.C.

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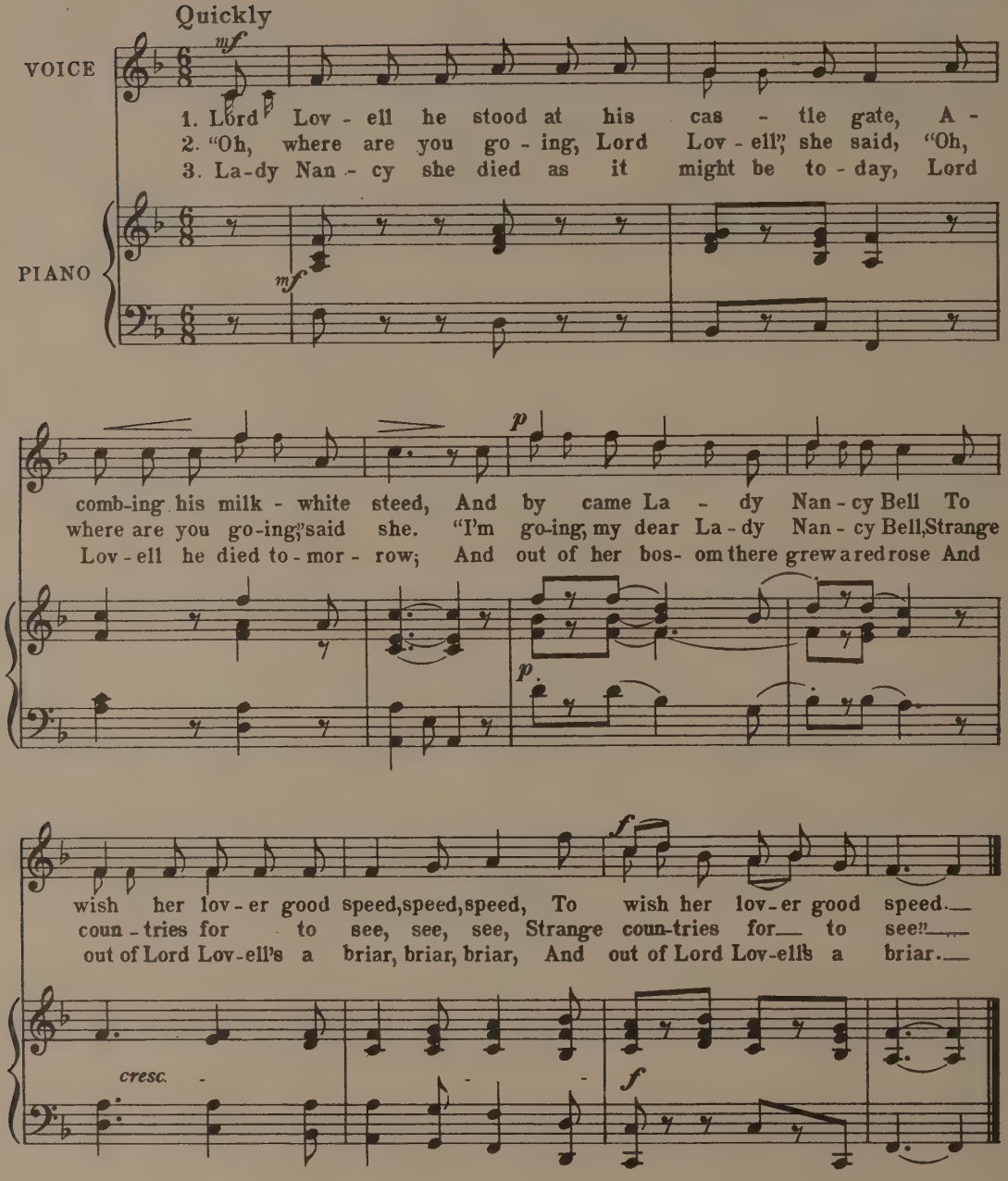
# LORD LOVELL

OLD TUNE
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Quickly
mf
VOICE
PIANO
1. Lord Lov - ell he stood at his cas - tle gate, A -
2. "Oh, where are you go - ing, Lord Lov - ell," she said, "Oh,
3. La-dy Nan - cy she died as it might be to - day, Lord
comb-ing his milk - white steed, And by came La - dy Nan - cy Bell To
where are you go-ing," said she. "I'm go-ing, my dear La - dy Nan - cy Bell, Strange
Lov - ell he died to - mor - row; And out of her bos- om there grew a red rose And
wish her lov - er good speed, speed, speed, To wish her lov - er good speed.
coun - tries for to see, see, see, Strange coun-tries for to see?"
out of Lord Lov-ell's a briar, briar, briar, And out of Lord Lov-ell's a briar.
cresc.

4.

They grew, and they grew, till they reached the Church top,
And then they could'nt grow any higher;
And there they entwined in a true lover's knot,
Which true lovers always admire, mire, mire,
Which true lovers always admire.

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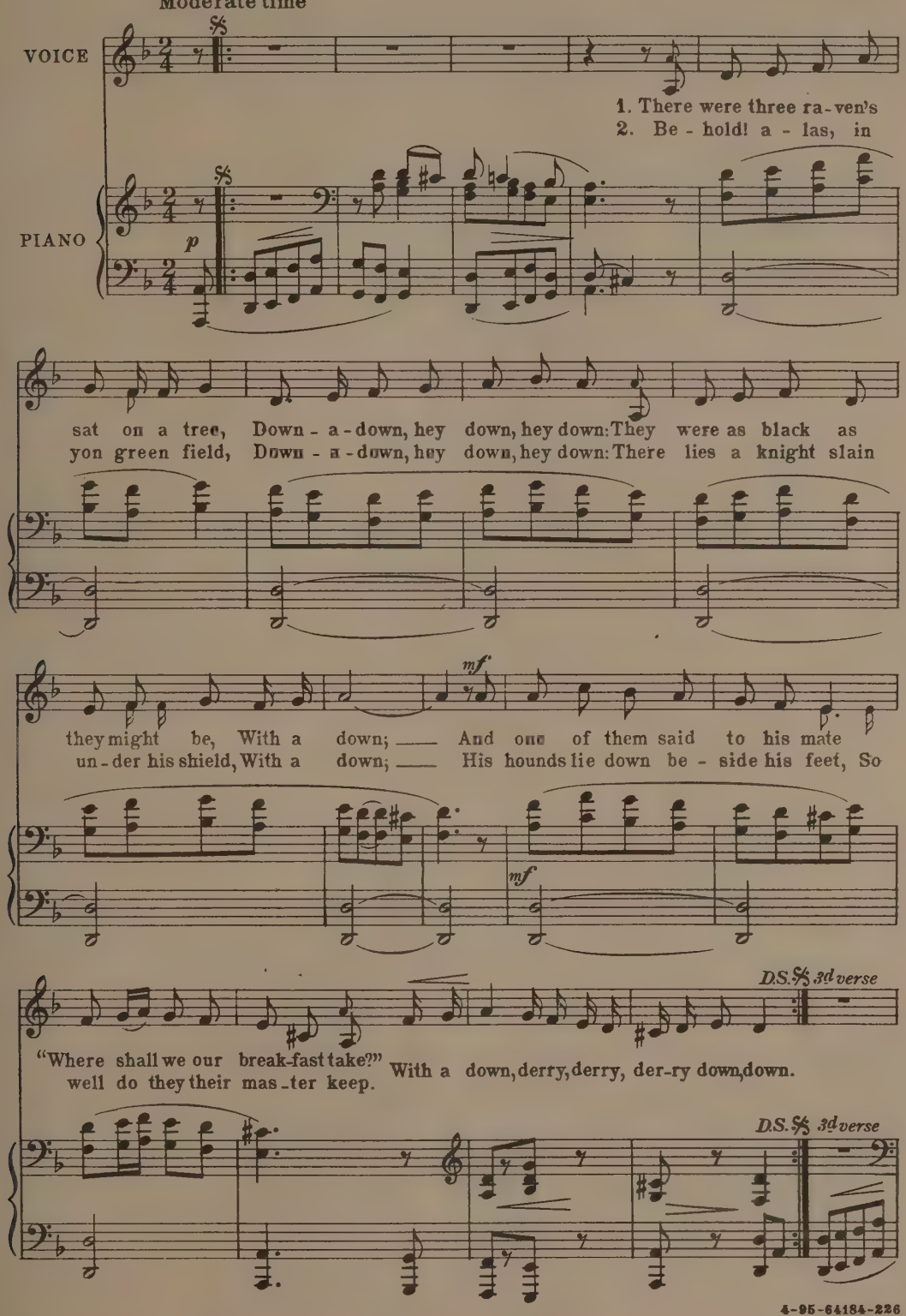
# THE THREE RAVENS

OLD BALLAD *(16th century)*

OLD AIR
Arr. by Arthur Somervell

Moderate time


VOICE
PIANO
p
1. There were three ra-ven's sat on a tree, Down-a-down, hey down, hey down: They were as black as
2. Be-hold! a-las, in yon green field, Down-a-down, hey down, hey down: There lies a knight slain
mf
they might be, With a down; ___ And one of them said to his mate
un-der his shield, With a down; ___ His hounds lie down be-side his feet, So
mf
D.S. 𝄋 3d verse
"Where shall we our break-fast take?"
well do they their mas-ter keep.
With a down, derry, derry, der-ry down, down.
D.S. 𝄋 3d verse

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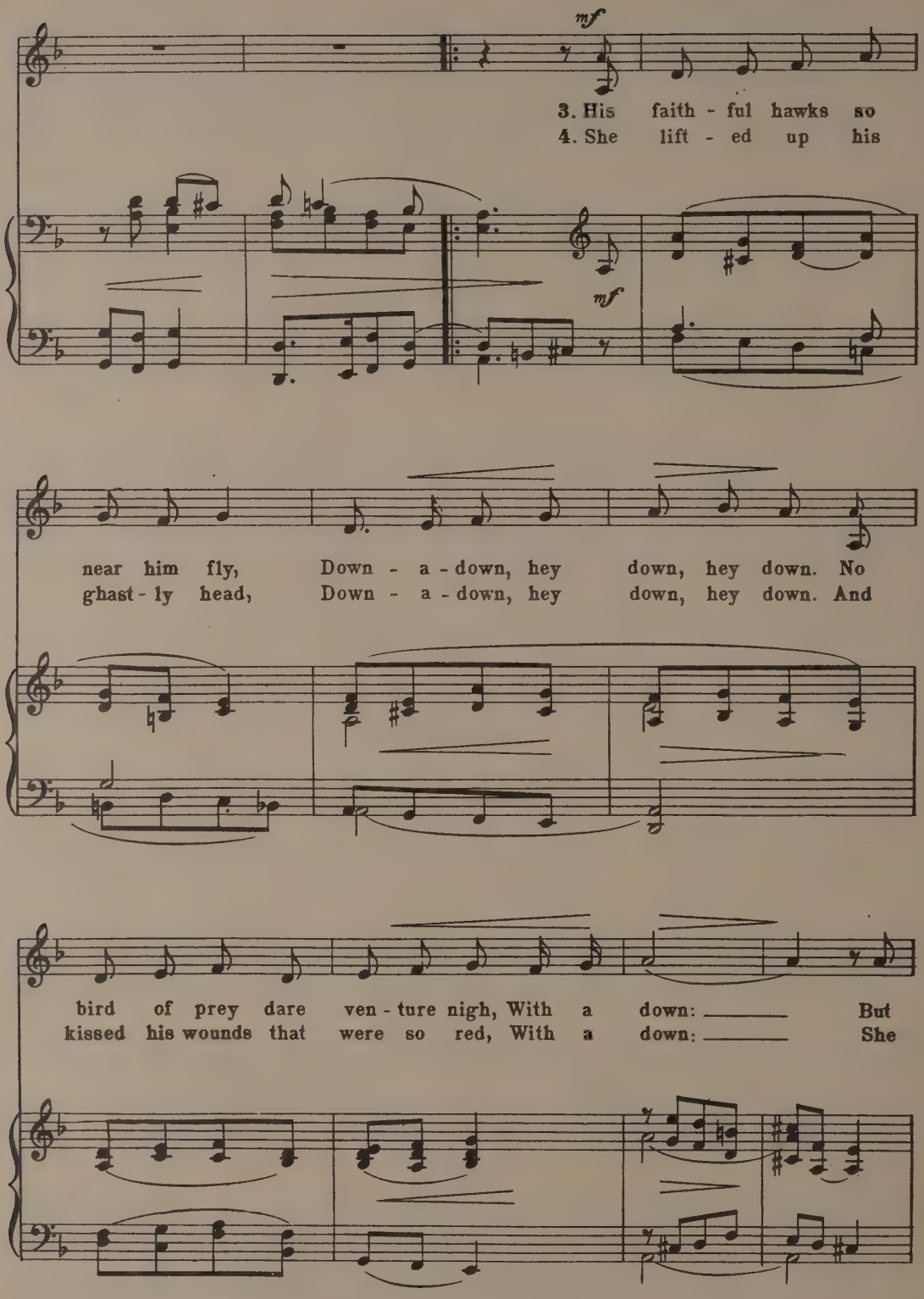
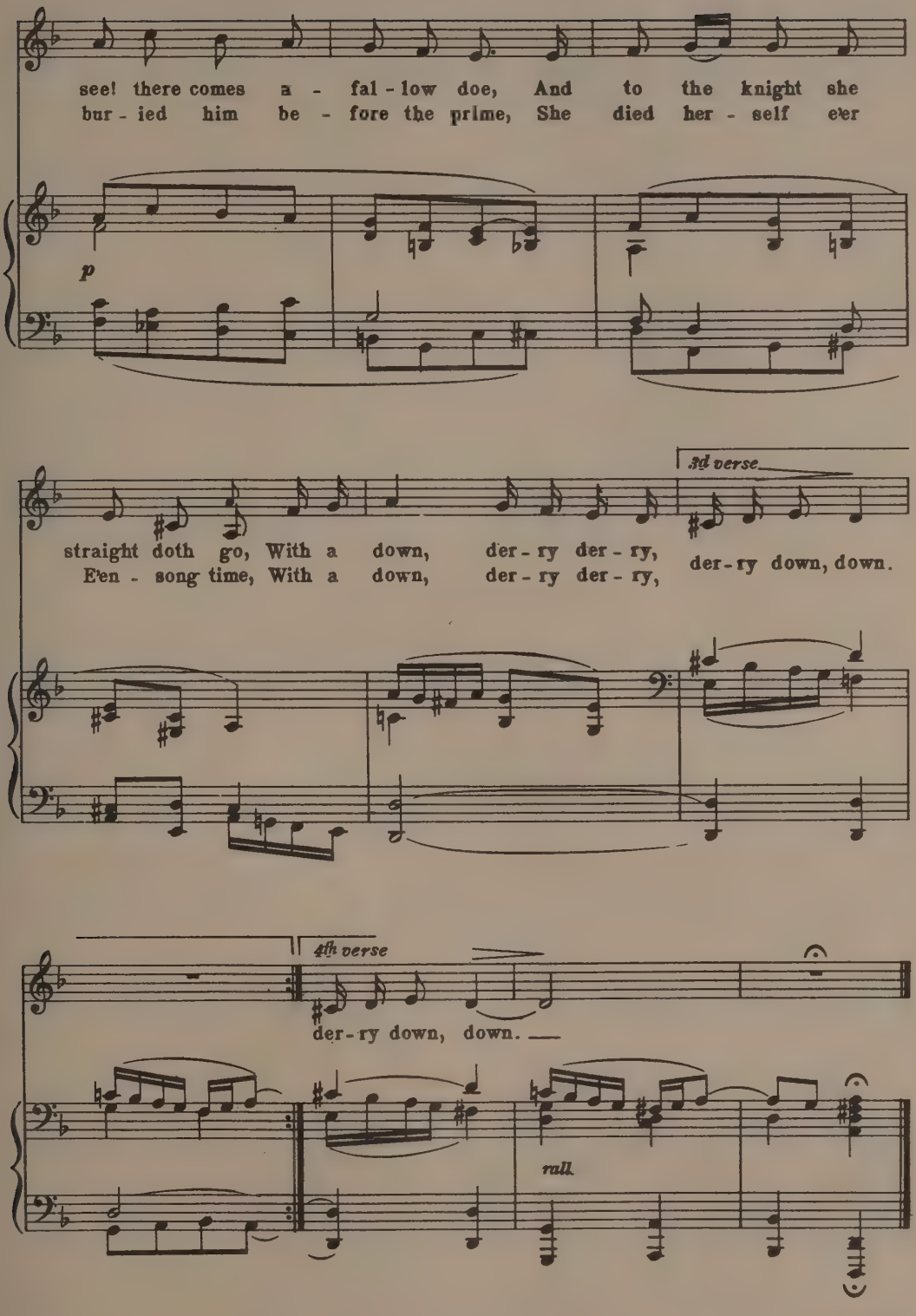
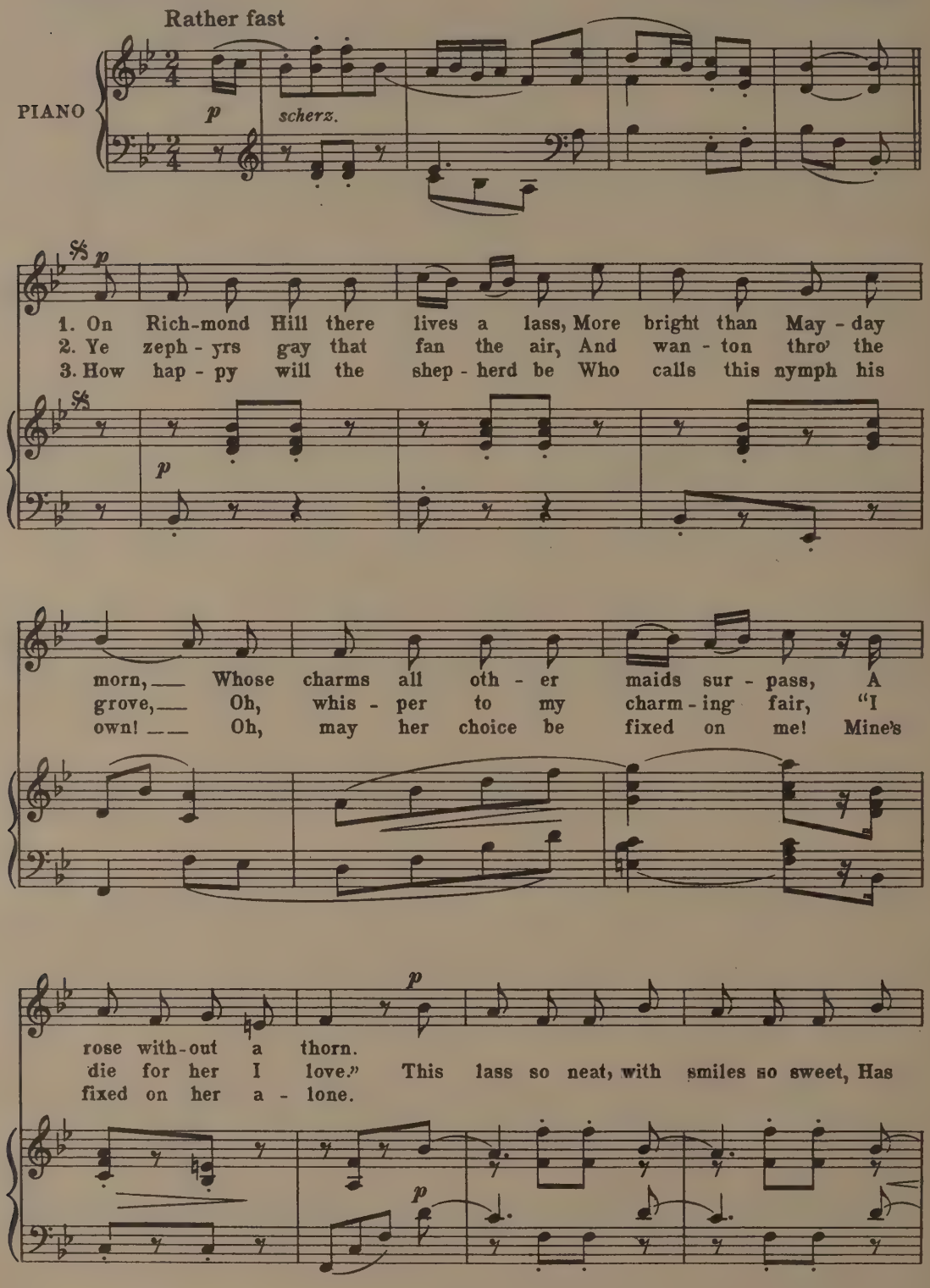

mf
3. His faith - ful hawks so
4. She lift - ed up his
mf
near him fly, Down - a - down, hey down, hey down. No
ghast - ly head, Down - a - down, hey down, hey down. And
bird of prey dare ven - ture nigh, With a down: But
kissed his wounds that were so red, With a down: She


see! there comes a - fal - low doe, And to the knight she
bur - ied him be - fore the prime, She died her - self e'er
p
straight doth go, With a down, der - ry der - ry,
E'en - song time, With a down, der - ry der - ry,
3d verse
der - ry down, down.
4th verse
der - ry down, down.
rall.

# THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

*)L.MACNALLY (1780)

JAMES HOOK (1746-1827)
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Rather fast
PIANO
p
scherz.
1. On Rich-mond Hill there lives a lass, More bright than May - day
2. Ye zeph - yrs gay that fan the air, And wan - ton thro' the
3. How hap - py will the shep - herd be Who calls this nymph his
morn, Whose charms all oth - er maids sur - pass, A
grove, Oh, whis - per to my charm - ing fair, "I
own! Oh, may her choice be fixed on me! Mine's
rose with-out a thorn.
die for her I love." This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet, Has
fixed on her a - lone.

*) Written for Miss Tanson who lived at Richmond Hill, Yorkshire

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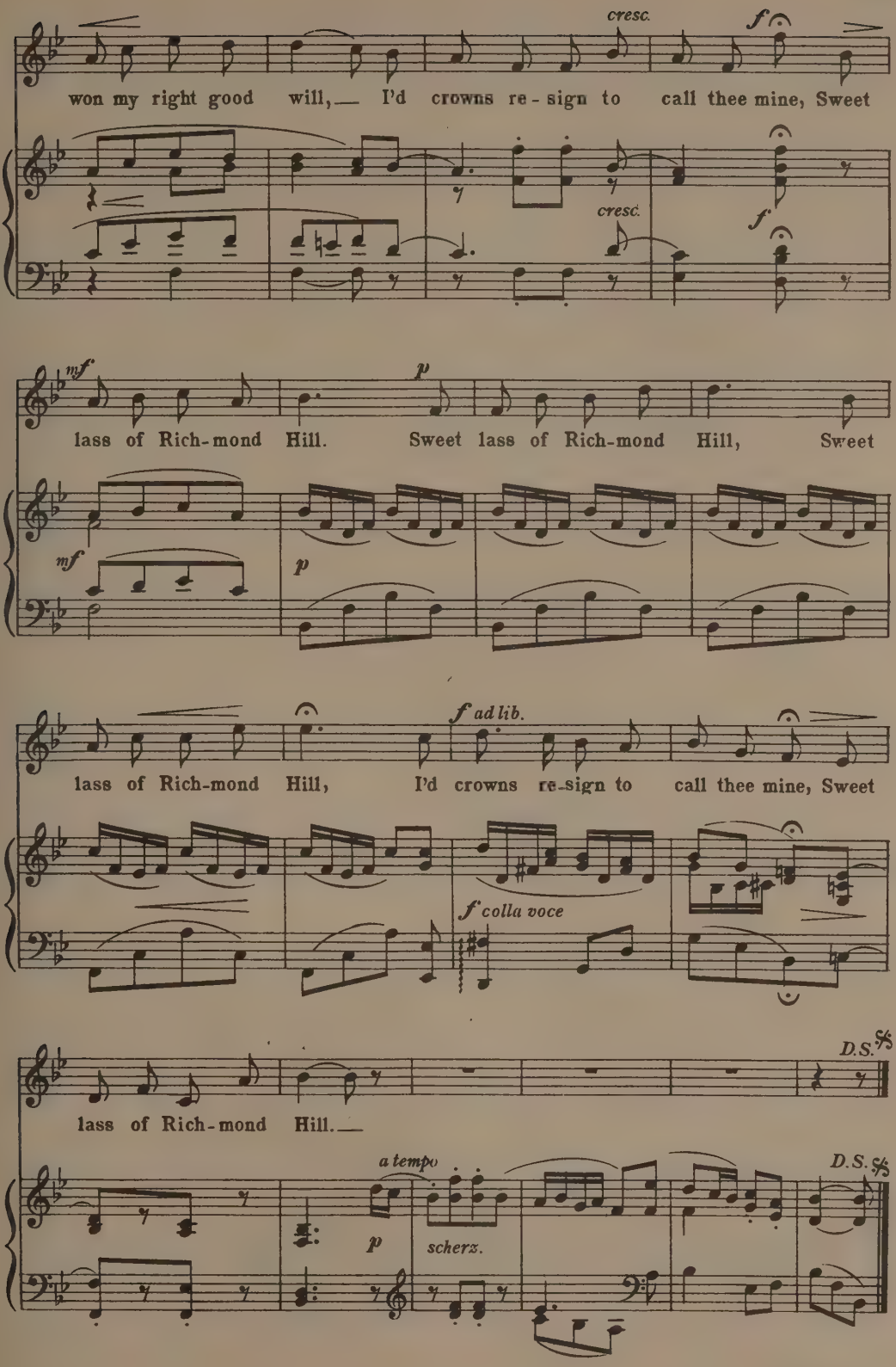


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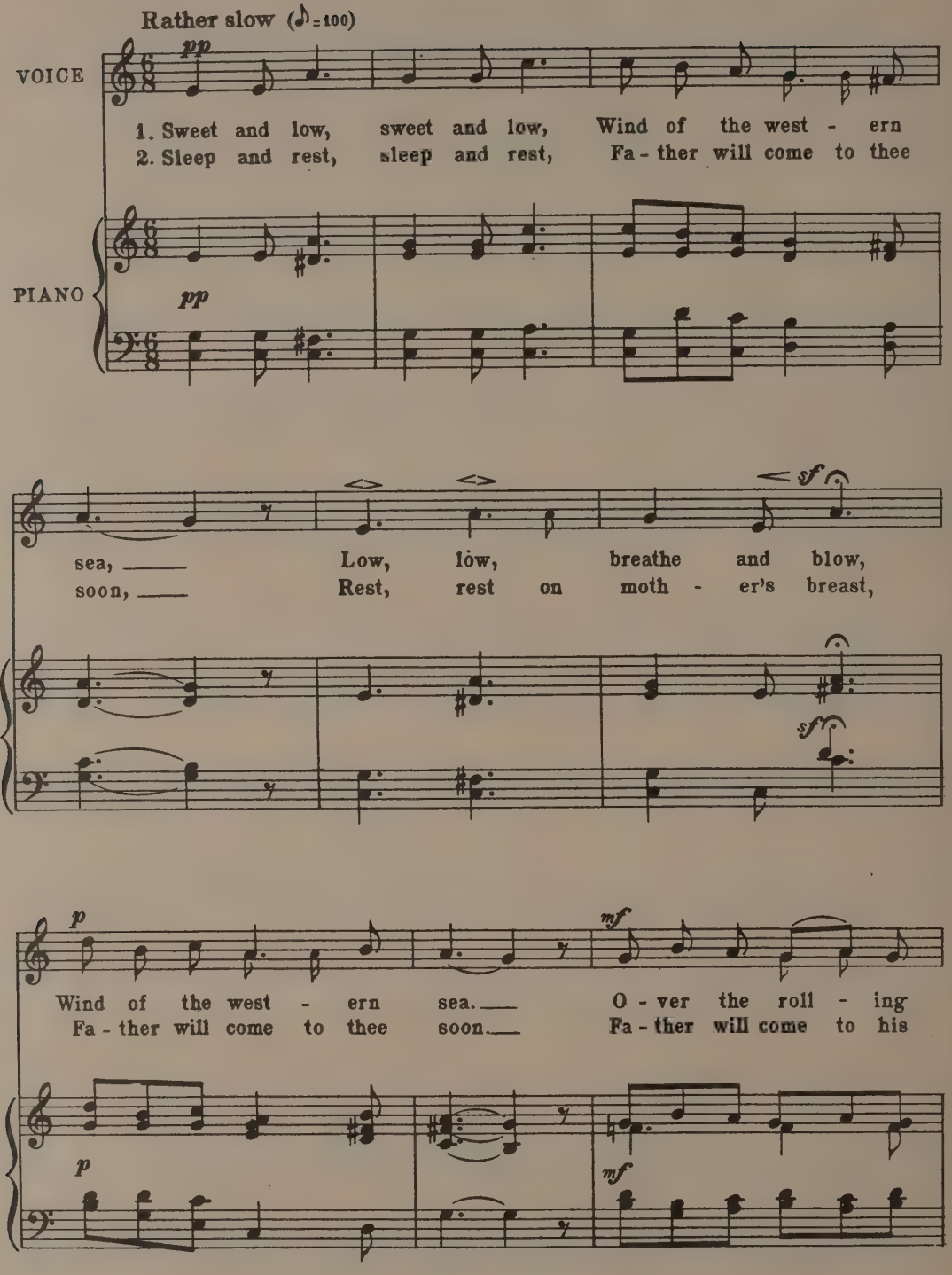
# SWEET AND LOW

ALFRED TENNYSON

JOSEPH BARNBY


Rather slow (♪=100)
VOICE
PIANO
pp
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee
sea, Low, low, breathe and blow,
soon, Rest, rest on moth - er's breast,
sf
p
mf
Wind of the west - ern sea. O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to thee soon. Fa - ther will come to his

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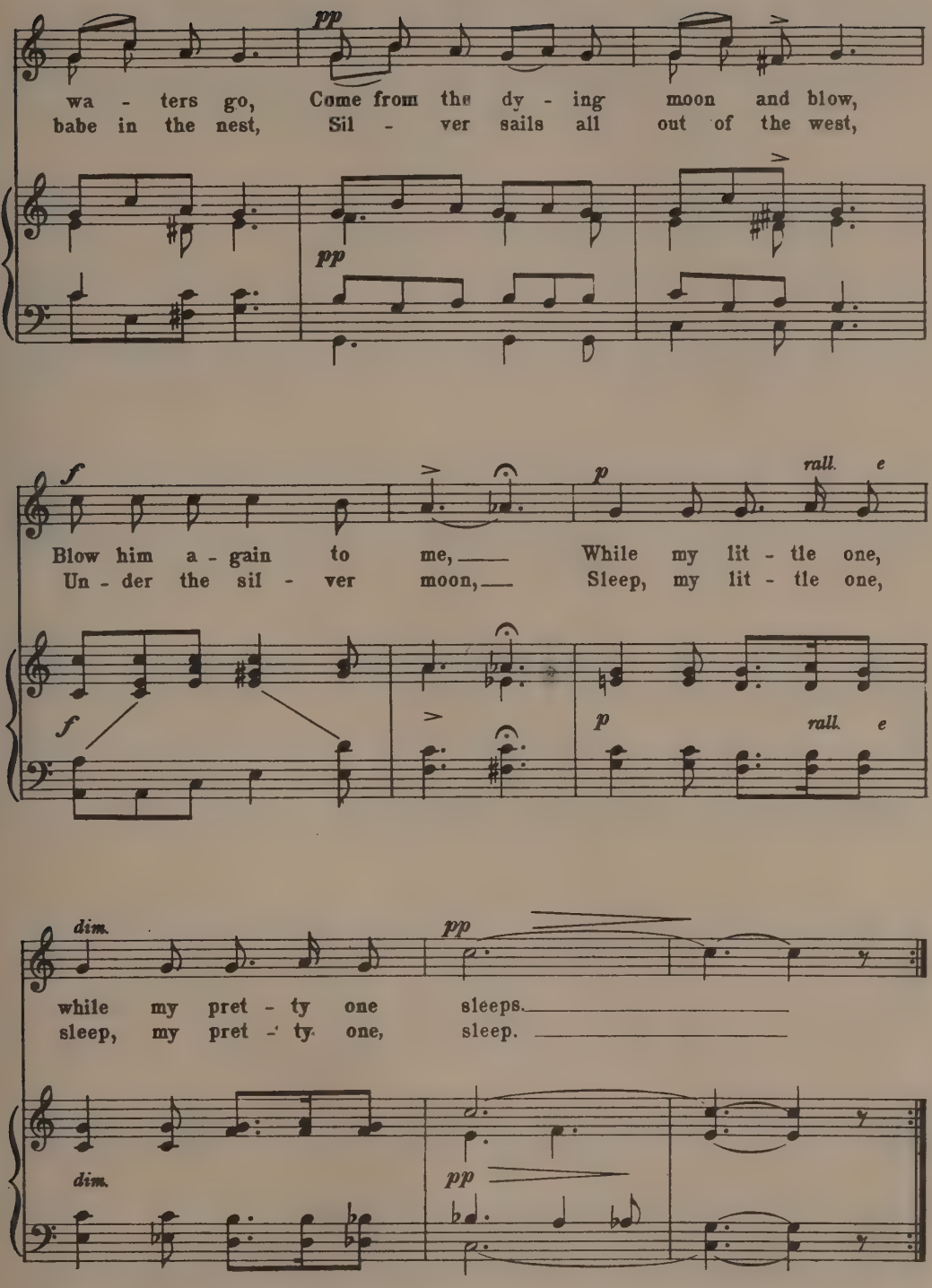
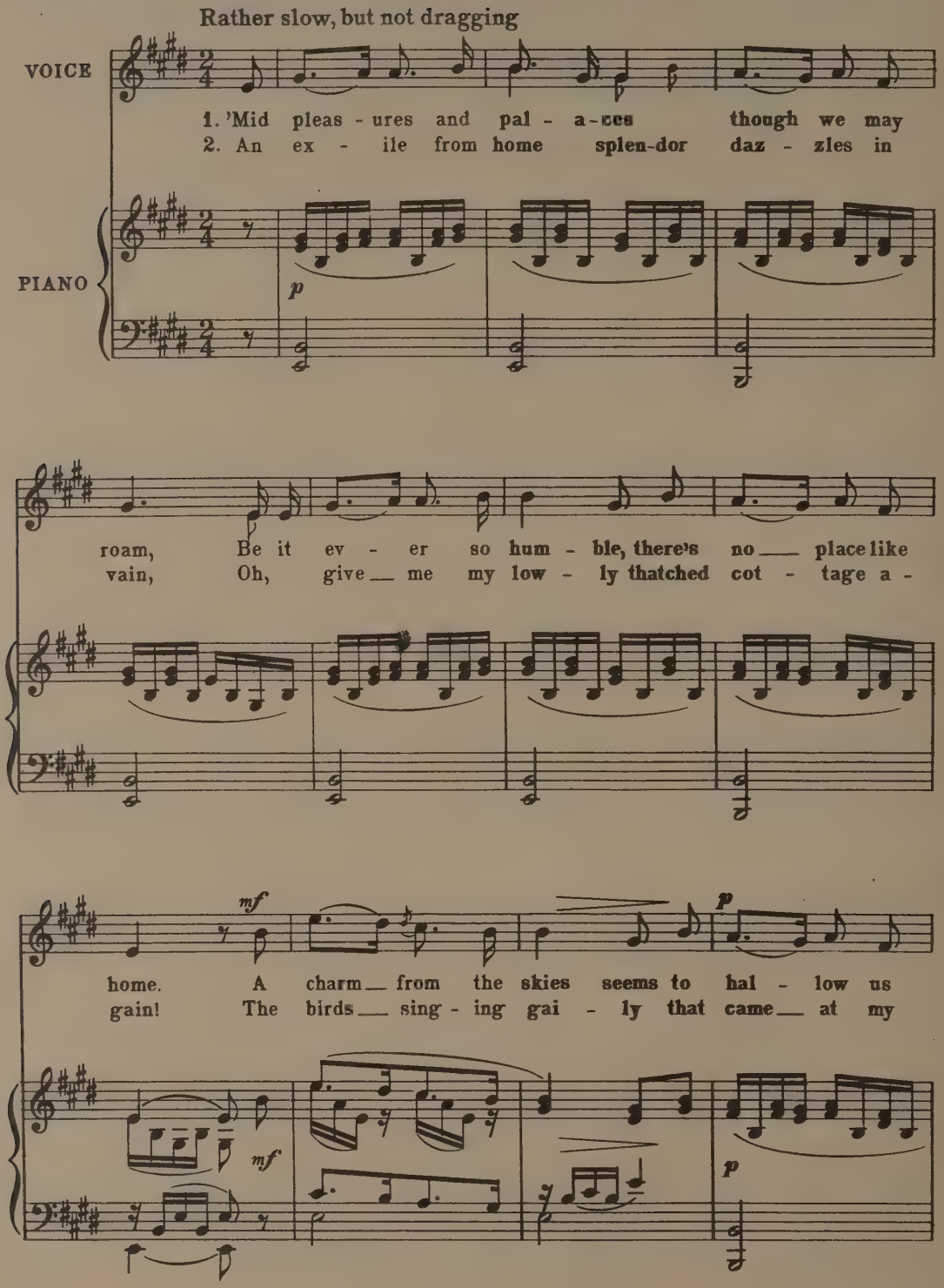
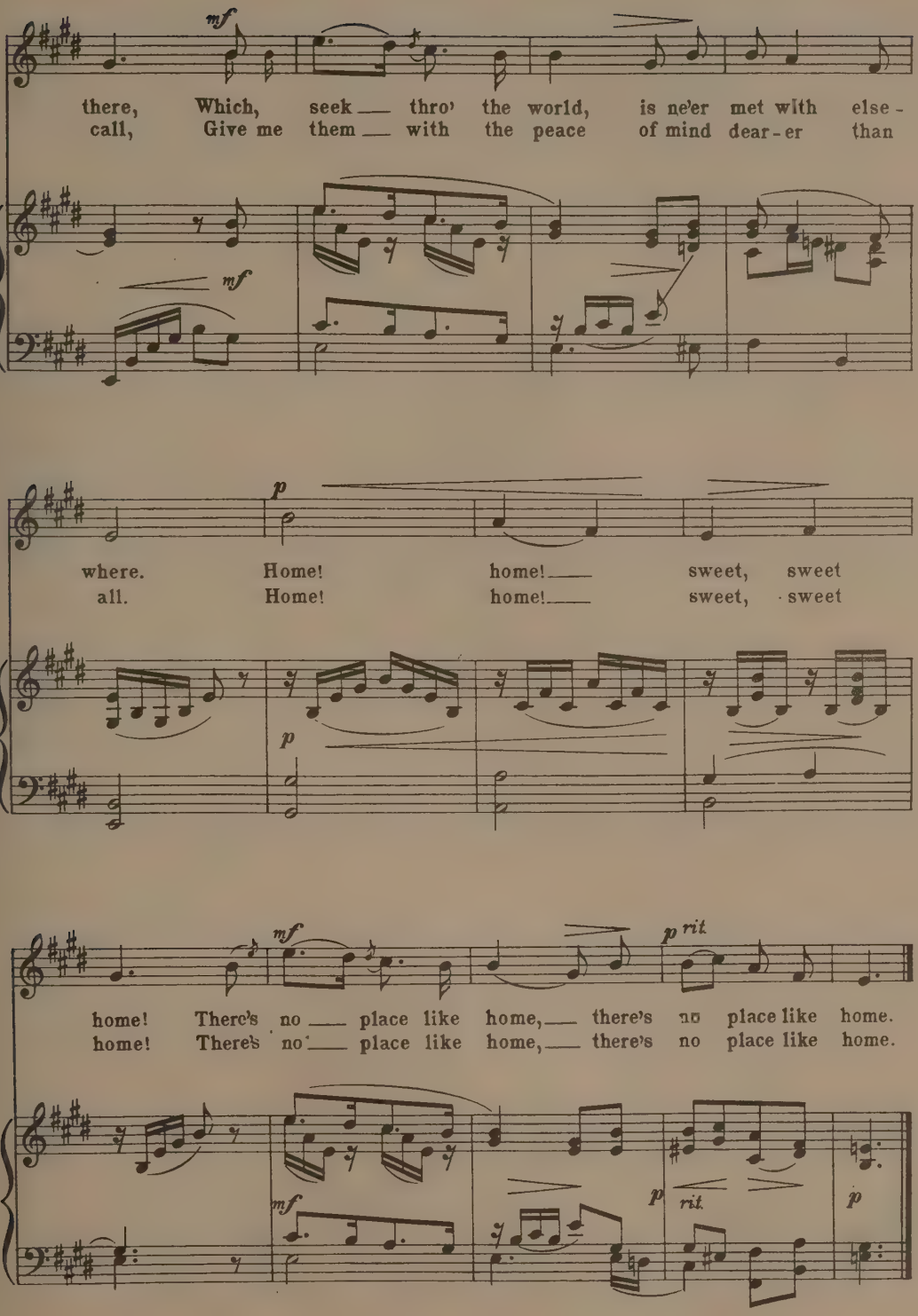

pp
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,
pp
f
p
rall. e
Blow him a - gain to me, While my lit - tle one,
Un - der the sil - ver moon, Sleep, my lit - tle one,
f
p
rall. e
dim.
pp
while my pret - ty one sleeps.
sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.
dim.
pp

# HOME, SWEET HOME

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE (1792-1852) Sir H.R. BISHOP (1786-1855)


Rather slow, but not dragging
VOICE
PIANO
1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may
2. An ex - ile from home splen-dor daz - zles in
p
roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like
vain, Oh, give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a -
mf
p
home. A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us
gain! The birds sing - ing gai - ly that came at my
mf
p


mf
there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else -
call, Give me them with the peace of mind dear - er than
mf
p
where. Home! home! sweet, sweet
all. Home! home! sweet, sweet
p
mf
p rit.
home! There's no place like home, there's no place like home.
home! There's no place like home, there's no place like home.
mf
p rit.
p

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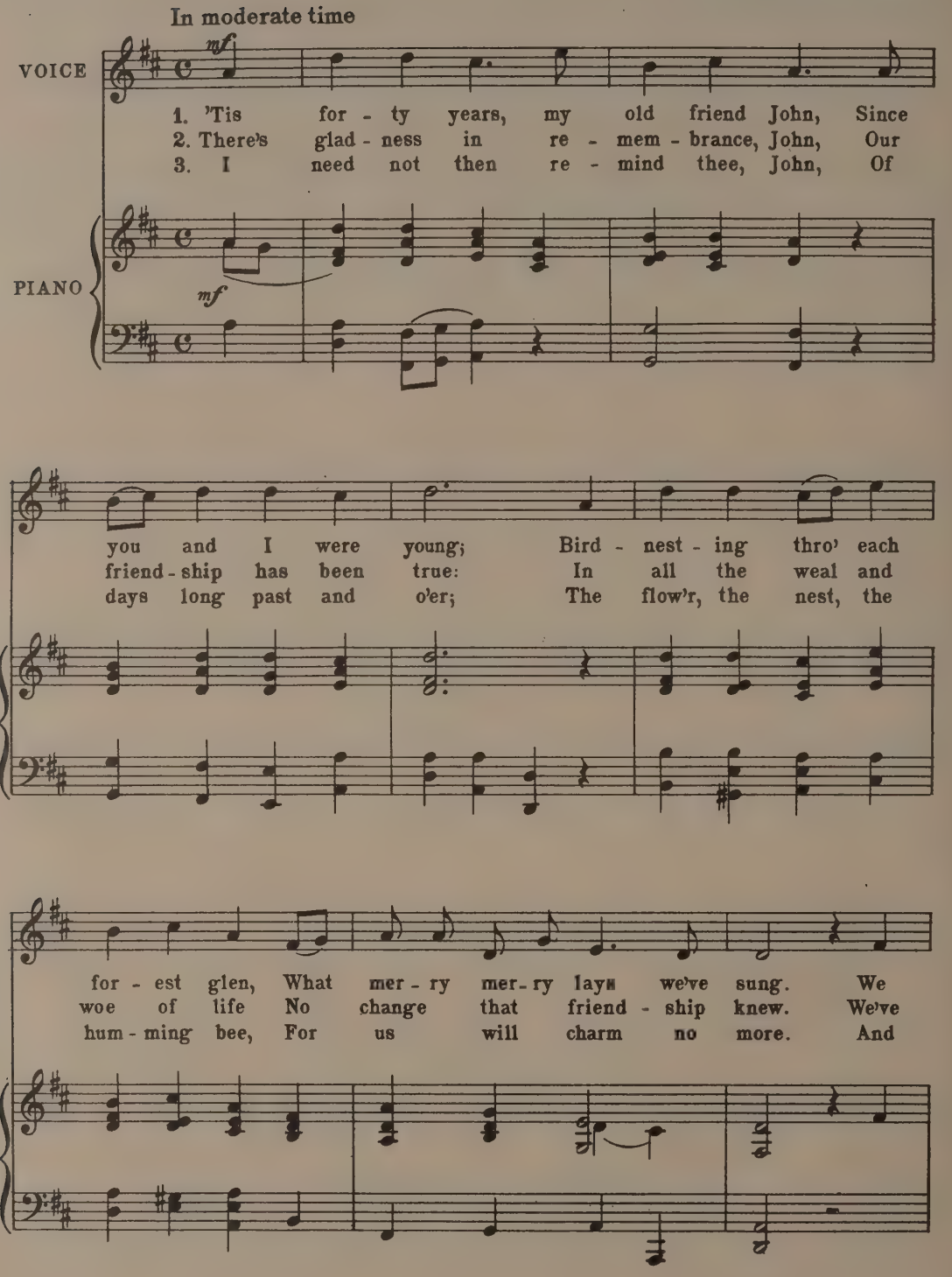
# MY OLD FRIEND JOHN

J. LEGGE

E. LAND
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


In moderate time
VOICE
PIANO
mf
1. 'Tis for - ty years, my old friend John, Since you and I were young; Bird - nest - ing thro' each for - est glen, What mer - ry mer - ry lays we've sung. We
2. There's glad - ness in re - mem - brance, John, Our friend - ship has been true: In all the weal and woe of life No change that friend - ship knew. We've
3. I need not then re - mind thee, John, Of days long past and o'er; The flow'r, the nest, the hum - ming bee, For us will charm no more. And

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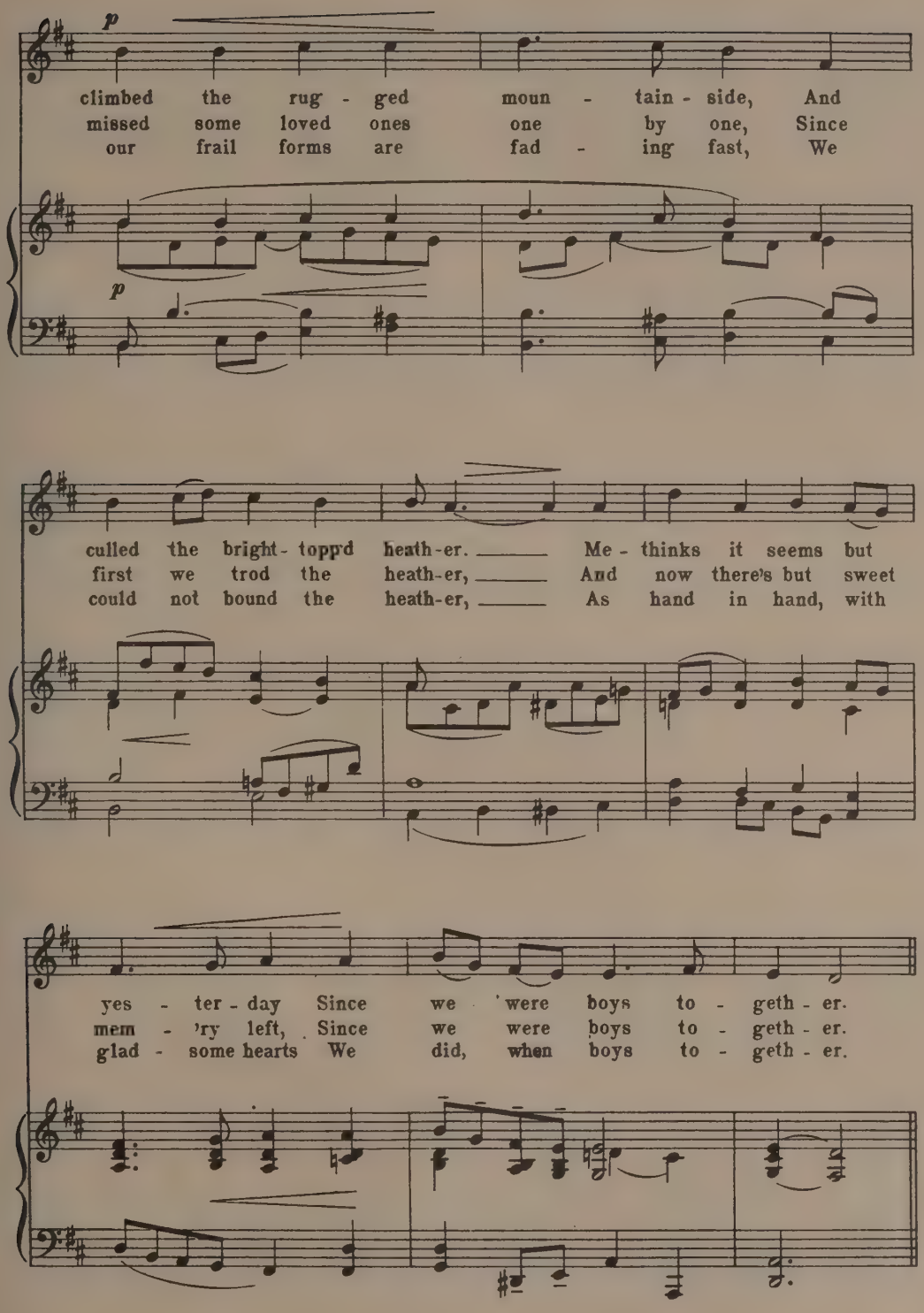
p
climbed the rug - ged moun - tain - side, And
missed some loved ones one by one, Since
our frail forms are fad - ing fast, We
p
culled the bright - topp'd heath-er. Me - thinks it seems but
first we trod the heath-er, And now there's but sweet
could not bound the heath-er, As hand in hand, with
yes - ter - day Since we were boys to - geth - er.
mem - 'ry left, Since we were boys to - geth - er.
glad - some hearts We did, when boys to - geth - er.

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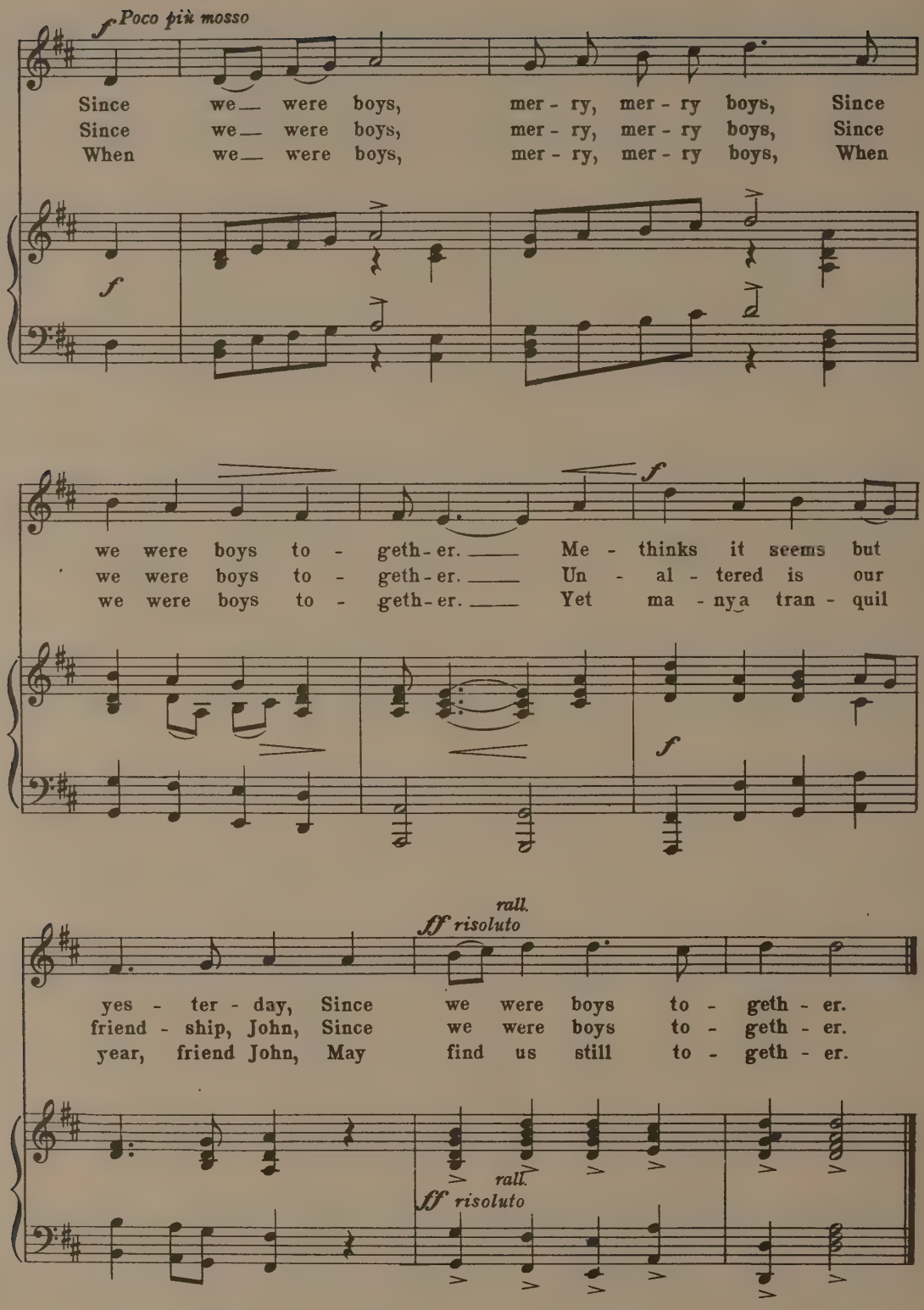
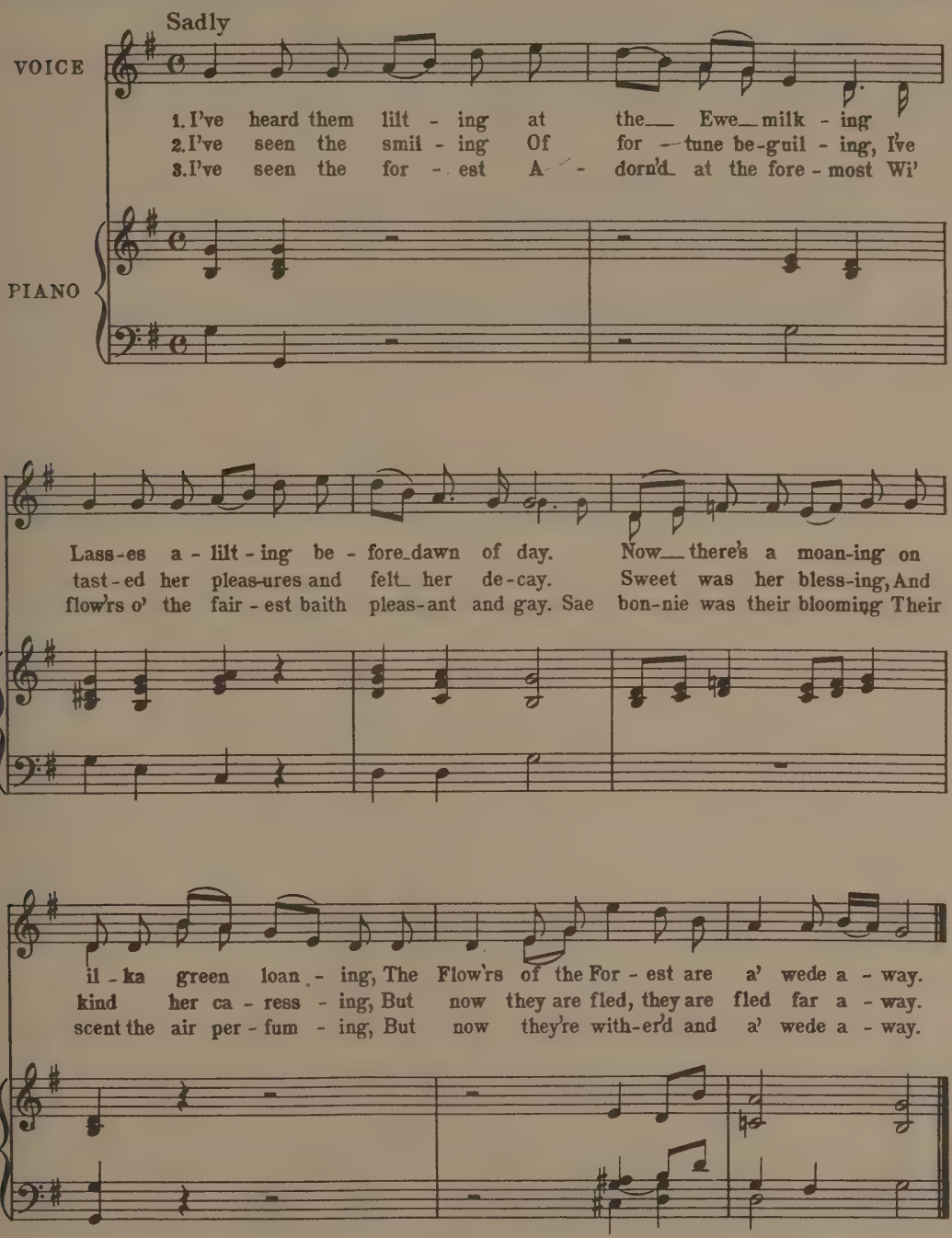

f Poco più mosso
Since we were boys, mer - ry, mer - ry boys, Since
Since we were boys, mer - ry, mer - ry boys, Since
When we were boys, mer - ry, mer - ry boys, When
f
we were boys to - geth - er. Me - thinks it seems but
we were boys to - geth - er. Un - al - tered is our
we were boys to - geth - er. Yet ma - nya tran - quil
f
f
rall.
ff risoluto
yes - ter - day, Since we were boys to - geth - er.
friend - ship, John, Since we were boys to - geth - er.
year, friend John, May find us still to - geth - er.
rall.
ff risoluto

4-95-64184-226

## *)THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

*1st verse from Skein Manuscript (1620)*
*2d and 3d verses by Mrs. COCKBURN (1765)*

FOLKSONG

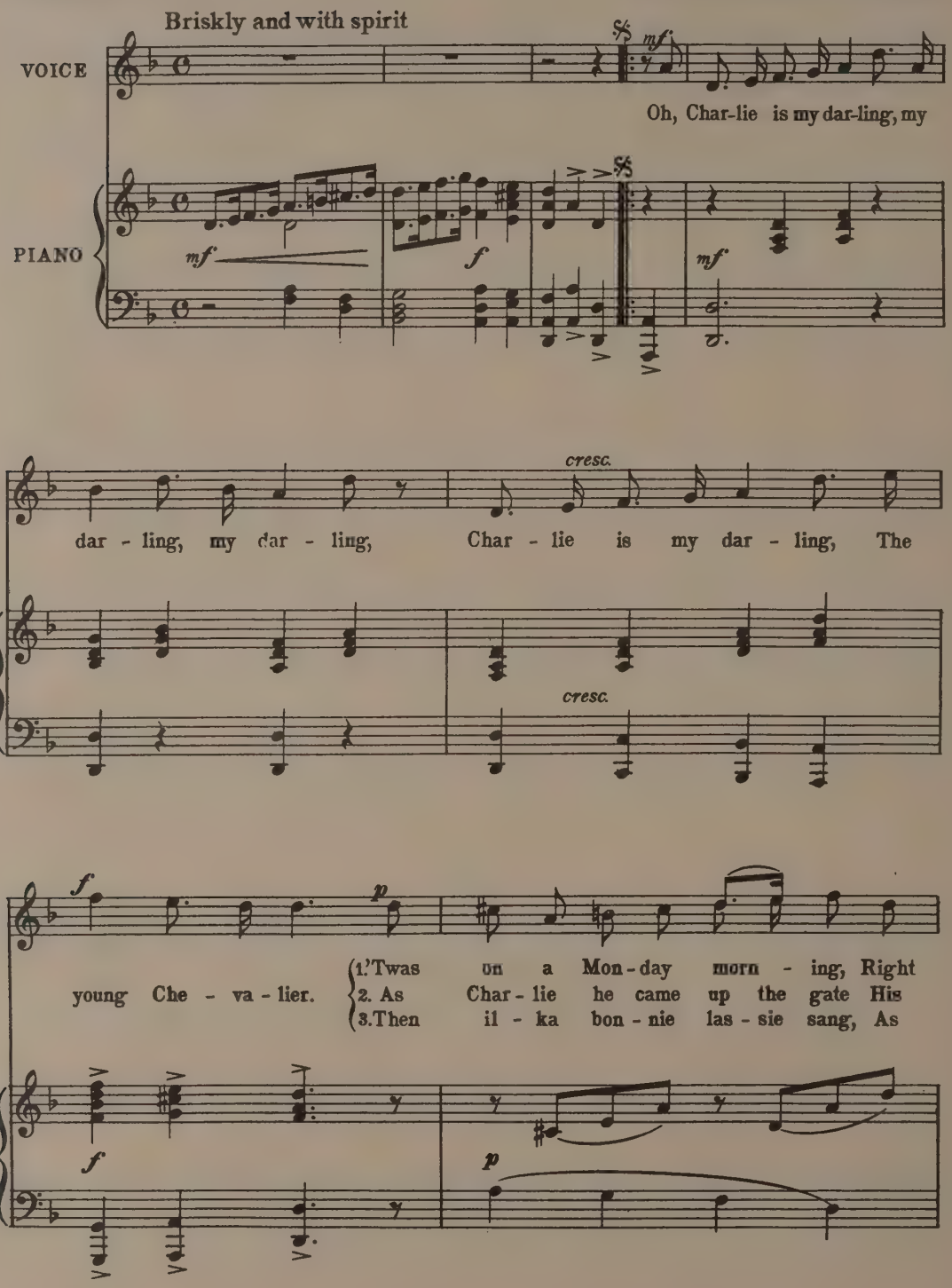

Sadly
VOICE
PIANO
1. I've heard them lilt - ing at the Ewe milk - ing
2. I've seen the smil - ing Of for tune be-guil - ing, I've
3. I've seen the for - est A - dorn'd at the fore - most Wi'
Lass-es a - lilt - ing be - fore dawn of day. Now there's a moan-ing on
tast-ed her pleas-ures and felt her de-cay. Sweet was her bless-ing, And
flow'rs o' the fair - est baith pleas-ant and gay. Sae bon-nie was their blooming Their
il - ka green loan - ing, The Flow'rs of the For - est are a' wede a - way.
kind her ca - ress - ing, But now they are fled, they are fled far a - way.
scent the air per - fum - ing, But now they're with-er'd and a' wede a - way.

*)The flowers of the forest are the young men who died in the battle of Flodden Field, 1513. This melody was played at Queen Victoria's funeral, 1900.

# OH, CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

JAMES HOGG (1770-1835)

OLD MELODY
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Briskly and with spirit
VOICE
PIANO
mf
Oh, Char-lie is my dar-ling, my
f
mf
cresc.
dar - ling, my dar - ling, Char - lie is my dar - ling, The
cresc.
f
p
young Che - va - lier.
1.'Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing, Right
2. As Char - lie he came up the gate His
3.Then il - ka bon - nie las - sie sang, As
f
p

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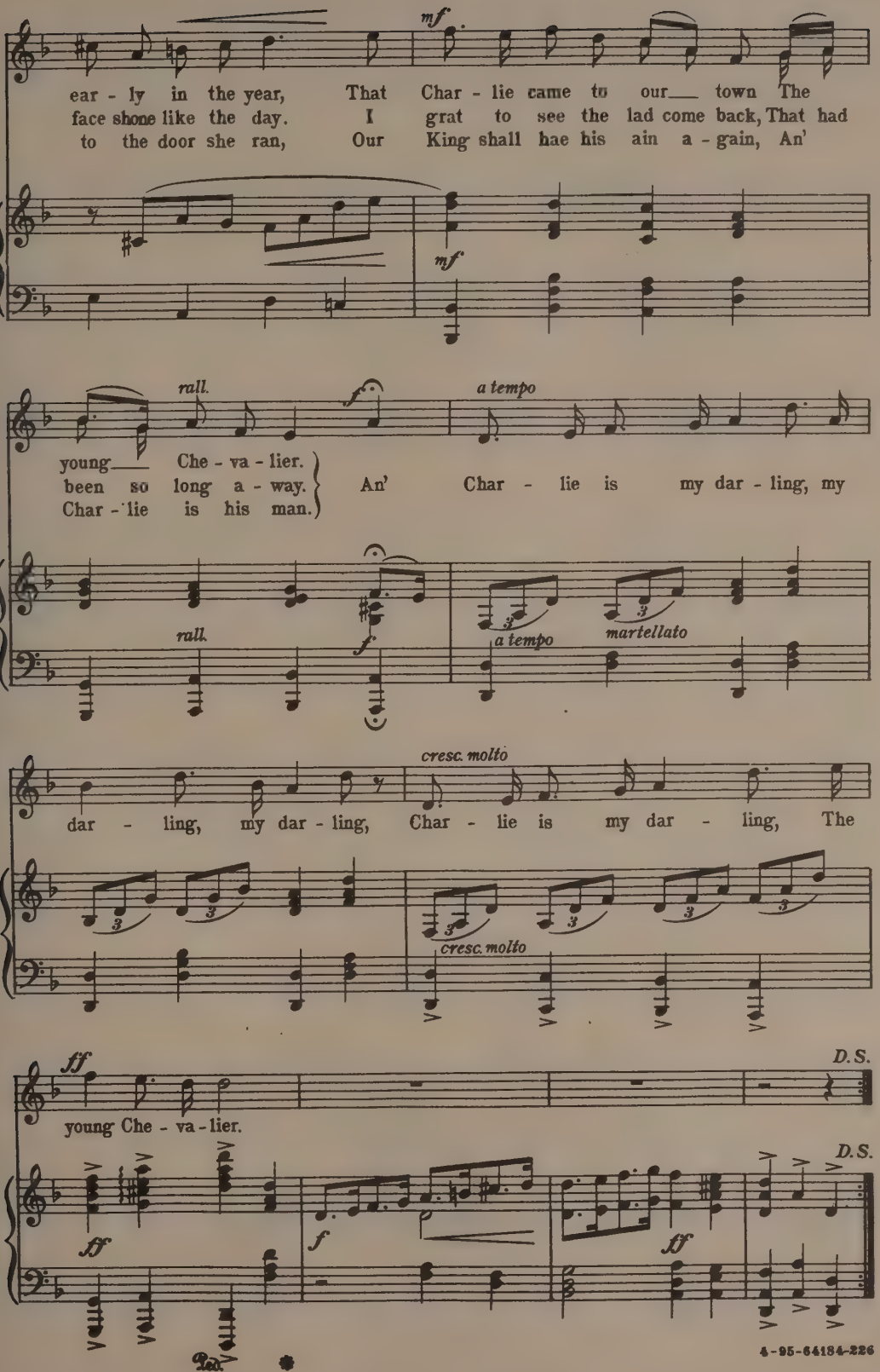
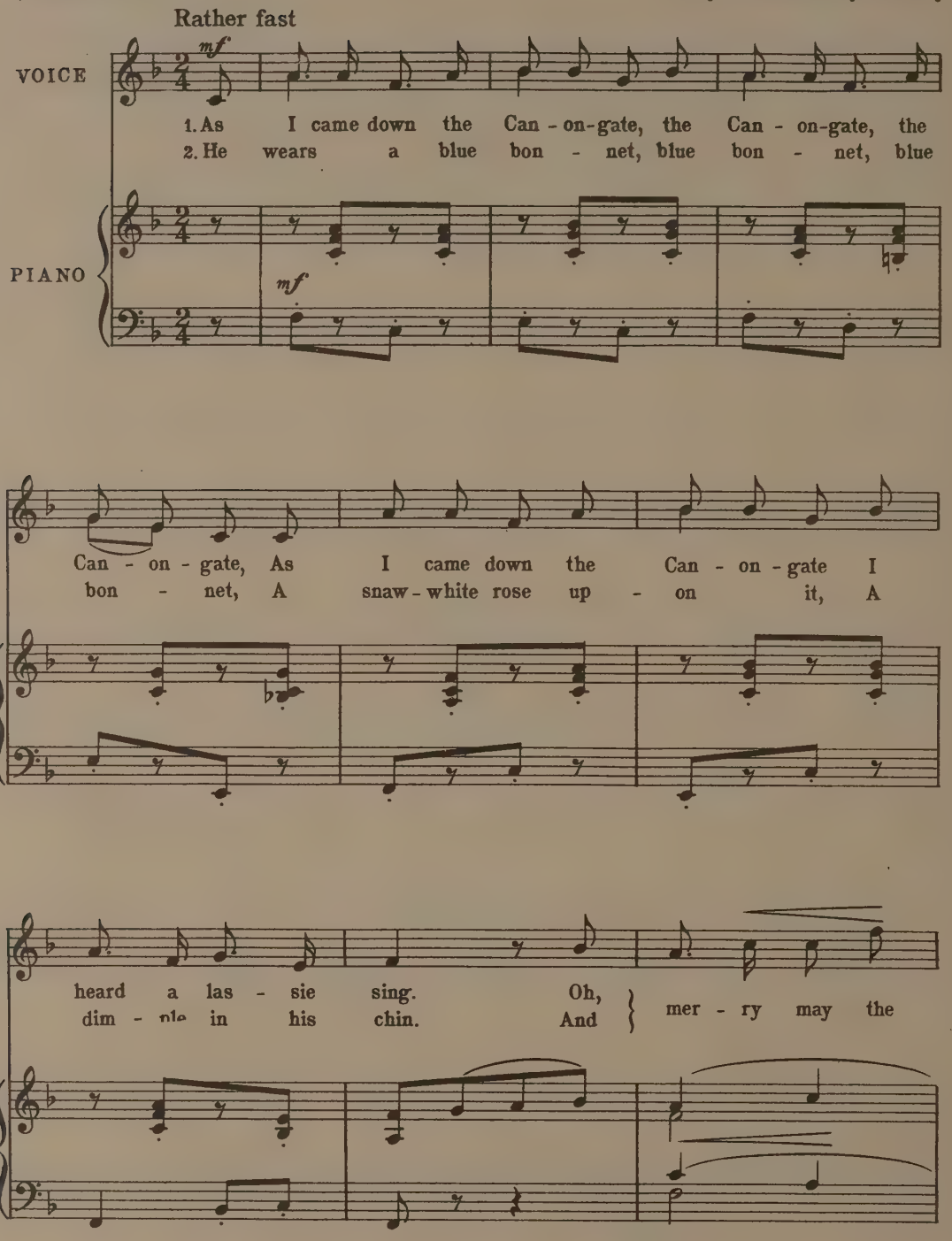

mf
ear - ly in the year, That Char - lie came to our town The
face shone like the day. I grat to see the lad come back, That had
to the door she ran, Our King shall hae his ain a - gain, An'
mf
rall.
f
a tempo
young Che - va - lier.
been so long a - way.
Char - lie is his man.
An' Char - lie is my dar - ling, my
rall.
f
a tempo
martellato
cresc. molto
dar - ling, my dar - ling, Char - lie is my dar - ling, The
cresc. molto
ff
D.S.
young Che - va - lier.
D.S.
ff
f
ff

# MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROW

JAMES HOGG (1770-1835)

BORDER SONG
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Rather fast
mf
VOICE
1. As I came down the Can - on-gate, the Can - on-gate, the
2. He wears a blue bon - net, blue bon - net, blue
PIANO
mf
Can - on - gate, As I came down the Can - on - gate I
bon - net, A snaw - white rose up - on it, A
heard a las - sie sing. Oh,
dim - ple in his chin. And
mer - ry may the

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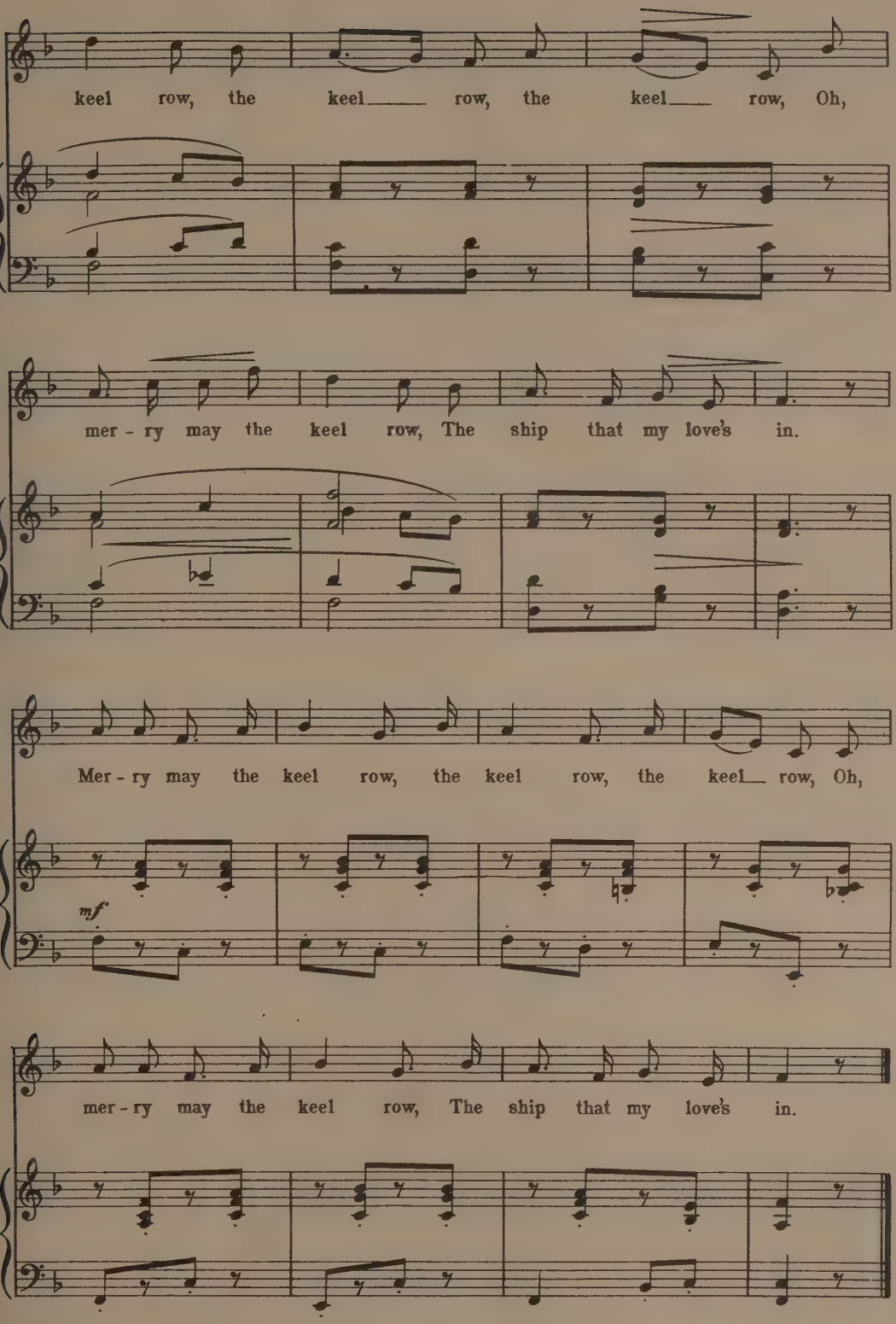
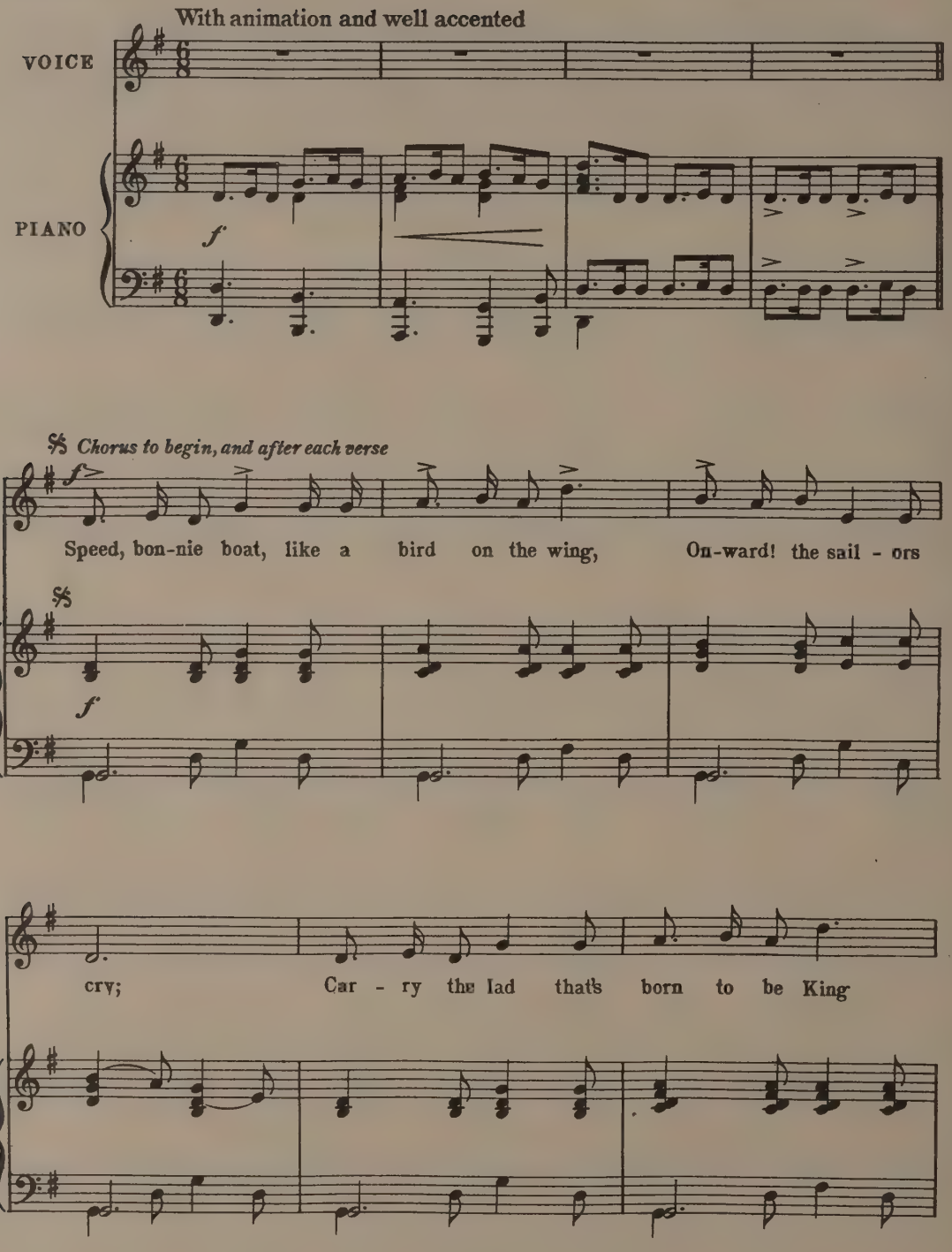

keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Oh,
mer - ry may the keel row, The ship that my love's in.
Mer - ry may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Oh,
mf
mer - ry may the keel row, The ship that my love's in.

# SKYE BOAT SONG

(Jacobite)

HAROLD BOULTON

OLD HIGHLAND ROWING MEASURE
Arr. by Malcolm Lawson


With animation and well accented
VOICE
PIANO
f
Chorus to begin, and after each verse
Speed, bon-nie boat, like a bird on the wing, On-ward! the sail - ors
cry; Car - ry the lad that's born to be King

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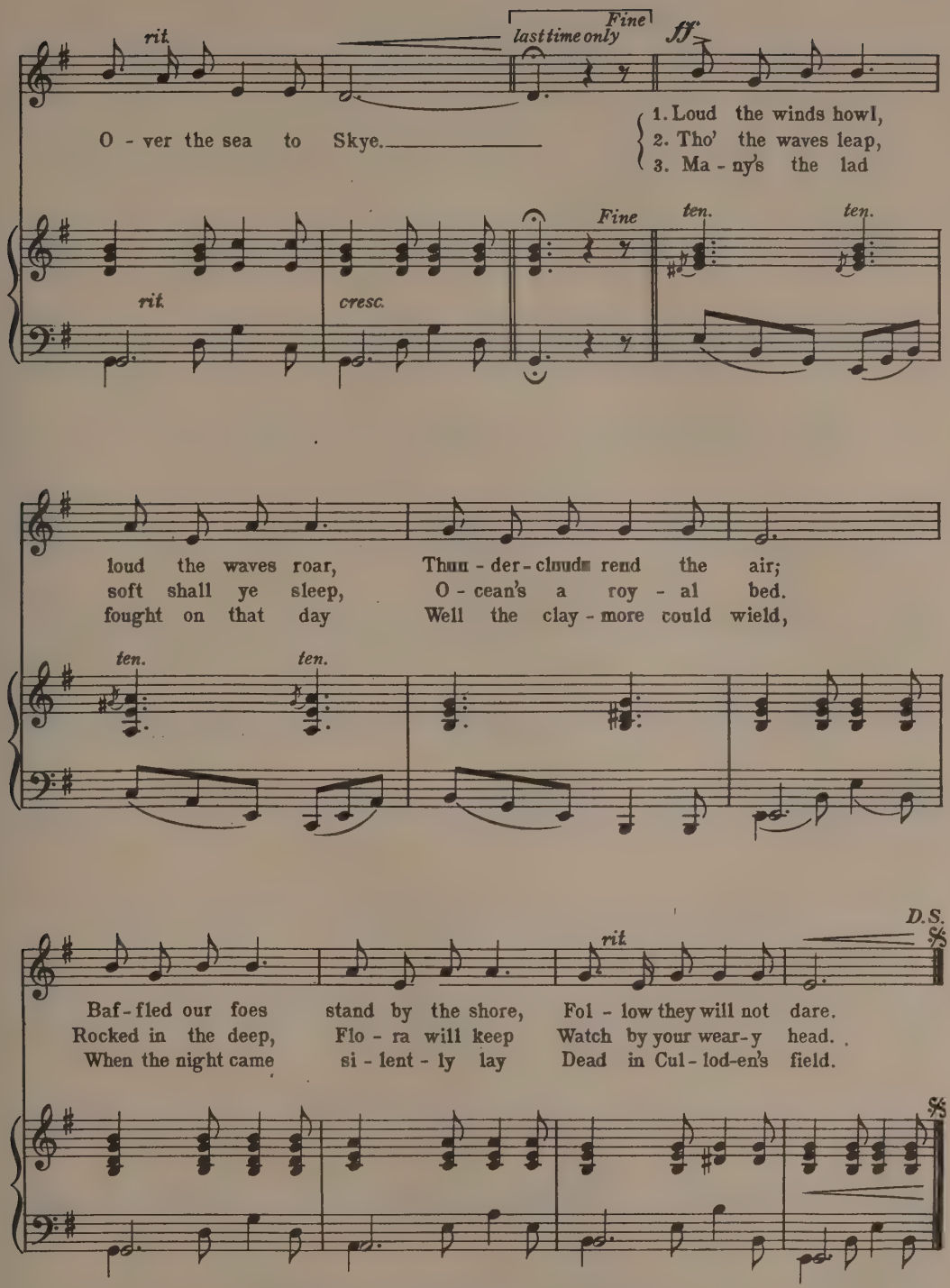
rit.
last time only
Fine
ff
O - ver the sea to Skye.
1. Loud the winds howl,
2. Tho' the waves leap,
3. Ma - ny's the lad
rit.
cresc.
Fine
ten.
ten.
loud the waves roar, Thun - der - clouds rend the air;
soft shall ye sleep, O - cean's a roy - al bed.
fought on that day Well the clay - more could wield,
ten.
ten.
D.S.
rit.
Baf - fled our foes stand by the shore, Fol - low they will not dare.
Rocked in the deep, Flo - ra will keep Watch by your wear - y head.
When the night came si - lent - ly lay Dead in Cul - lod-en's field.

4.
Burned are their homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men;
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again.

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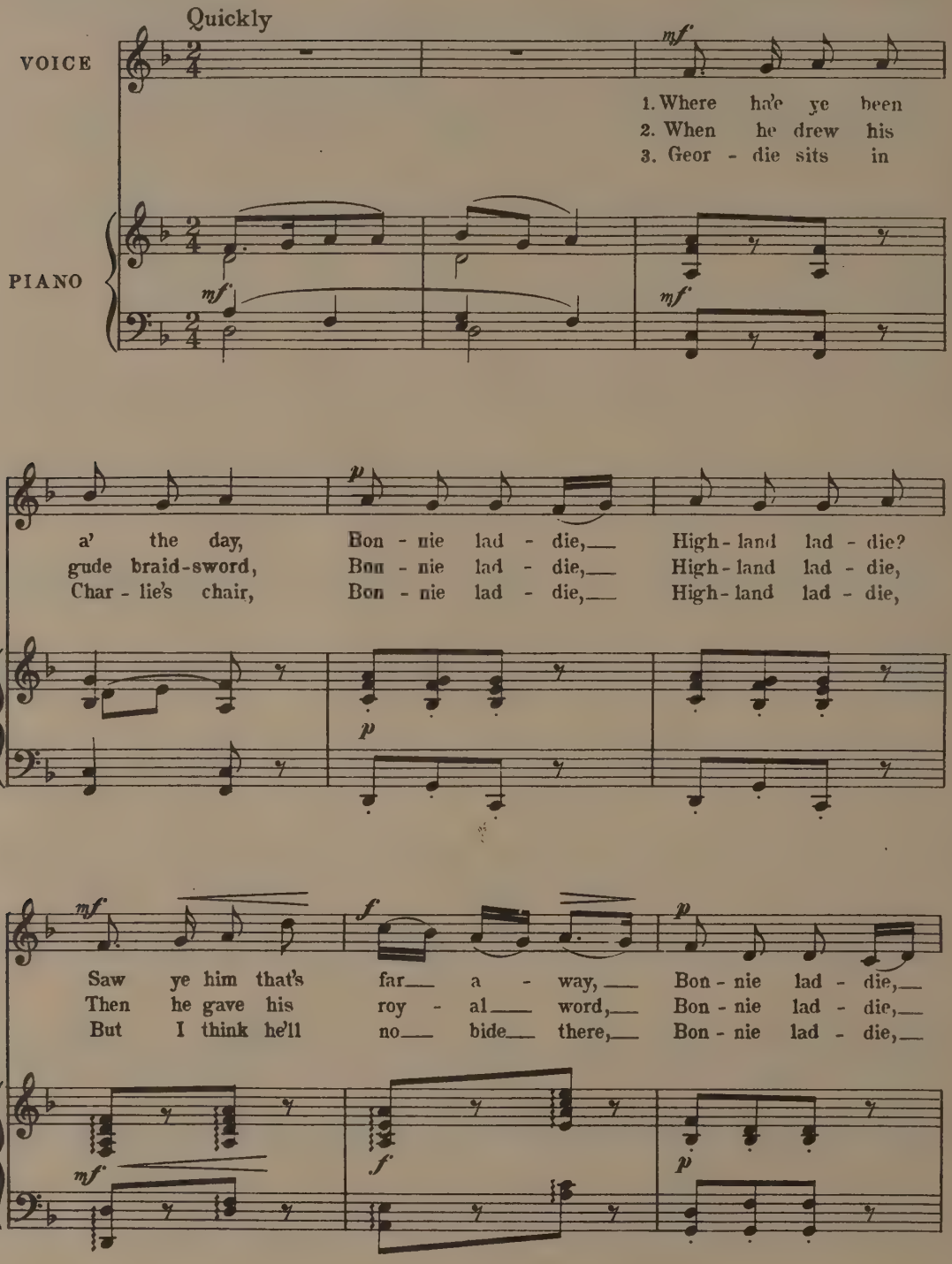
# BONNIE LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE

JAMES HOGG (1770-1835)

OLD TUNE *(about 1650)*
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Quickly
VOICE
PIANO
mf
1. Where ha'e ye been
2. When he drew his
3. Geor - die sits in
a' the day,
gude braid-sword,
Char - lie's chair,
Bon - nie lad - die,
Bon - nie lad - die,
Bon - nie lad - die,
High - land lad - die?
High - land lad - die,
High - land lad - die,
p
Saw ye him that's
Then he gave his
But I think he'll
far a - way,
roy - al word,
no bide there,
Bon - nie lad - die,
Bon - nie lad - die,
Bon - nie lad - die,
f

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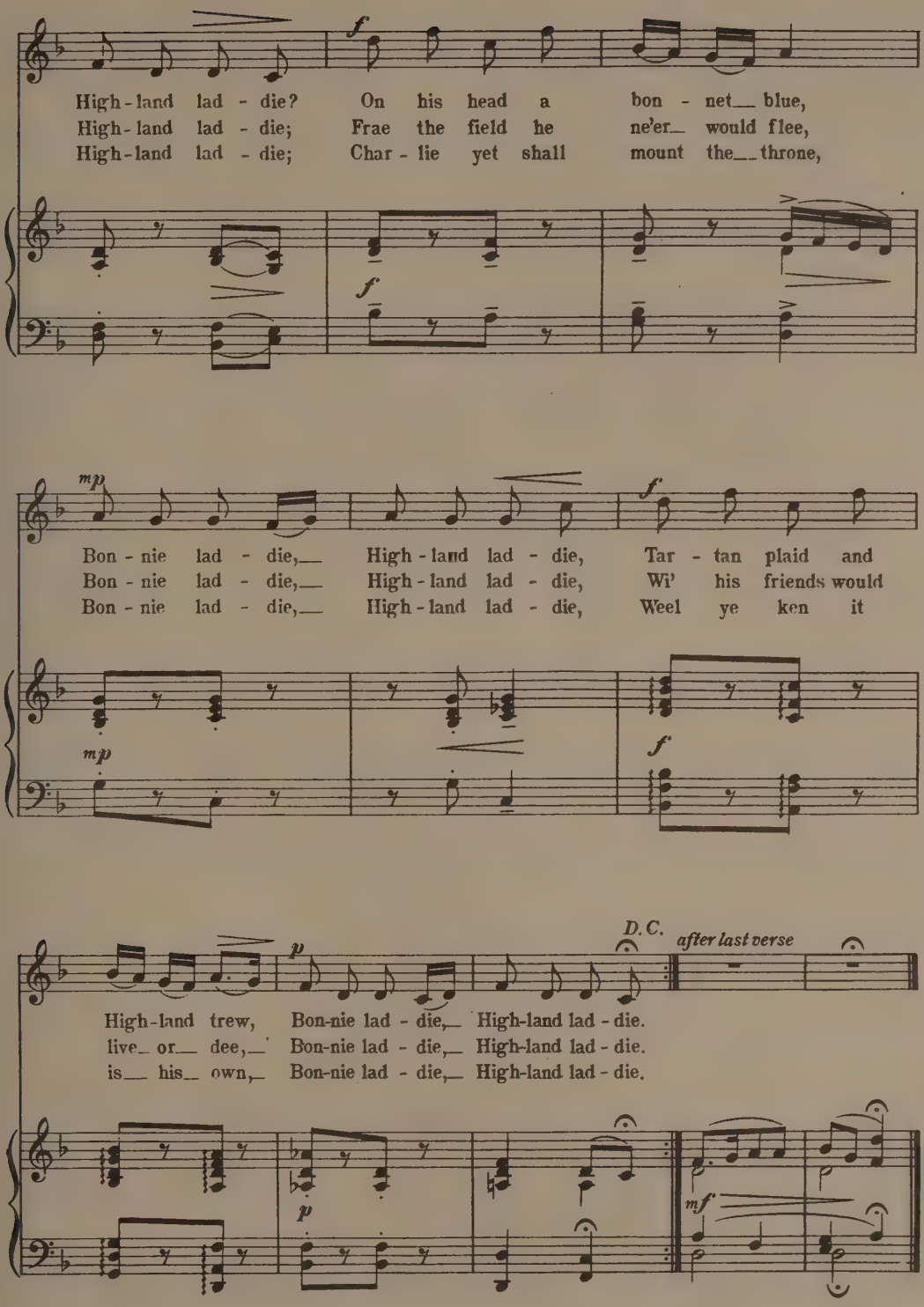
High-land lad - die? On his head a bon - net blue,
High-land lad - die; Frae the field he ne'er would flee,
High-land lad - die; Char - lie yet shall mount the throne,
Bon - nie lad - die, High-land lad - die, Tar - tan plaid and
Bon - nie lad - die, High-land lad - die, Wi' his friends would
Bon - nie lad - die, High-land lad - die, Weel ye ken it
D.C. after last verse
High-land trew, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die.
live or dee, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die.
is his own, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die.

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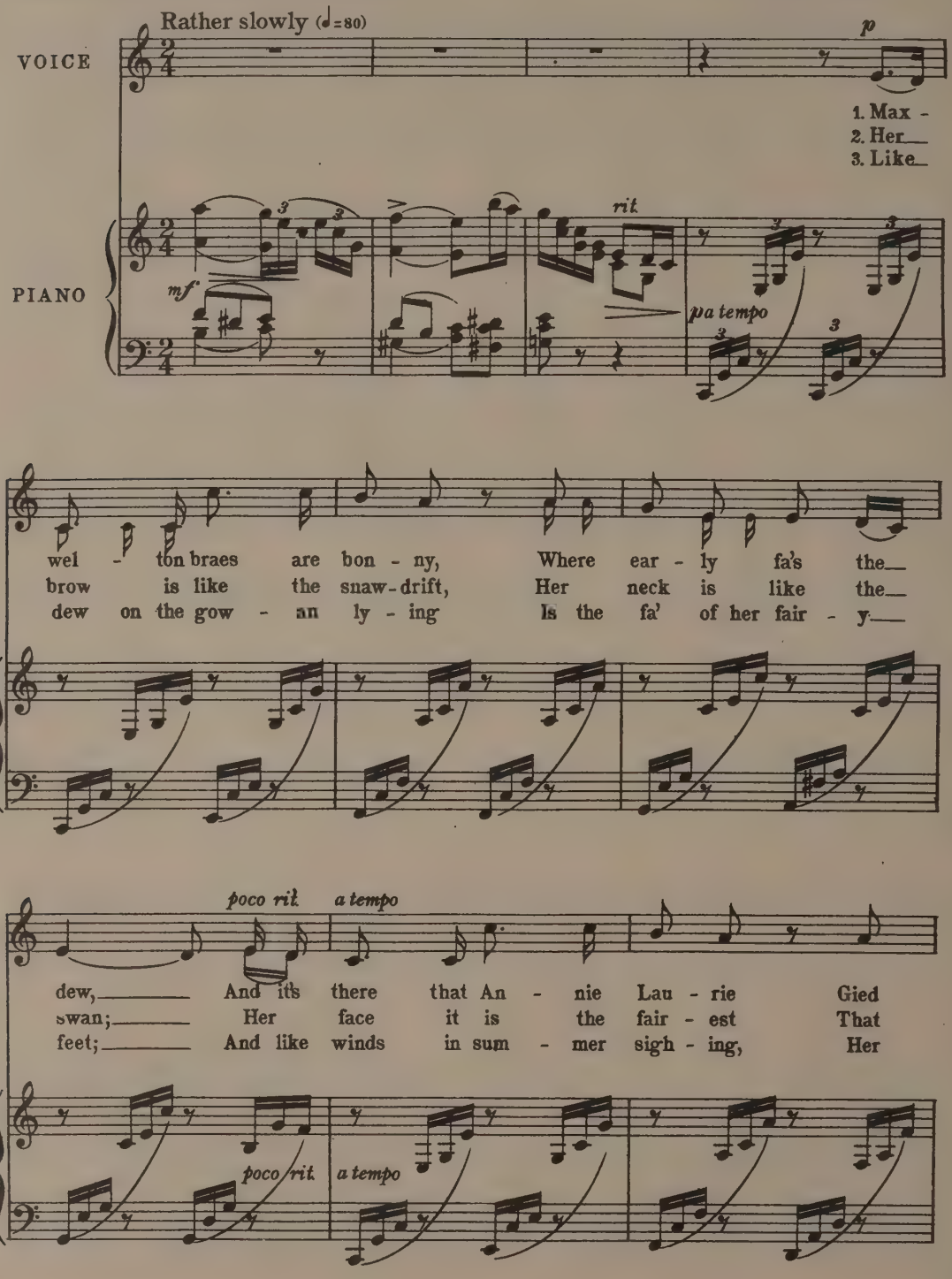
# *)ANNIE LAURIE

Words by WILLIAM DOUGLAS (about 1700)
*Revised and third verse added by Lady John Scott*

*Melody by* LADY JOHN SCOTT
Arr. by J. B. Wekerlin


Rather slowly (♩=80)
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. Max -
2. Her
3. Like
rit.
mf
a tempo
wel - ton braes are bon - ny, Where ear - ly fa's the
brow is like the snaw-drift, Her neck is like the
dew on the gow - an ly - ing Is the fa' of her fair - y
poco rit.
a tempo
dew, And it's there that An - nie Lau - rie Gied
swan; Her face it is the fair - est That
feet; And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her
poco rit.
a tempo

*) Annie Laurie, daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of Maxwelton, was born Dec. 16, 1682

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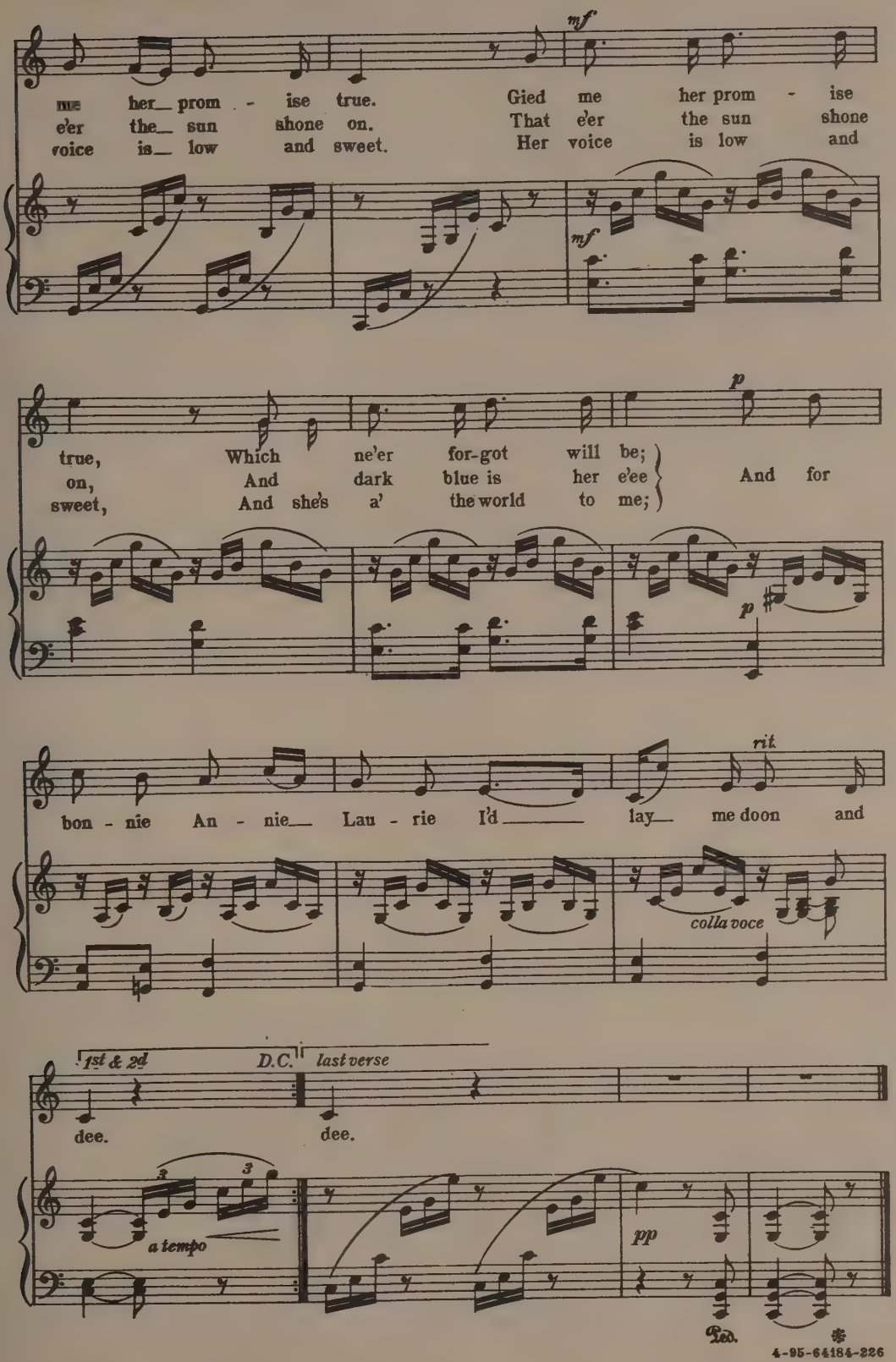
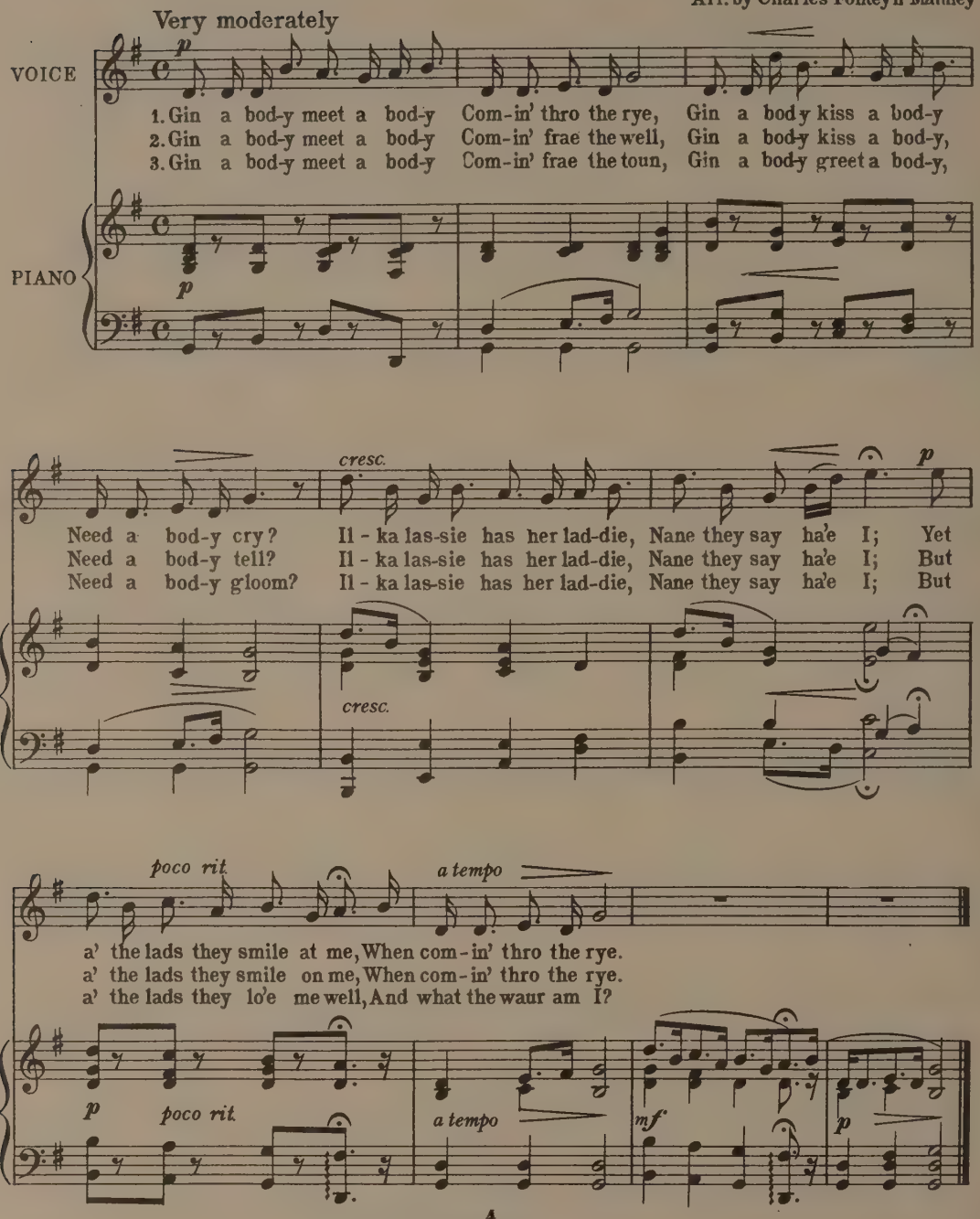

mf
me her prom - ise true. Gied me her prom - ise
e'er the sun shone on. That e'er the sun shone
voice is low and sweet. Her voice is low and
mf
p
true, Which ne'er for-got will be;
on, And dark blue is her e'ee
sweet, And she's a' the world to me;
And for
p
rit.
bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doon and
colla voce
1st & 2d
D.C.
last verse
dee.
dee.
3
3
a tempo
pp
Ped.
*

# GIN A BODY MEET A BODY

OLD MELODY
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Very moderately
p
VOICE
1. Gin a bod-y meet a bod-y Com-in' thro the rye, Gin a bod-y kiss a bod-y
2. Gin a bod-y meet a bod-y Com-in' frae the well, Gin a bod-y kiss a bod-y,
3. Gin a bod-y meet a bod-y Com-in' frae the toun, Gin a bod-y greet a bod-y,
PIANO
p
cresc.
p
Need a bod-y cry? Il - ka las-sie has her lad-die, Nane they say ha'e I; Yet
Need a bod-y tell? Il - ka las-sie has her lad-die, Nane they say ha'e I; But
Need a bod-y gloom? Il - ka las-sie has her lad-die, Nane they say ha'e I; But
cresc.
poco rit.
a tempo
a' the lads they smile at me, When com-in' thro the rye.
a' the lads they smile on me, When com-in' thro the rye.
a' the lads they lo'e me well, And what the waur am I?
p
poco rit.
a tempo
mf
p

4.

In the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whaur his hame, or what his name
I dinna care to tell.
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say ha'e I;
Yet a' the lads they lo'e me well,
And what the waur am I?

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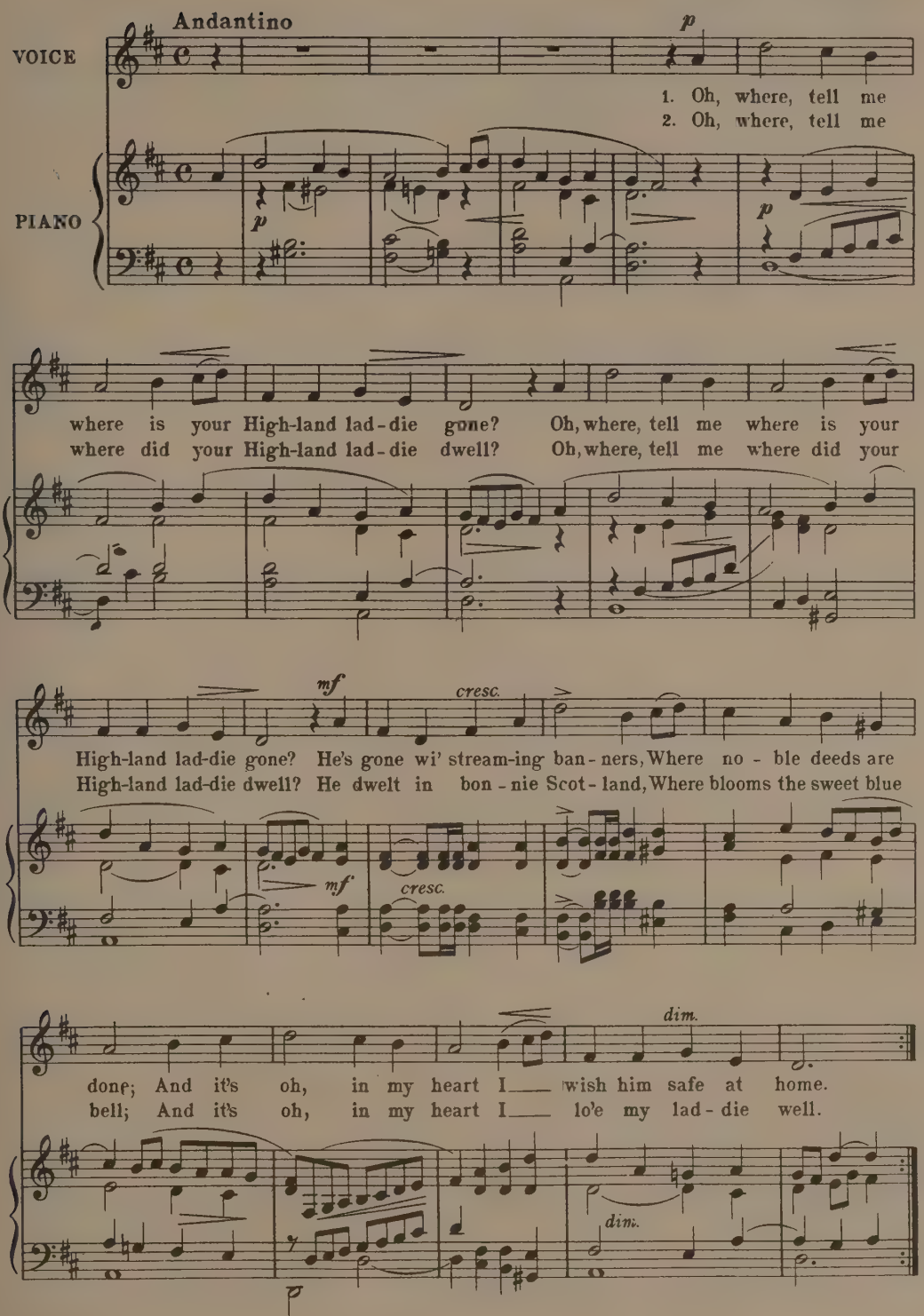
# THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

POPULAR MELODY
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Andantino
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. Oh, where, tell me
2. Oh, where, tell me
where is your High-land lad-die gone? Oh, where, tell me where is your
where did your High-land lad-die dwell? Oh, where, tell me where did your
mf
cresc.
High-land lad-die gone? He's gone wi' stream-ing ban-ners, Where no-ble deeds are
High-land lad-die dwell? He dwelt in bon-nie Scot-land, Where blooms the sweet blue
dim.
done; And it's oh, in my heart I wish him safe at home.
bell; And it's oh, in my heart I lo'e my lad-die well.

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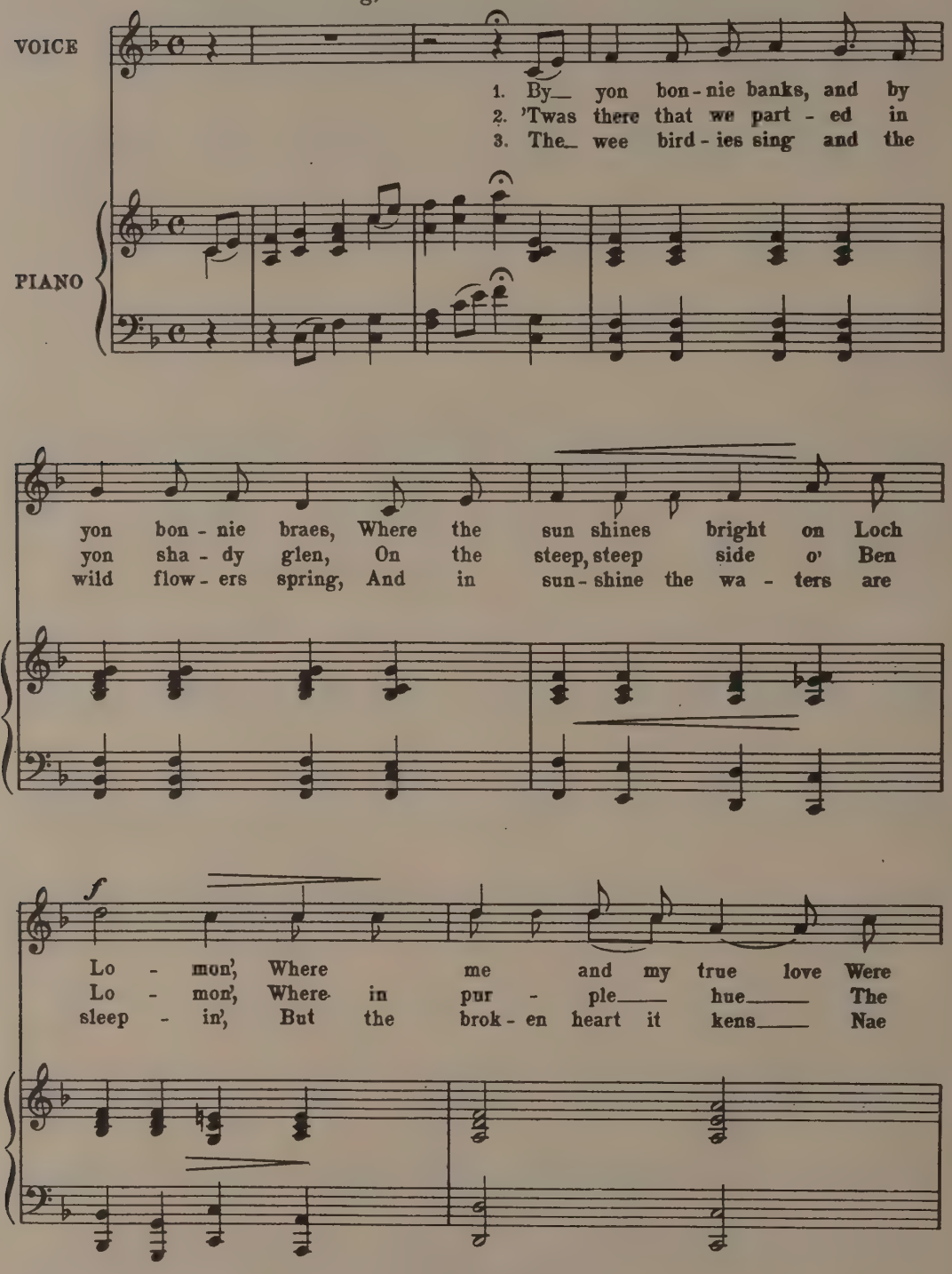
# LOCH LOMOND

(The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond)

*) TRADITIONAL SCOTTISH MELODY
Arranged by Malcolm Lawson

With much feeling, and rather slow


VOICE
PIANO
1. By_ yon bon - nie banks, and by
2. 'Twas there that we part - ed in
3. The_ wee bird - ies sing and the
yon bon - nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch
yon sha - dy glen, On the steep, steep side o' Ben
wild flow - ers spring, And in sun - shine the wa - ters are
f
Lo - mon', Where me and my true love Were
Lo - mon', Where in pur - ple_ hue_ The
sleep - in', But the brok - en heart it kens_ Nae

*) Lady John Scott has stated that she and Sir John picked up both words and air from a poor little boy who was singing in the streets of Edinburgh.

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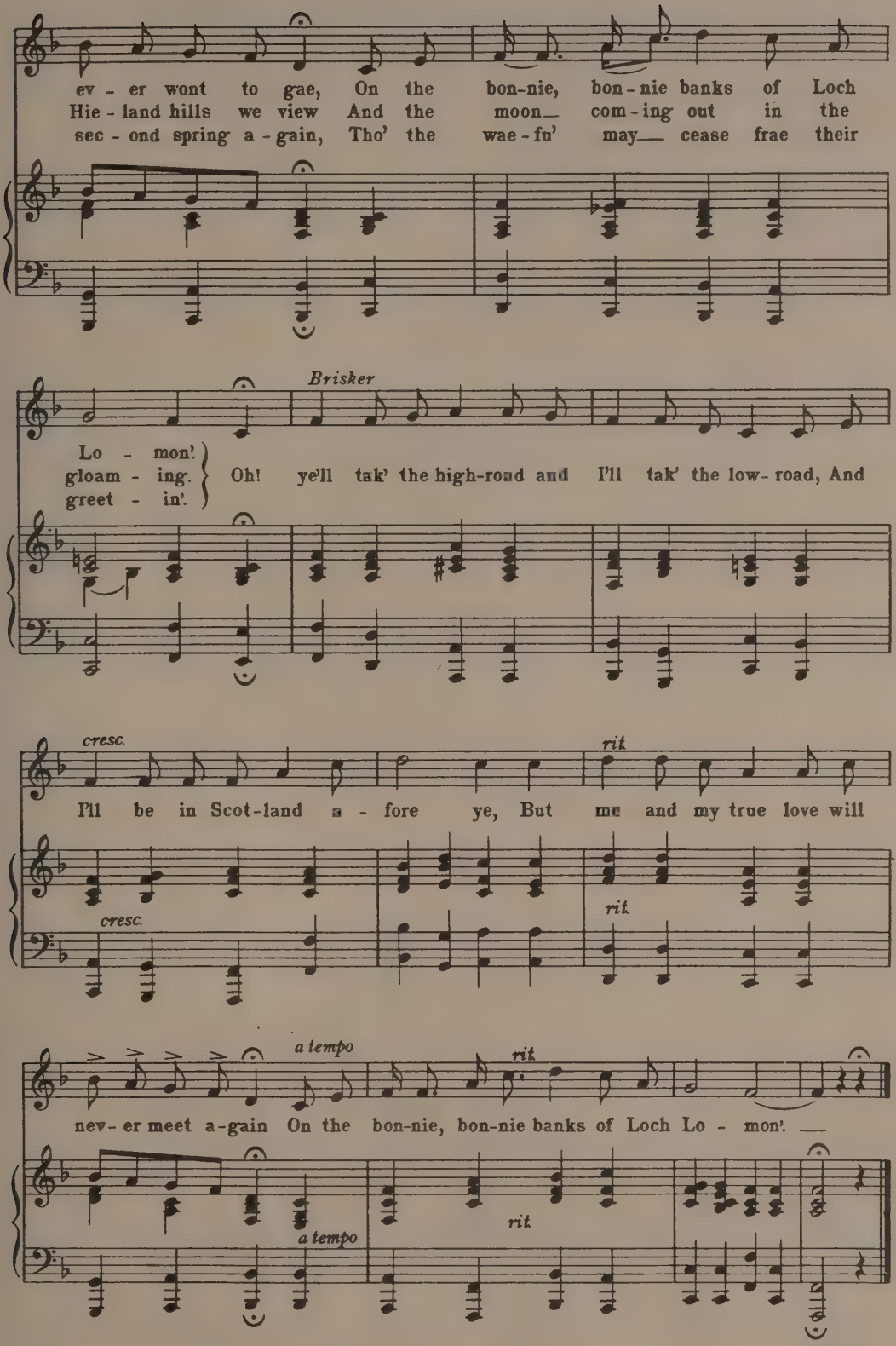
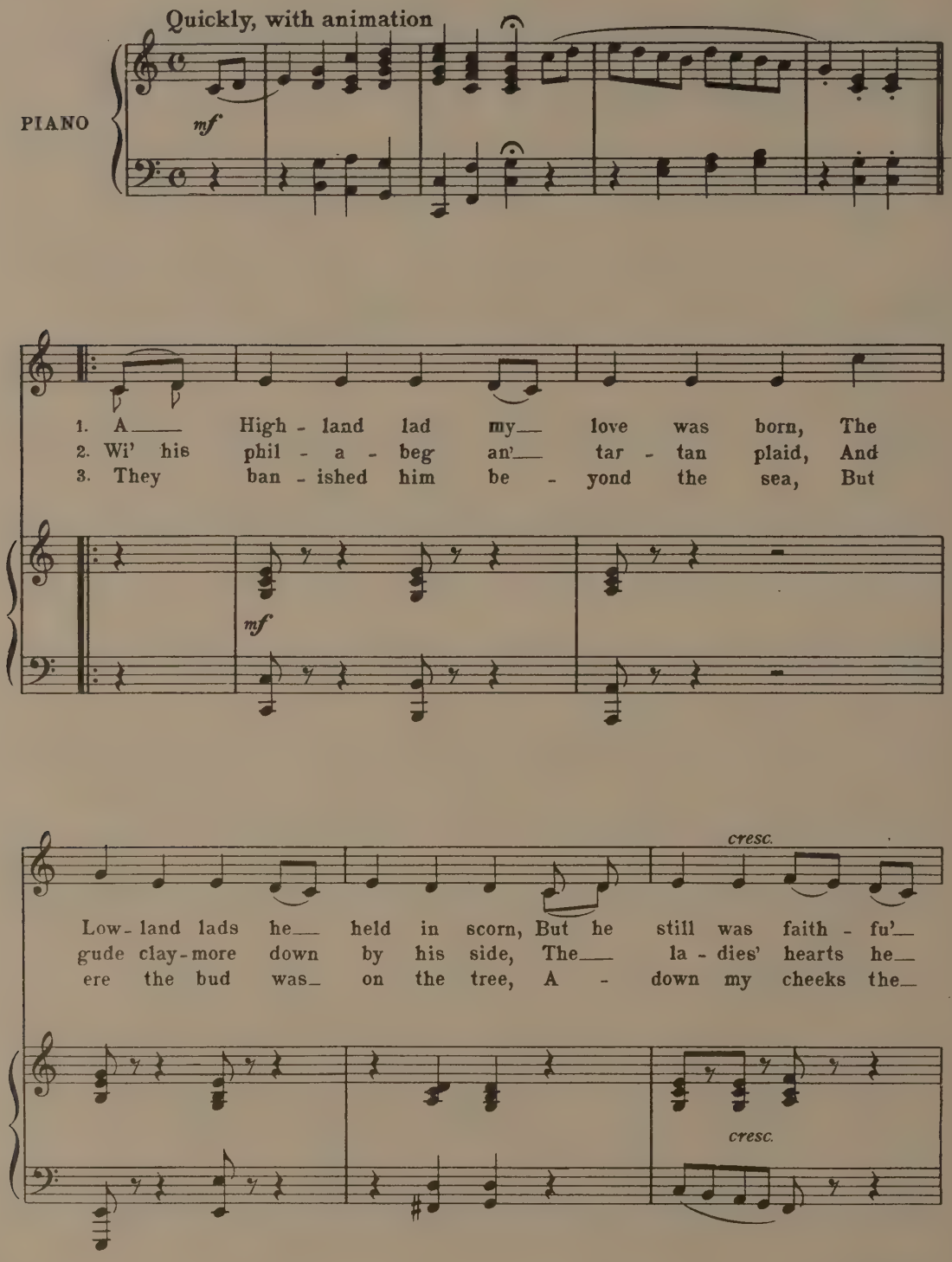

ev - er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon - nie banks of Loch
Hie - land hills we view And the moon— com - ing out in the
sec - ond spring a - gain, Tho' the wae - fu' may— cease frae their
Brisker
Lo - mon'.
gloam - ing.
greet - in'.
Oh! ye'll tak' the high-road and I'll tak' the low- road, And
cresc.
rit
I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye, But me and my true love will
cresc.
rit
a tempo
rit
nev- er meet a-gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mon'.
a tempo
rit

# A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796) OLD AIP. *"The White Cockuade"*


Quickly, with animation
PIANO
mf
1. A High-land lad my love was born, The
2. Wi' his phil-a-beg an' tar-tan plaid, And
3. They ban-ished him be-yond the sea, But
mf
Low-land lads he held in scorn, But he still was faith-fu'
gude clay-more down by his side, The la-dies' hearts he
ere the bud was on the tree, A-down my cheeks the
cresc.
cresc.

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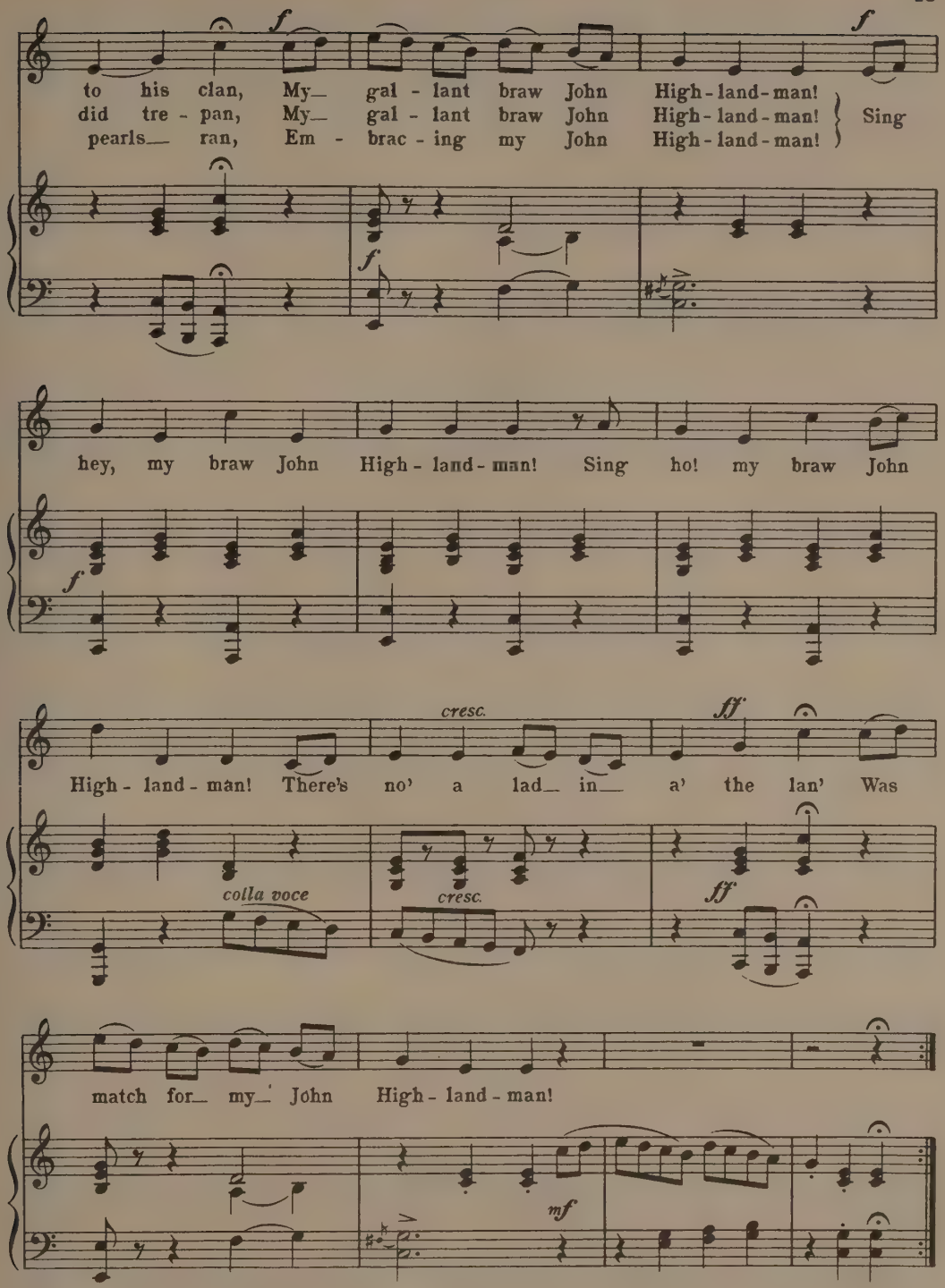
to his clan, My gal - lant braw John High - land - man!
did tre - pan, My gal - lant braw John High - land - man!
pearls ran, Em - brac - ing my John High - land - man!
Sing
hey, my braw John High - land - man! Sing ho! my braw John
High - land - man! There's no' a lad in a' the lan' Was
cresc.
colla voce
cresc.
match for my John High - land - man!
mf

4.

But oh, they catched him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast,
My curse upon them, ev'ry one,
They've hanged my braw John Highlandman!

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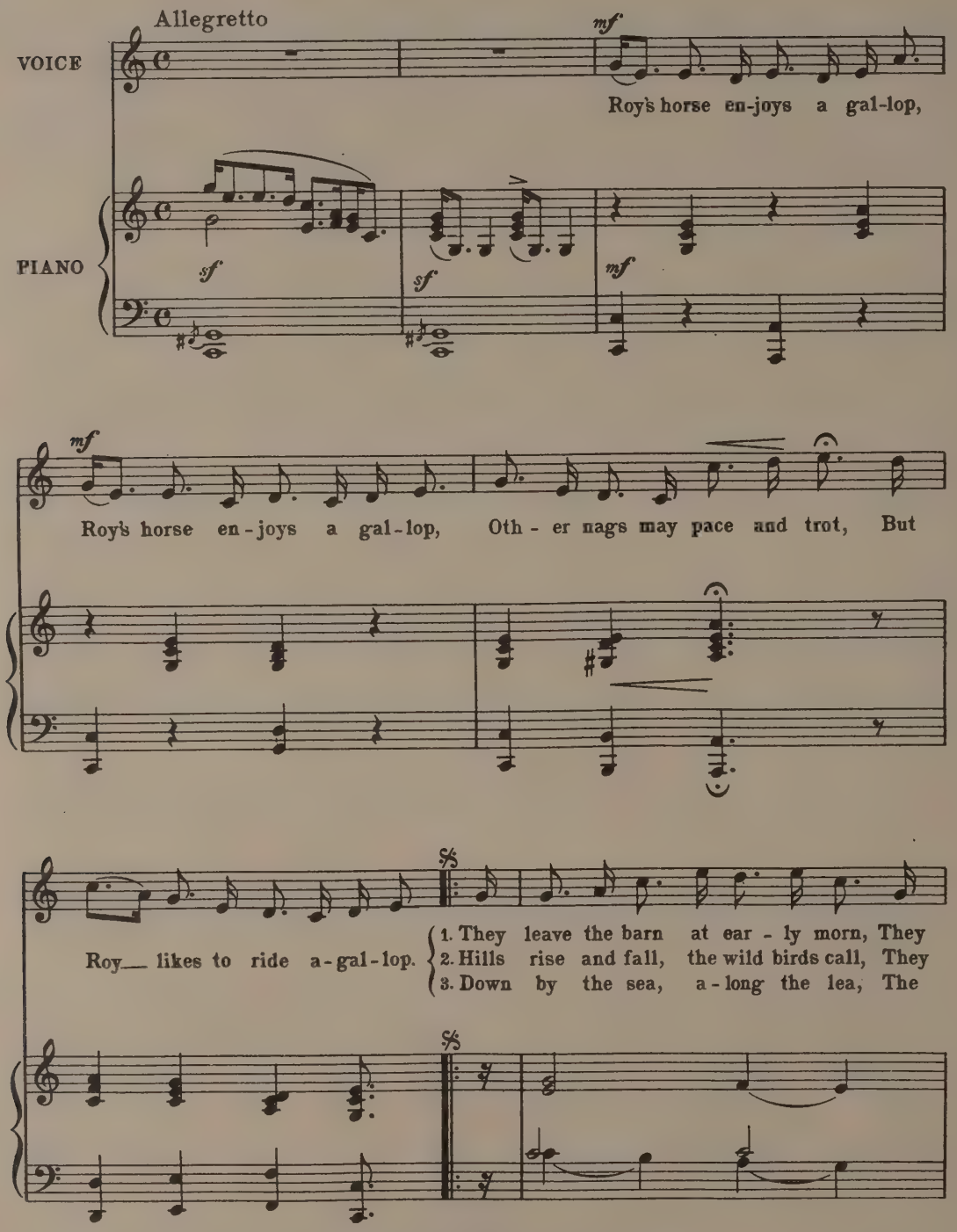
# *)ROY'S HORSE ENJOYS A GALLOP

Words adapted by HERVEY WHITE

OLD HIGHLAND AIR


Allegretto
VOICE
PIANO
mf
Roy's horse en-joys a gal-lop,
sf
sf
mf
mf
Roy's horse en-joys a gal-lop, Oth-er nags may pace and trot, But
Roy__ likes to ride a-gal-lop.
1. They leave the barn at ear-ly morn, They
2. Hills rise and fall, the wild birds call, They
3. Down by the sea, a-long the lea, The

*) The original words, "Roy's wife of Aldivalloch" are by Mrs. Grant of Carron (1745-1814)

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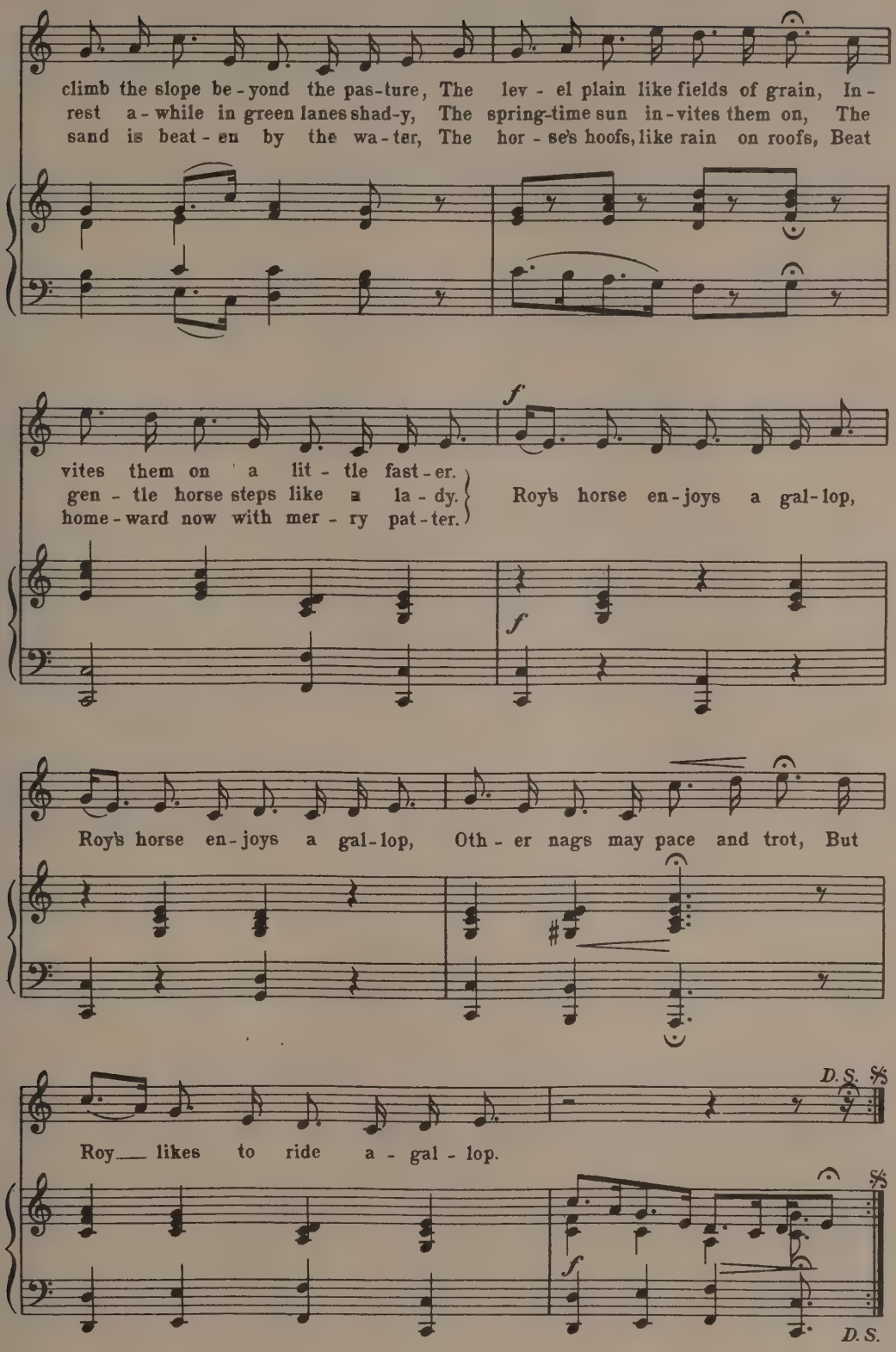
climb the slope be-yond the pas-ture, The lev-el plain like fields of grain, In-
rest a-while in green lanes shad-y, The spring-time sun in-vites them on, The
sand is beat-en by the wa-ter, The hor-se's hoofs, like rain on roofs, Beat
vites them on a lit-tle fast-er.
gen-tle horse steps like a la-dy.
home-ward now with mer-ry pat-ter.
Roy's horse en-joys a gal-lop,
Roy's horse en-joys a gal-lop, Oth-er nags may pace and trot, But
Roy likes to ride a-gal-lop.
D.S.
D.S.
f
f
f

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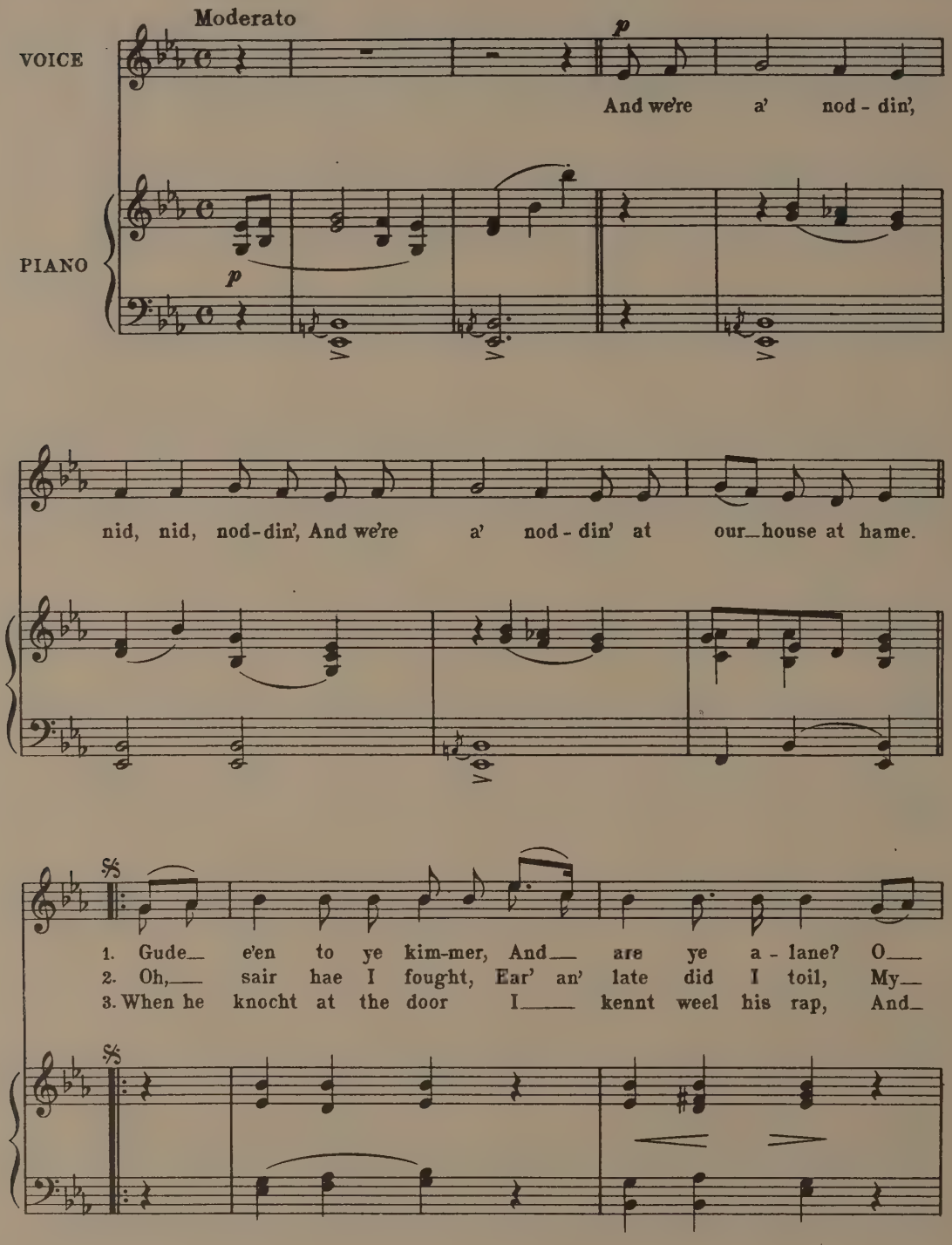
# AND WE'RE A' NODDIN'

Author of words unknown

OLD AIR
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Moderato
VOICE
PIANO
p
And we're a' nod - din',
nid, nid, nod-din', And we're a' nod - din' at our house at hame.
1. Gude e'en to ye kim-mer, And are ye a - lane? O
2. Oh, sair hae I fought, Ear' an' late did I toil, My
3. When he knocht at the door I kennt weel his rap, And

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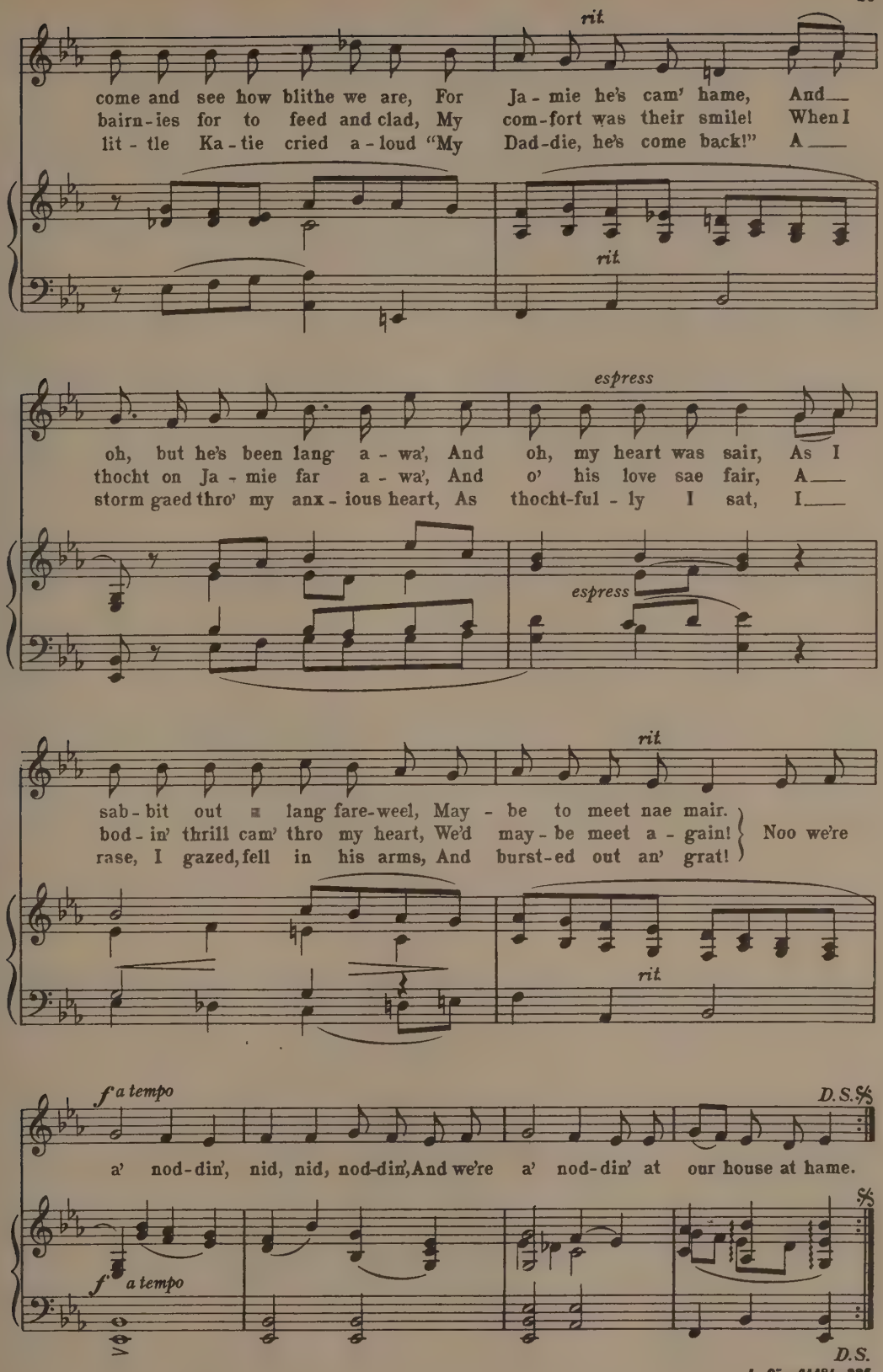
rit
come and see how blithe we are, For Ja - mie he's cam' hame, And
bairn-ies for to feed and clad, My com-fort was their smile! When I
lit - tle Ka - tie cried a - loud "My Dad-die, he's come back!" A
rit
espress
oh, but he's been lang a - wa', And oh, my heart was sair, As I
thocht on Ja - mie far a - wa', And o' his love sae fair, A
storm gaed thro' my anx - ious heart, As thocht-ful - ly I sat, I
espress
rit
sab - bit out a lang fare-weel, May - be to meet nae mair.
bod - in' thrill cam' thro my heart, We'd may - be meet a - gain!
rase, I gazed, fell in his arms, And burst-ed out an' grat!
Noo we're
rit
f a tempo
D.S.%
a' nod-din', nid, nid, nod-din', And we're a' nod-din' at our house at hame.
%
f a tempo
D.S.

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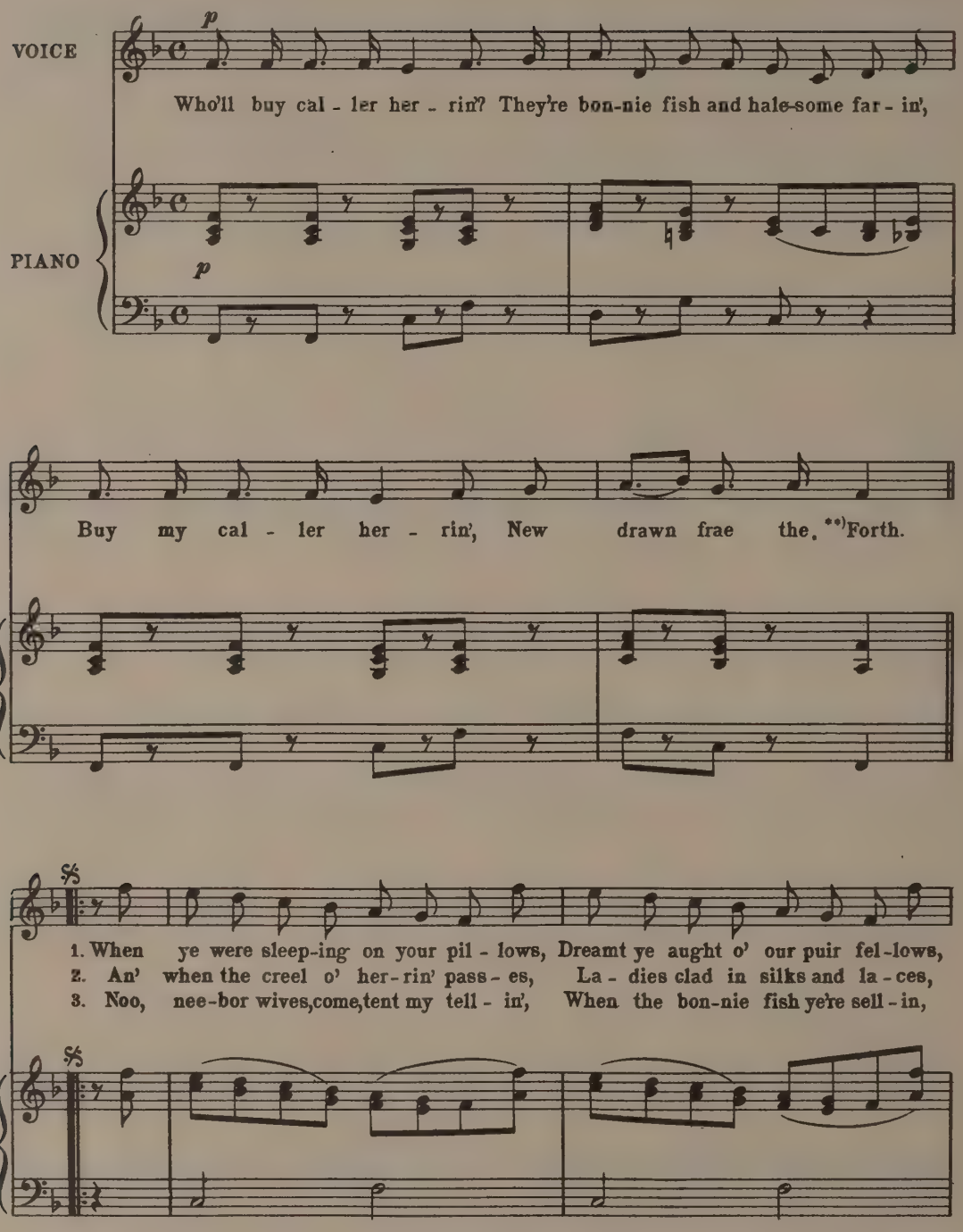
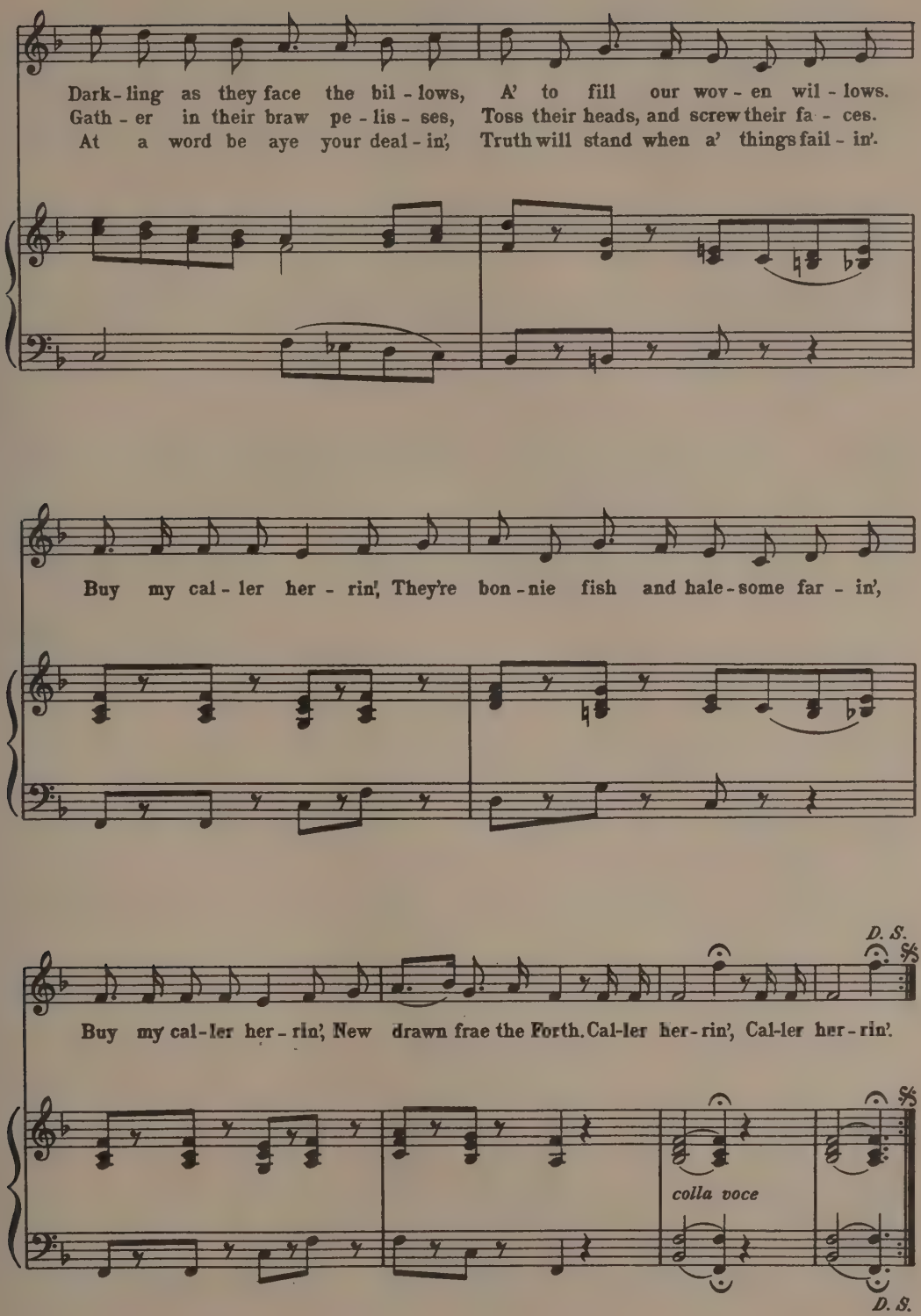
# *)CALLER HERRIN'

LADY NAIRNE (about 1790) FOLKSONG


VOICE
PIANO
p
Who'll buy cal - ler her - rin? They're bon-nie fish and hale-some far - in',
Buy my cal - ler her - rin', New drawn frae the. **)Forth.
1. When ye were sleep-ing on your pil - lows, Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fel-lows,
2. An' when the creel o' her-rin' pass - es, La - dies clad in silks and la - ces,
3. Noo, nee-bor wives,come,tent my tell - in', When the bon-nie fish ye're sell - in,

*) Caller = fresh

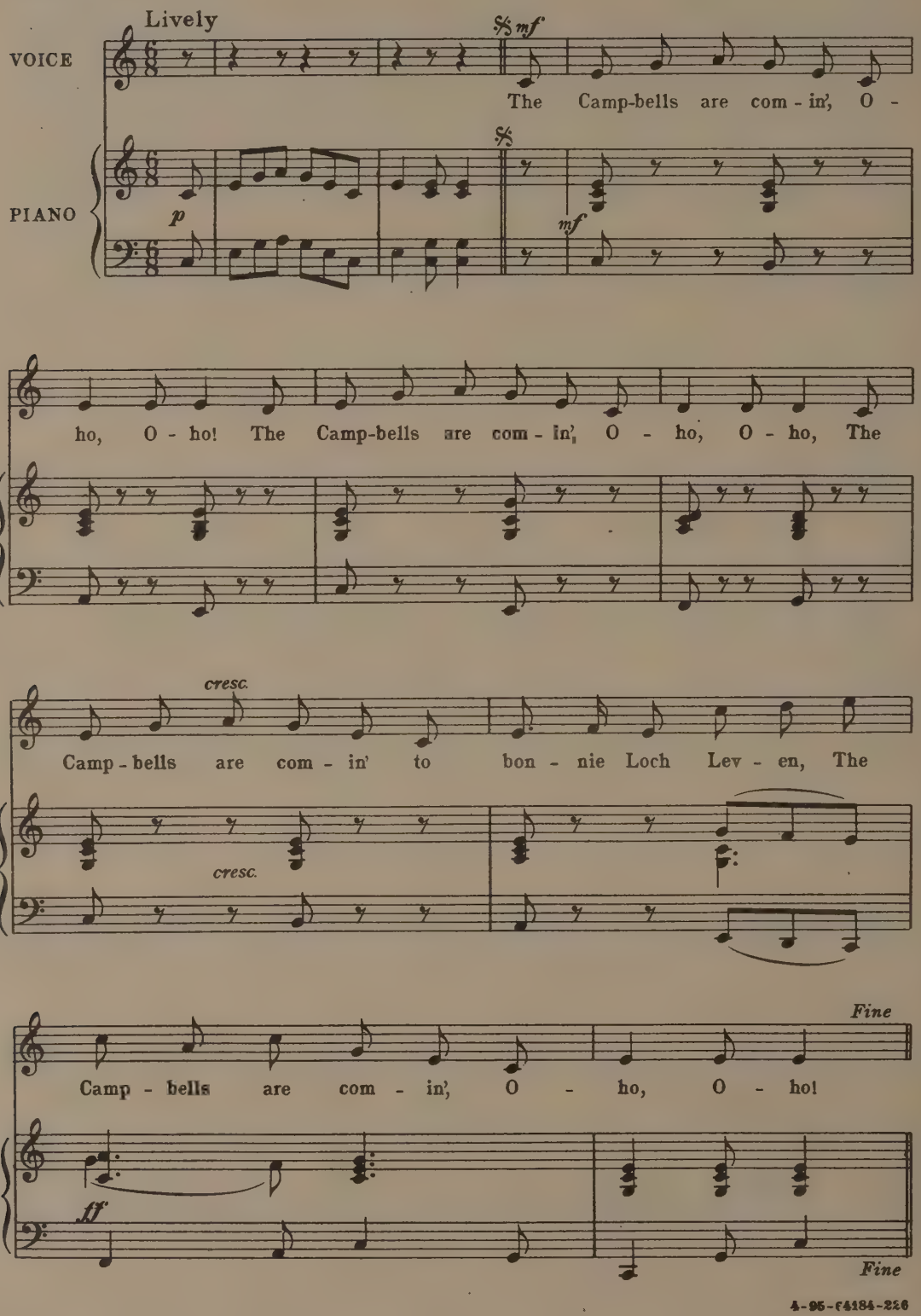
**) Forth = a river in Scotland


Dark-ling as they face the bil-lows, A' to fill our wov-en wil-lows.
Gath-er in their braw pe-lis-ses, Toss their heads, and screw their fa-ces.
At a word be aye your deal-in', Truth will stand when a' things fail-in'.
Buy my cal-ler her-rin', They're bon-nie fish and hale-some far-in',
D. S.
Buy my cal-ler her-rin', New drawn frae the Forth. Cal-ler her-rin', Cal-ler her-rin'.
colla voce
D. S.

# THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'

Verses written in 1715

OLD MELODY *(16th century)*


Lively
VOICE
PIANO
mf
The Camp-bells are com - in', O -
p
mf
ho, O - ho! The Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho, The
cresc.
Camp - bells are com - in' to bon - nie Loch Lev - en, The
cresc.
Fine
Camp - bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho!
ff
Fine

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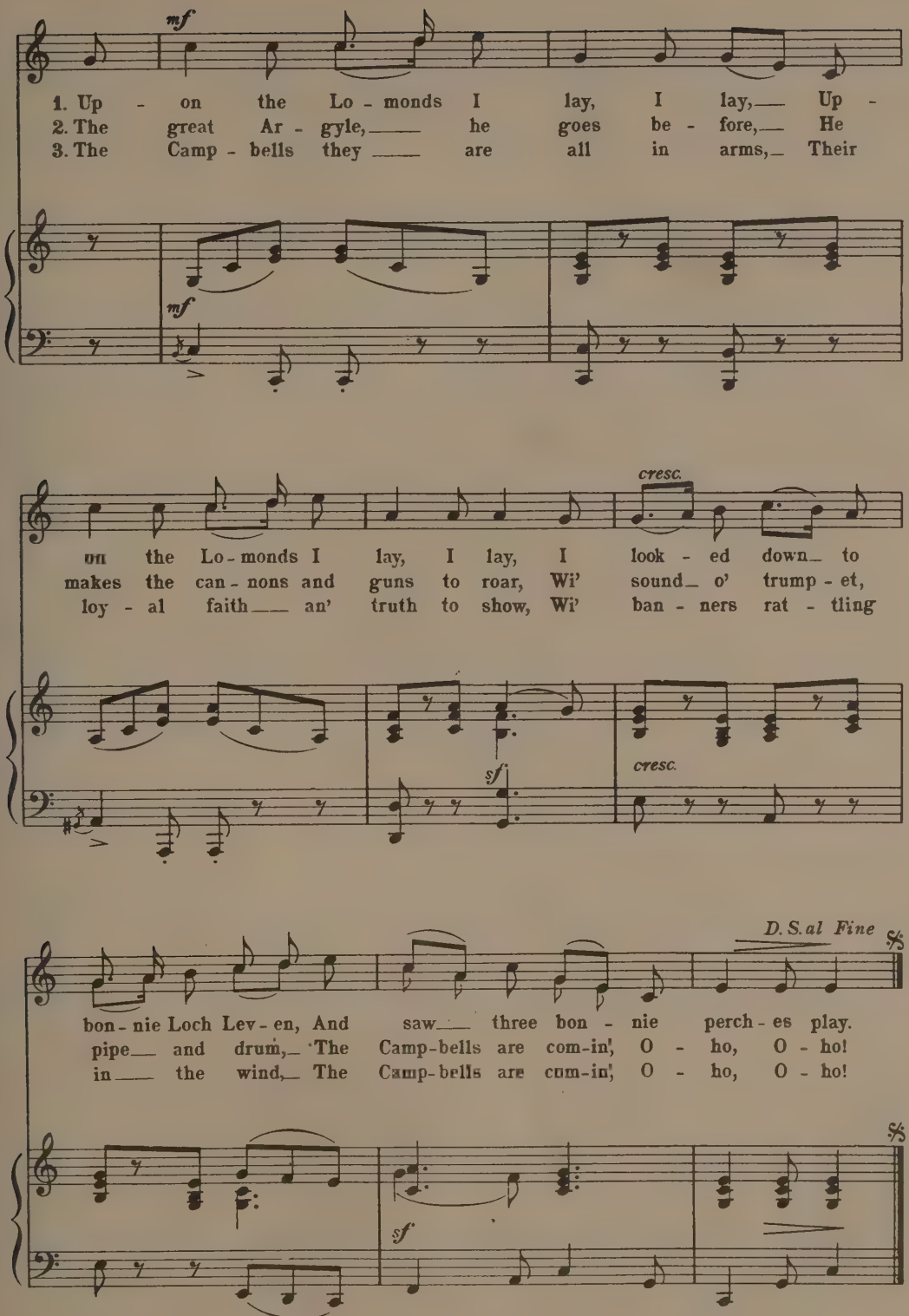
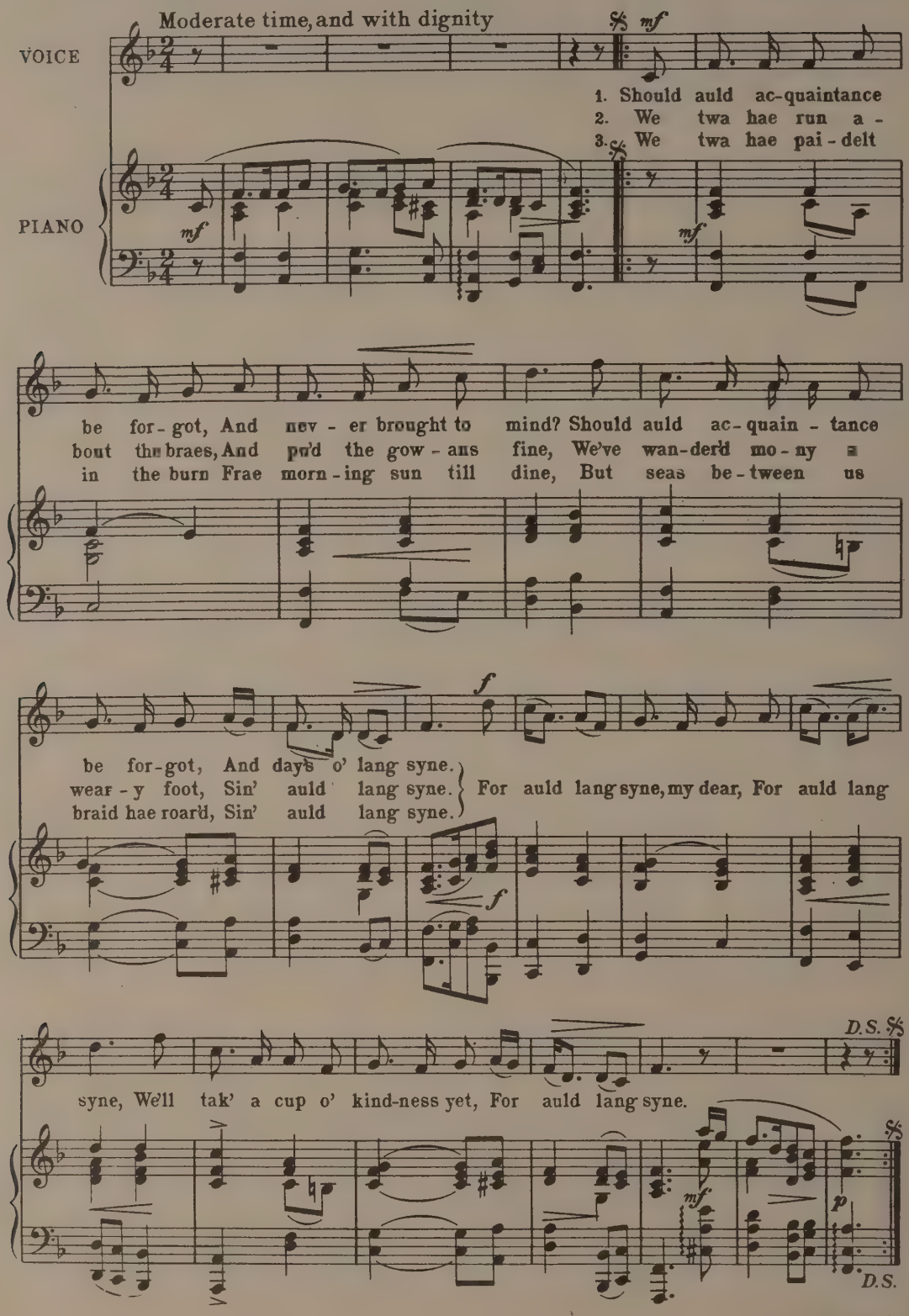

mf
1. Up - on the Lo - monds I lay, I lay, Up -
2. The great Ar - gyle, he goes be - fore, He
3. The Camp - bells they are all in arms, Their
mf
cresc.
on the Lo - monds I lay, I lay, I look - ed down to
makes the can - nons and guns to roar, Wi' sound o' trump - et,
loy - al faith an' truth to show, Wi' ban - ners rat - tling
sf
cresc.
D. S. al Fine
bon - nie Loch Lev - en, And saw three bon - nie perch - es play.
pipe and drum, The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho!
in the wind, The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho!
sf

# AULD LANG SYNE

*First verse traditional*
2nd and 3rd verses by ROBERT BURNS

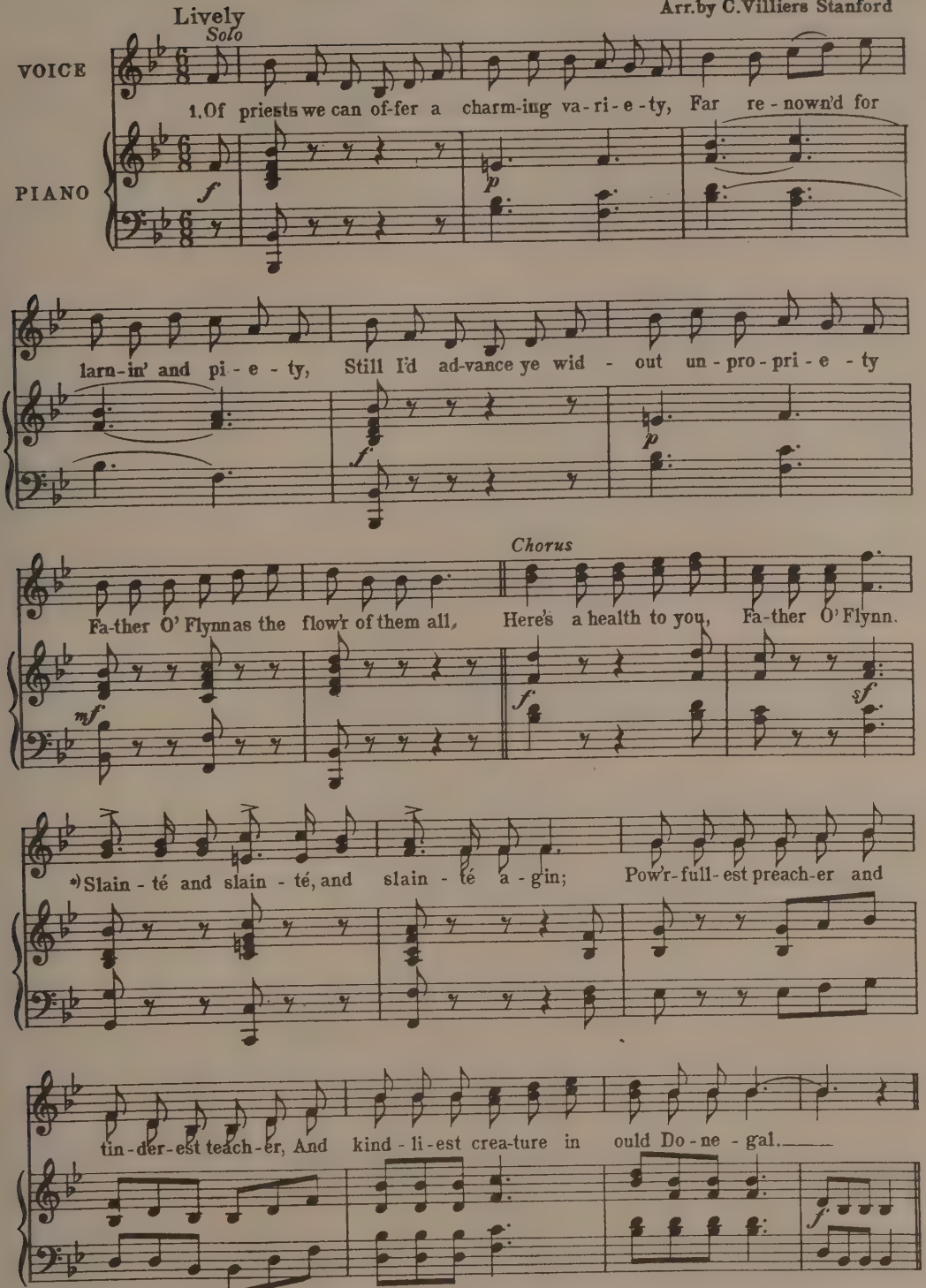
OLD MELODY


Moderate time, and with dignity
VOICE
PIANO
mf
1. Should auld ac-quaintance
2. We twa hae run a -
3. We twa hae pai-delt
be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld ac-quain-tance
bout the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We've wan-der'd mo-ny a
in the burn Frae morn-ing sun till dine, But seas be-tween us
f
be for-got, And days o' lang syne.
wear-y foot, Sin' auld lang syne.
braid hae roar'd, Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang
D.S.
syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.
p
D.S.

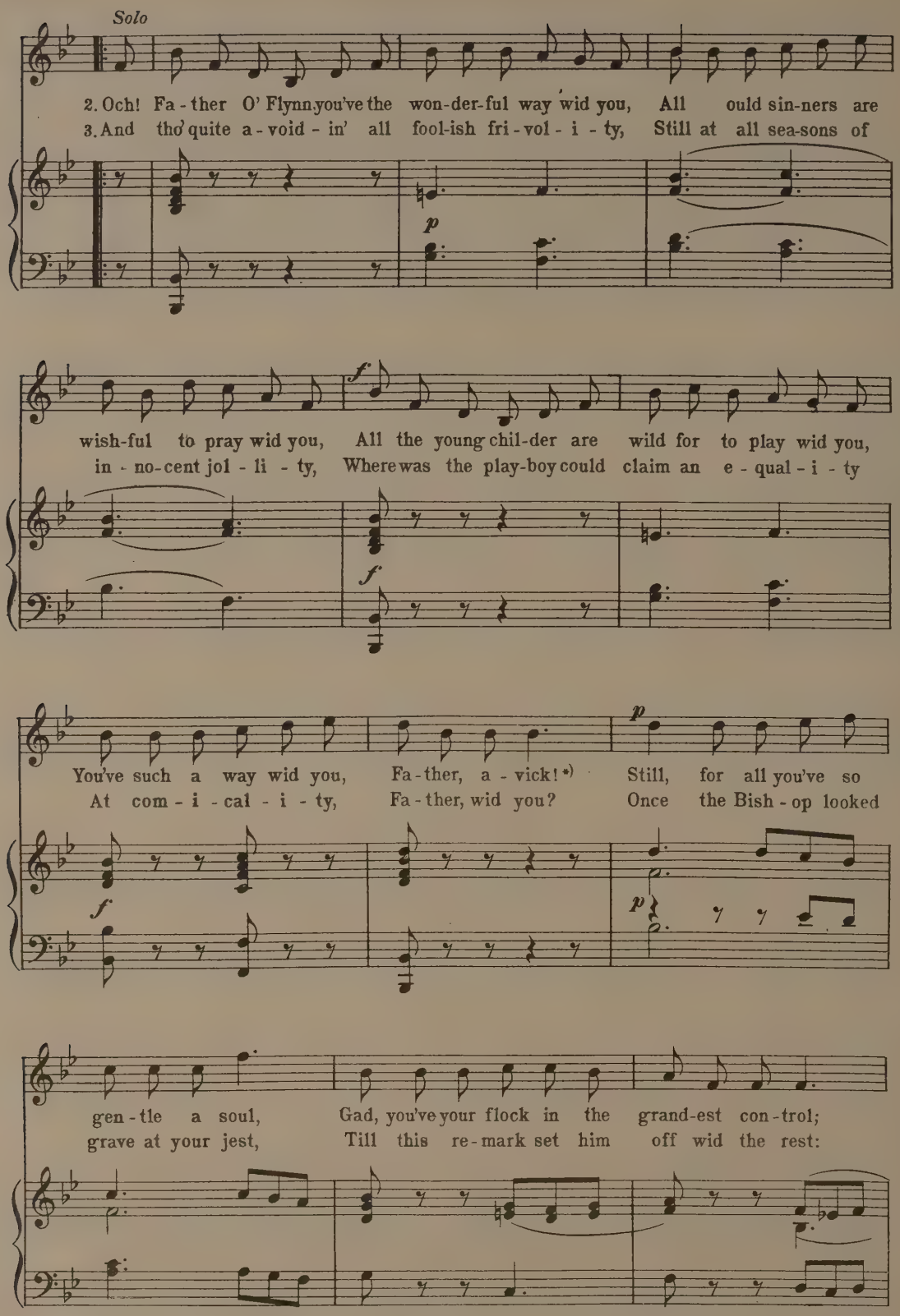
4-95-64184-226

# FATHER O'FLYNN

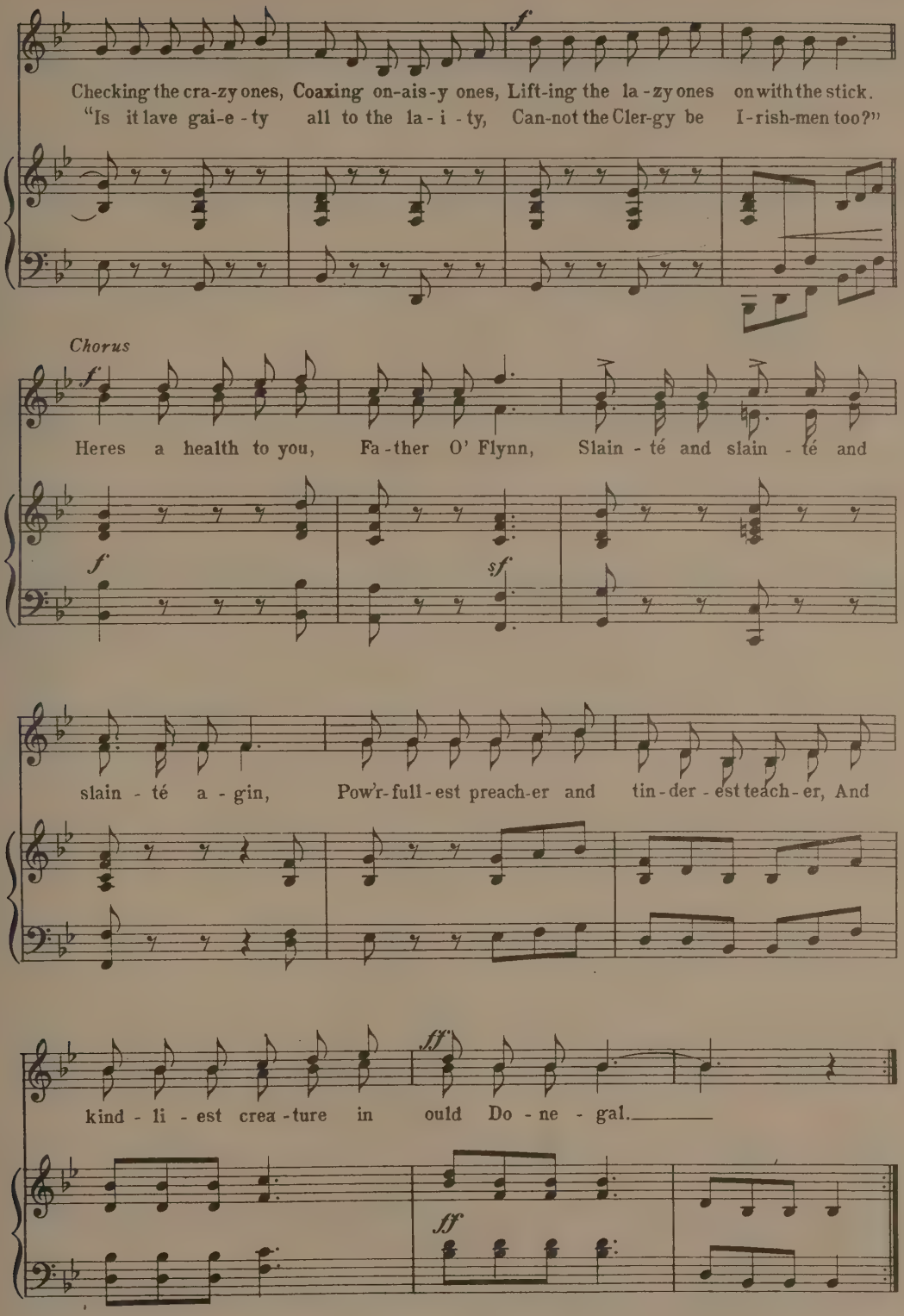
OLD AIR
Arr. by C. Villiers Stanford


Lively
Solo
VOICE
PIANO
1. Of priests we can of-fer a charm-ing va-ri-e-ty, Far re-nown'd for
larn-in' and pi-e-ty, Still I'd ad-vance ye wid-out un-pro-pri-e-ty
Chorus
Fa-ther O' Flynn as the flow'r of them all, Here's a health to you, Fa-ther O' Flynn.
*) Slain-té and slain-té, and slain-té a-gin; Pow'r-full-est preach-er and
tin-der-est teach-er, And kind-li-est crea-ture in ould Do-ne-gal.

*) Pronounced "Slawnta," meaning "Your health."


Solo
2. Och! Fa - ther O' Flynn you've the won-der-ful way wid you, All ould sin-ners are
3. And tho' quite a - void - in' all fool-ish fri - vol - i - ty, Still at all sea-sons of
wish-ful to pray wid you, All the young chil-der are wild for to play wid you,
in - no-cent jol - li - ty, Where was the play-boy could claim an e - qual - i - ty
You've such a way wid you, Fa-ther, a - vick! *) Still, for all you've so
At com - i - cal - i - ty, Fa - ther, wid you? Once the Bish - op looked
gen - tle a soul, Gad, you've your flock in the grand-est con - trol;
grave at your jest, Till this re - mark set him off wid the rest:

*) A term of endearment


Checking the cra-zy ones, Coaxing on-ais-y ones, Lift-ing the la-zy ones on with the stick.
"Is it lave gai-e-ty all to the la-i-ty, Can-not the Cler-gy be I-rish-men too?"
Chorus
Heres a health to you, Fa-ther O' Flynn, Slain-té and slain-té and
slain-té a-gin, Pow'r-full-est preach-er and tin-der-est teach-er, And
kind-li-est crea-ture in ould Do-ne-gal.

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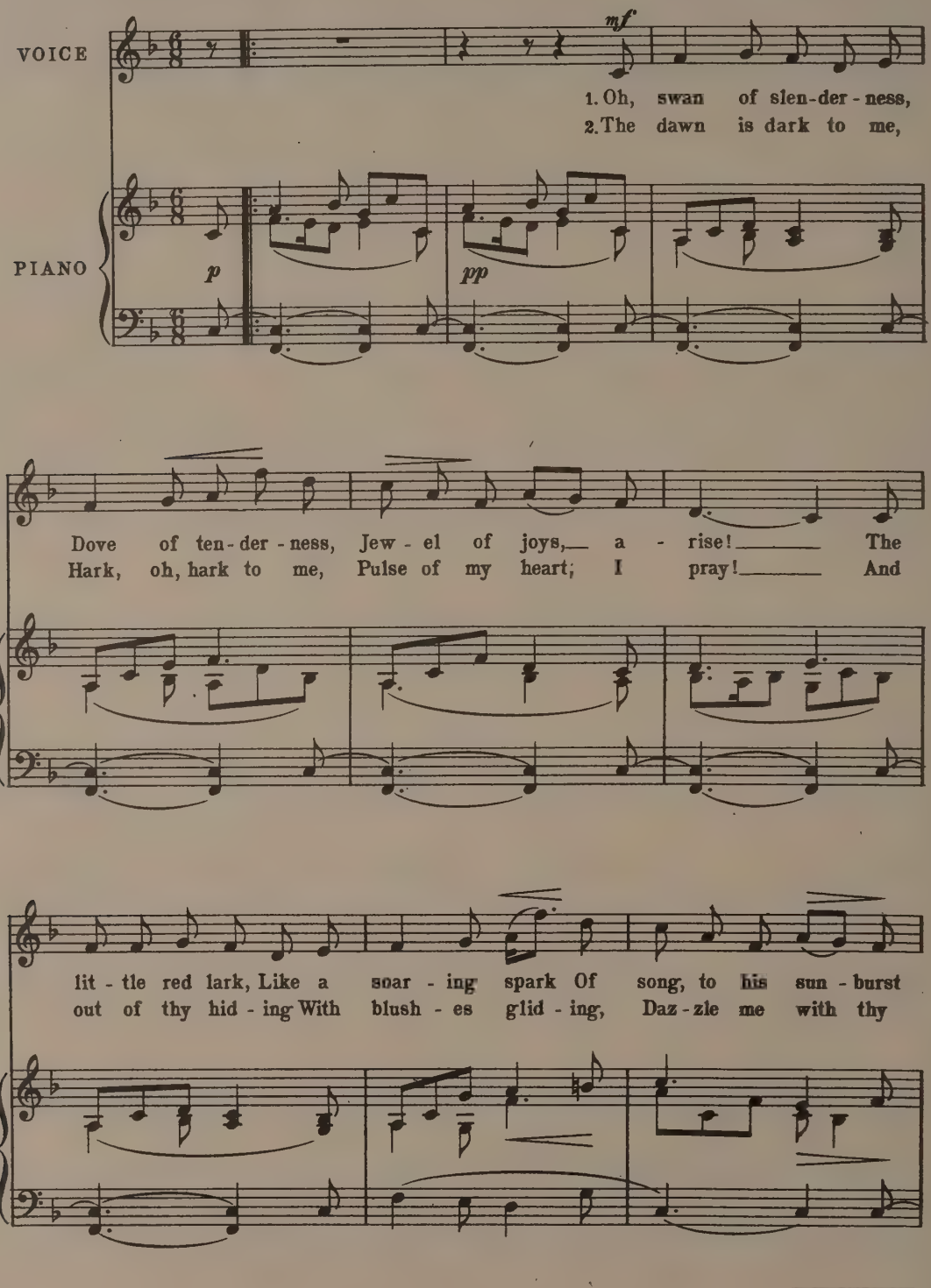
# THE LITTLE RED LARK

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

OLD AIR
Arr. by C. Villiers Stanford


VOICE
PIANO
mf
p
pp
1. Oh, swan of slen-der-ness,
2. The dawn is dark to me,
Dove of ten-der-ness, Jew-el of joys, a-rise! The
Hark, oh, hark to me, Pulse of my heart; I pray! And
lit-tle red lark, Like a soar-ing spark Of song, to his sun-burst
out of thy hid-ing With blush-es glid-ing, Daz-zle me with thy

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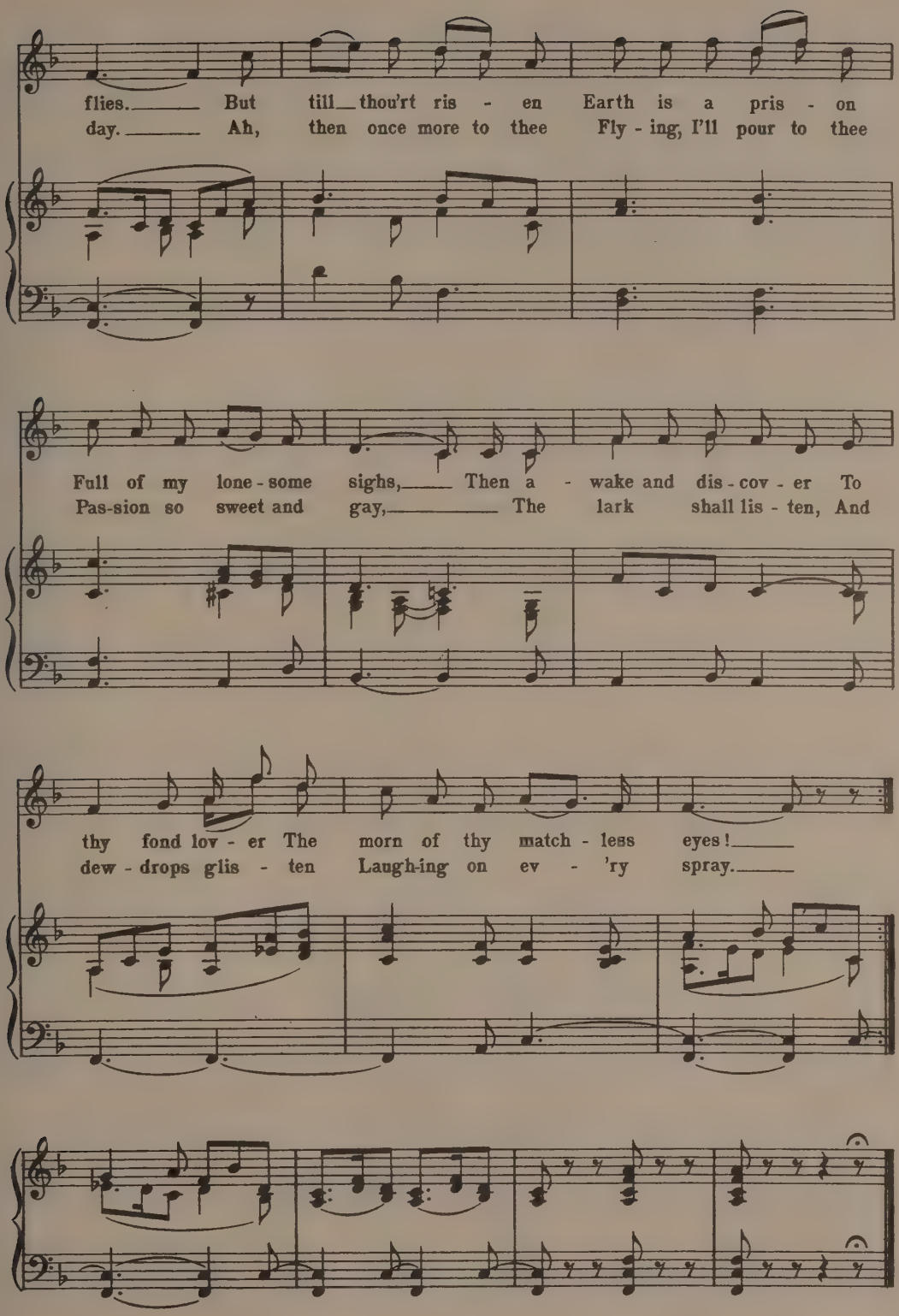
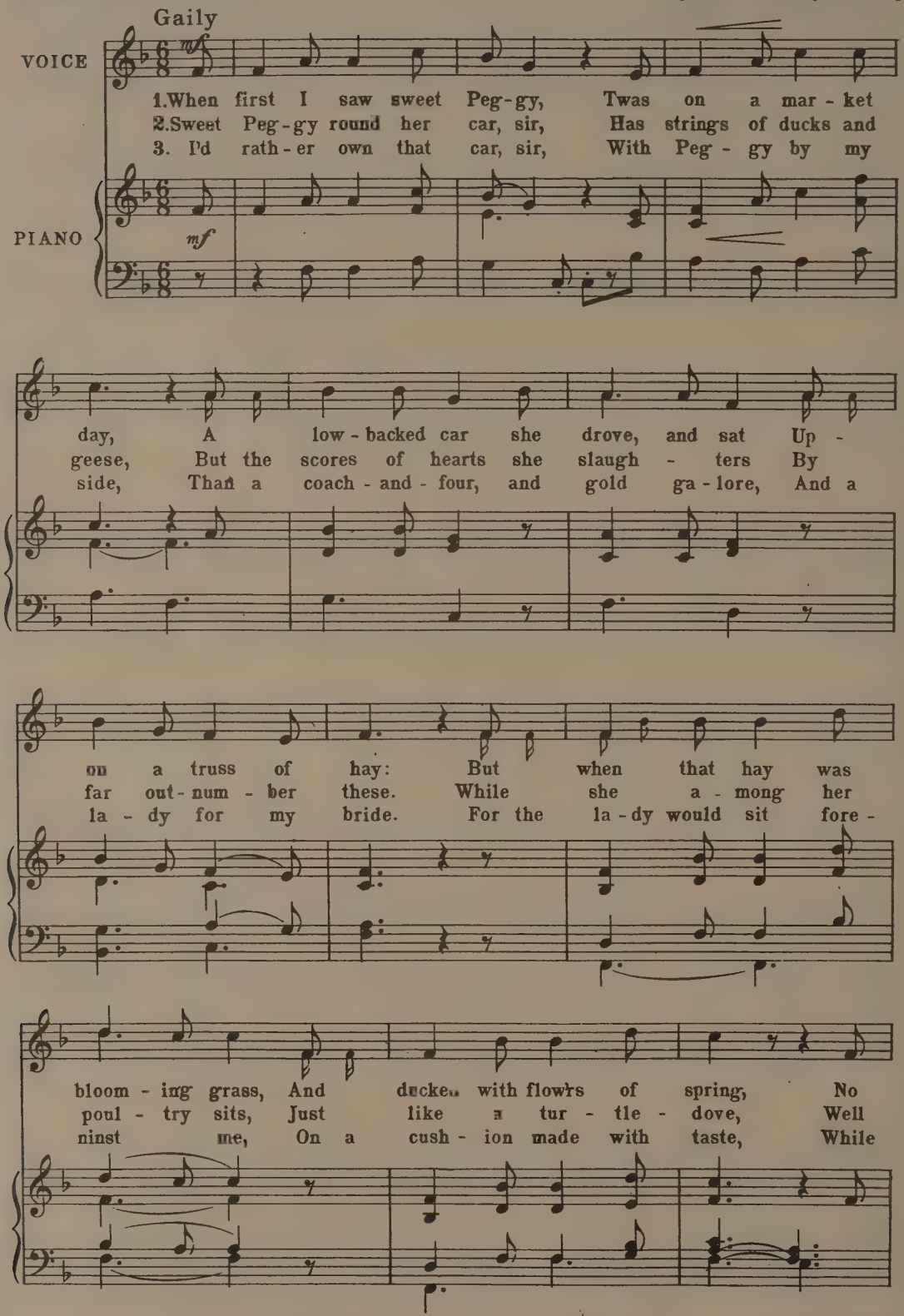

flies. But till thou'rt ris - en Earth is a pris - on
day. Ah, then once more to thee Fly - ing, I'll pour to thee
Full of my lone - some sighs, Then a - wake and dis - cov - er To
Pas-sion so sweet and gay, The lark shall lis - ten, And
thy fond lov - er The morn of thy match - less eyes!
dew - drops glis - ten Laugh-ing on ev - 'ry spray.

# THE LOW-BACKED CAR

SAMUEL LOVER (1797-1868)

OLD MELODY
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Gaily
VOICE
PIANO
mf
1.When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, Twas on a mar-ket
2.Sweet Peg-gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and
3. I'd rath-er own that car, sir, With Peg-gy by my
day, A low-backed car she drove, and sat Up-
geese, But the scores of hearts she slaugh-ters By
side, Than a coach-and-four, and gold ga-lore, And a
on a truss of hay: But when that hay was
far out-num-ber these. While she a-mong her
la-dy for my bride. For the la-dy would sit fore-
bloom-ing grass, And ducked with flowrs of spring, No
poul-try sits, Just like a tur-tle-dove, Well
ninst me, On a cush-ion made with taste, While

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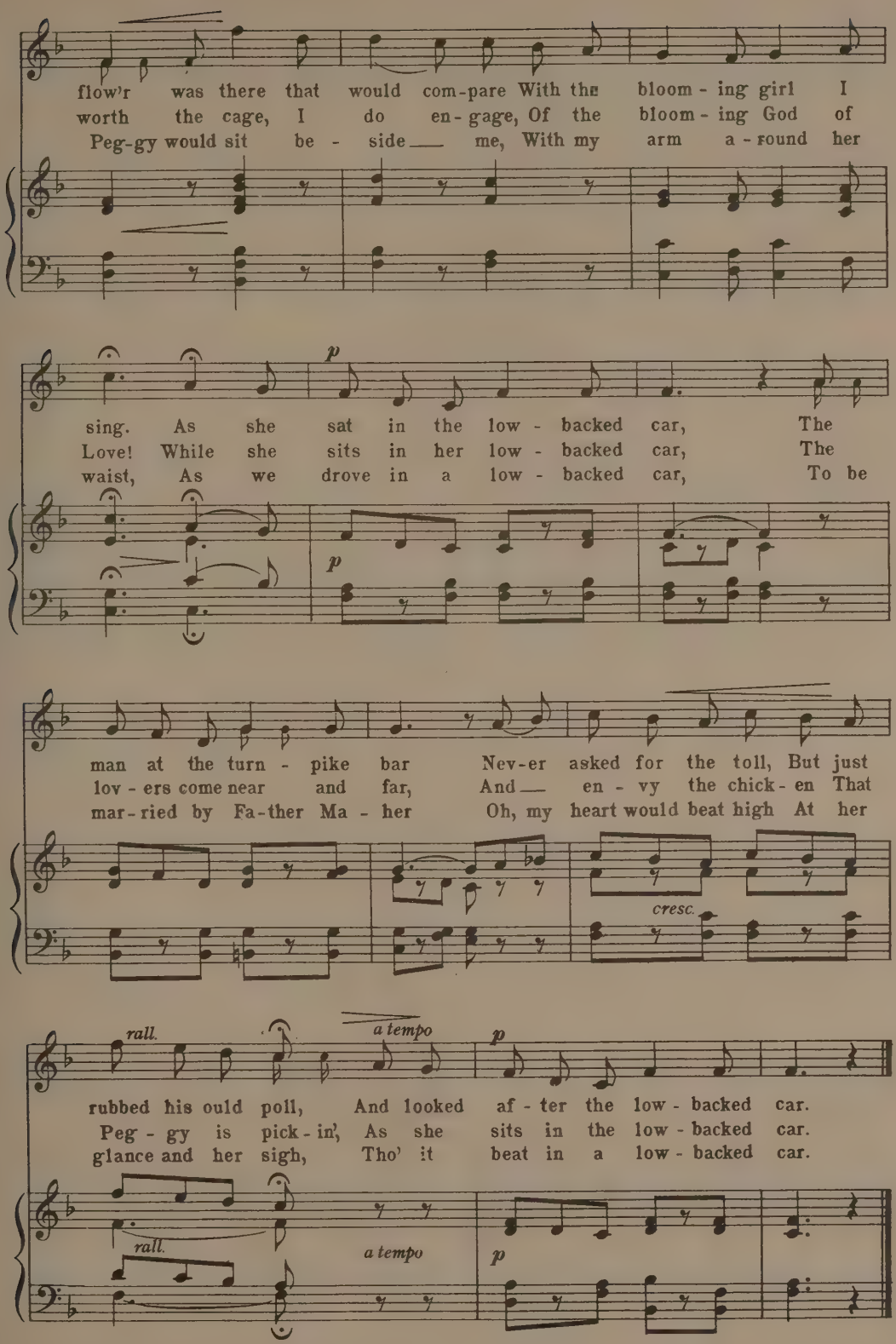
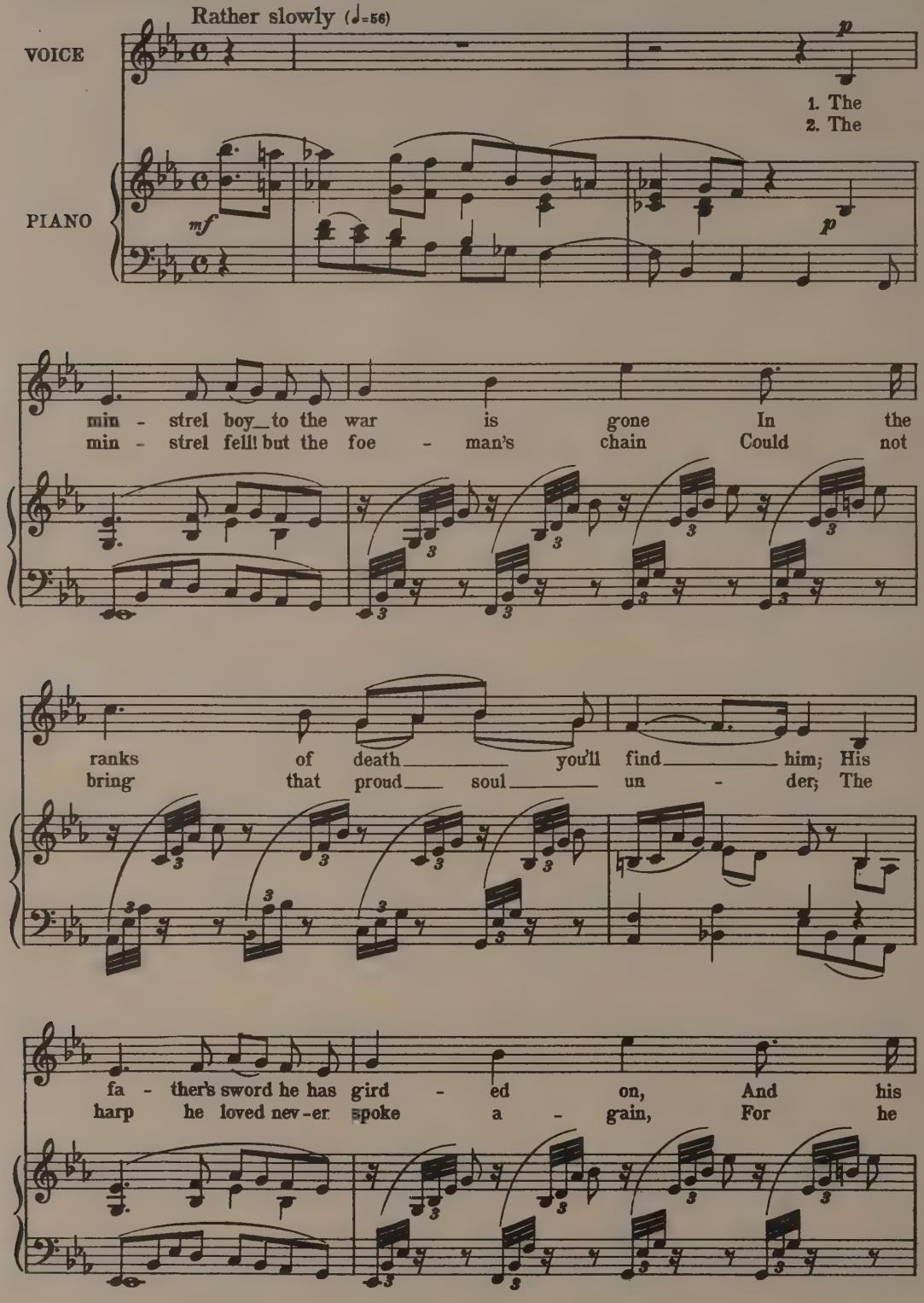
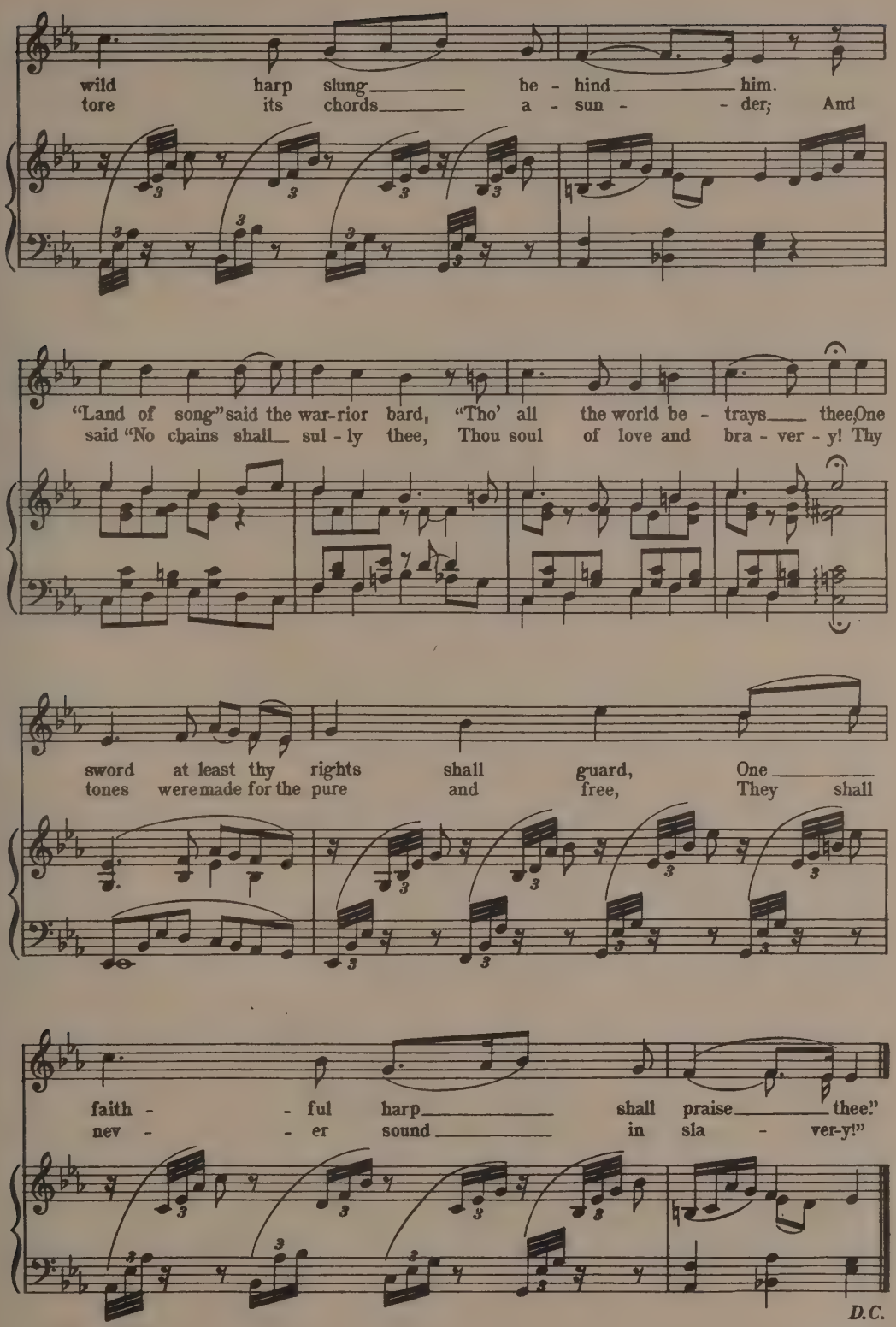

flow'r was there that would com-pare With the bloom-ing girl I
worth the cage, I do en-gage, Of the bloom-ing God of
Peg-gy would sit be-side me, With my arm a-round her
p
sing. As she sat in the low-backed car, The
Love! While she sits in her low-backed car, The
waist, As we drove in a low-backed car, To be
p
man at the turn-pike bar Nev-er asked for the toll, But just
lov-ers come near and far, And en-vy the chick-en That
mar-ried by Fa-ther Ma-her Oh, my heart would beat high At her
cresc.
rall.
a tempo
p
rubbed his ould poll, And looked af-ter the low-backed car.
Peg-gy is pick-in', As she sits in the low-backed car.
glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low-backed car.
rall.
a tempo
p

# THE MINSTREL BOY

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)

OLD MELODY
Arr. by J. B. Wekerlin


Rather slowly (♩=56)
VOICE
PIANO
mf
p
1. The
2. The
min - strel boy to the war is gone In the
min - strel fell! but the foe - man's chain Could not
ranks of death you'll find him; His
bring that proud soul un - der; The
fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his
harp he loved nev - er spoke a - gain, For he


wild harp slung be - hind him.
tore its chords a - sun - der; And
"Land of song" said the war-rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee, One
said "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and bra - ver - y! Thy
sword at least thy rights shall guard, One
tones were made for the pure and free, They shall
faith - ful harp shall praise thee."
nev - er sound in sla - ver-y!"
D.C.

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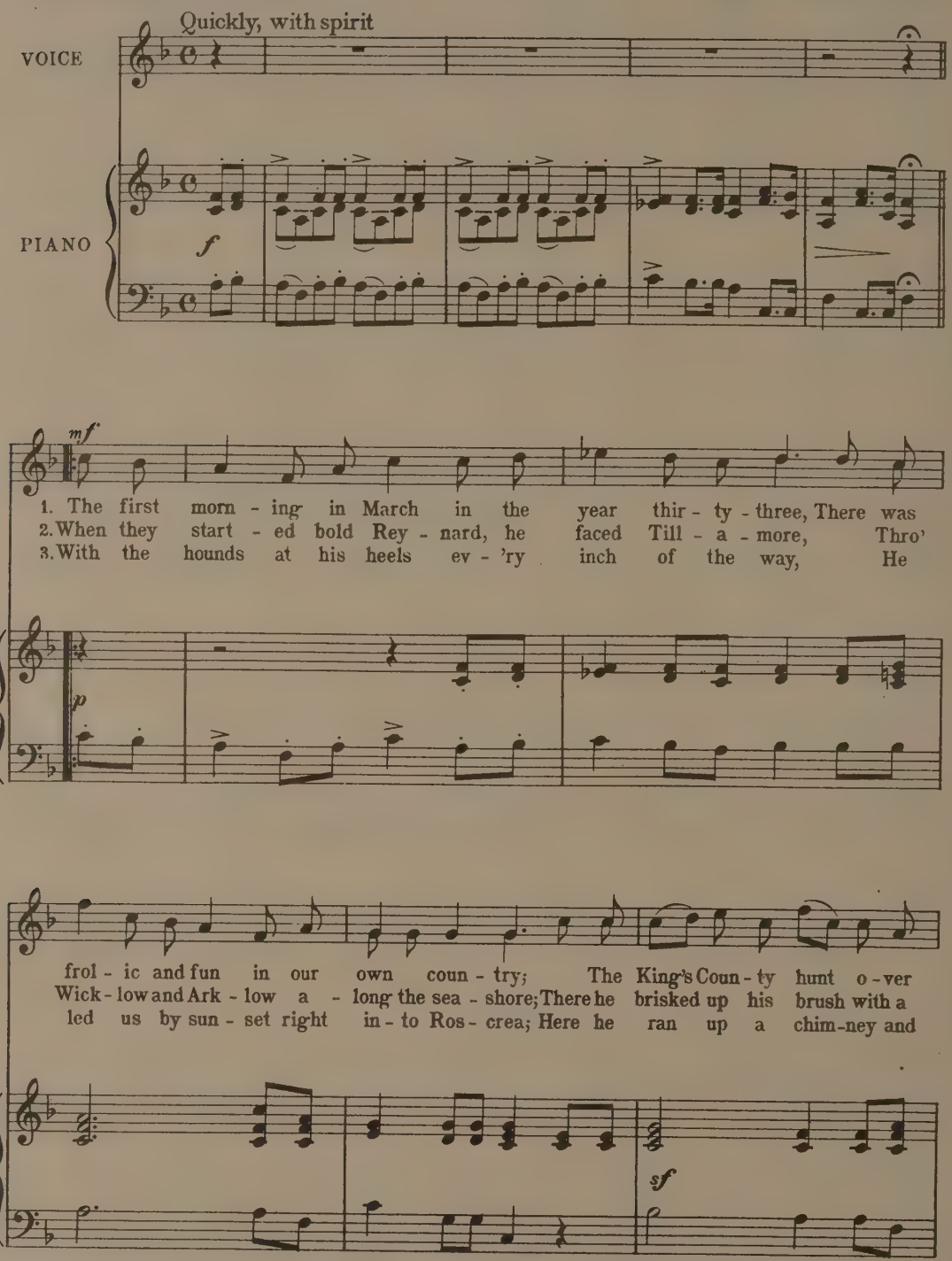
# THE FOXHUNT

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

OLD BALLAD
Arr. by C. Villiers Stanford


Quickly, with spirit
VOICE
PIANO
f
mf
1. The first morn - ing in March in the year thir - ty - three, There was
2. When they start - ed bold Rey - nard, he faced Till - a - more, Thro'
3. With the hounds at his heels ev - 'ry inch of the way, He
p
frol - ic and fun in our own coun - try; The King's Coun - ty hunt o - ver
Wick - low and Ark - low a - long the sea - shore; There he brisked up his brush with a
led us by sun - set right in - to Ros - crea; Here he ran up a chim-ney and
sf

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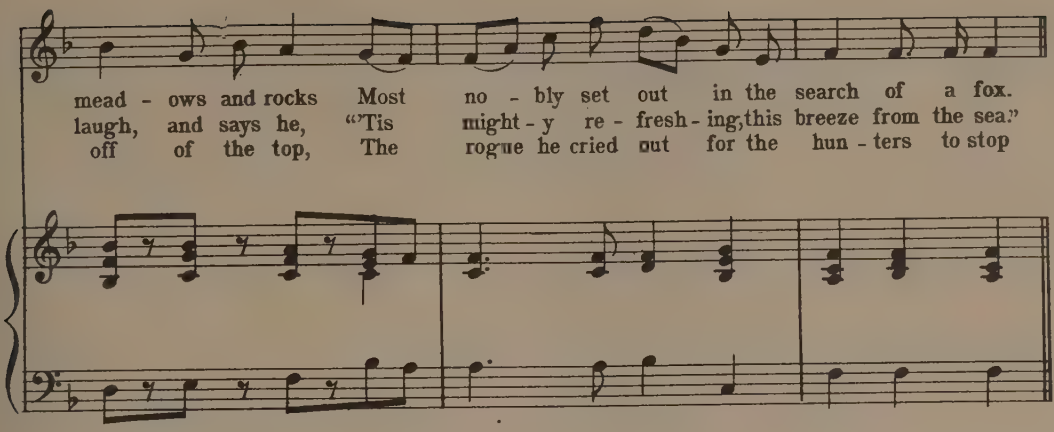
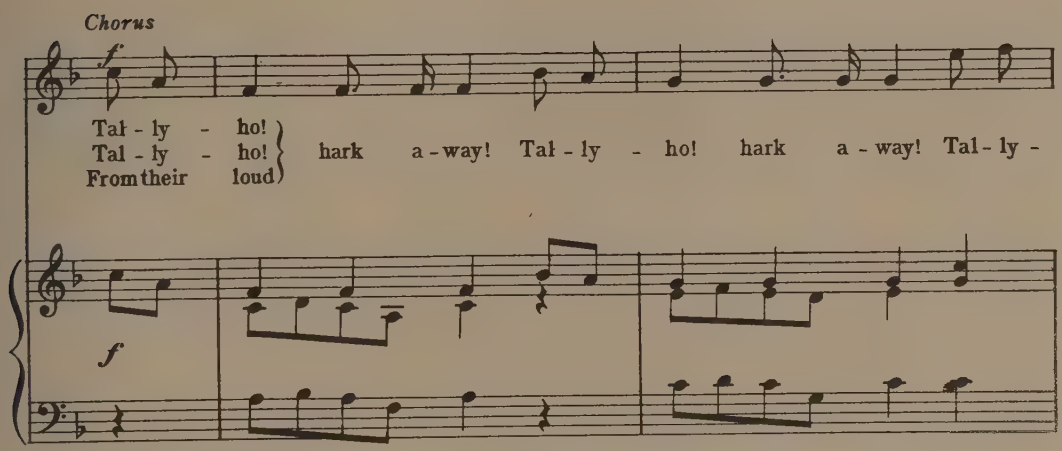
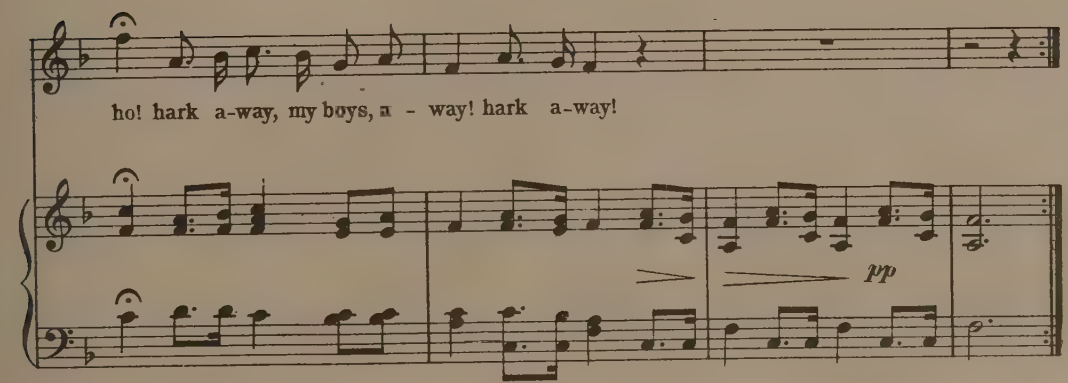

mead - ows and rocks Most no - bly set out in the search of a fox.
laugh, and says he, "'Tis might - y re - fresh - ing, this breeze from the sea."
off of the top, The rogue he cried out for the hun - ters to stop

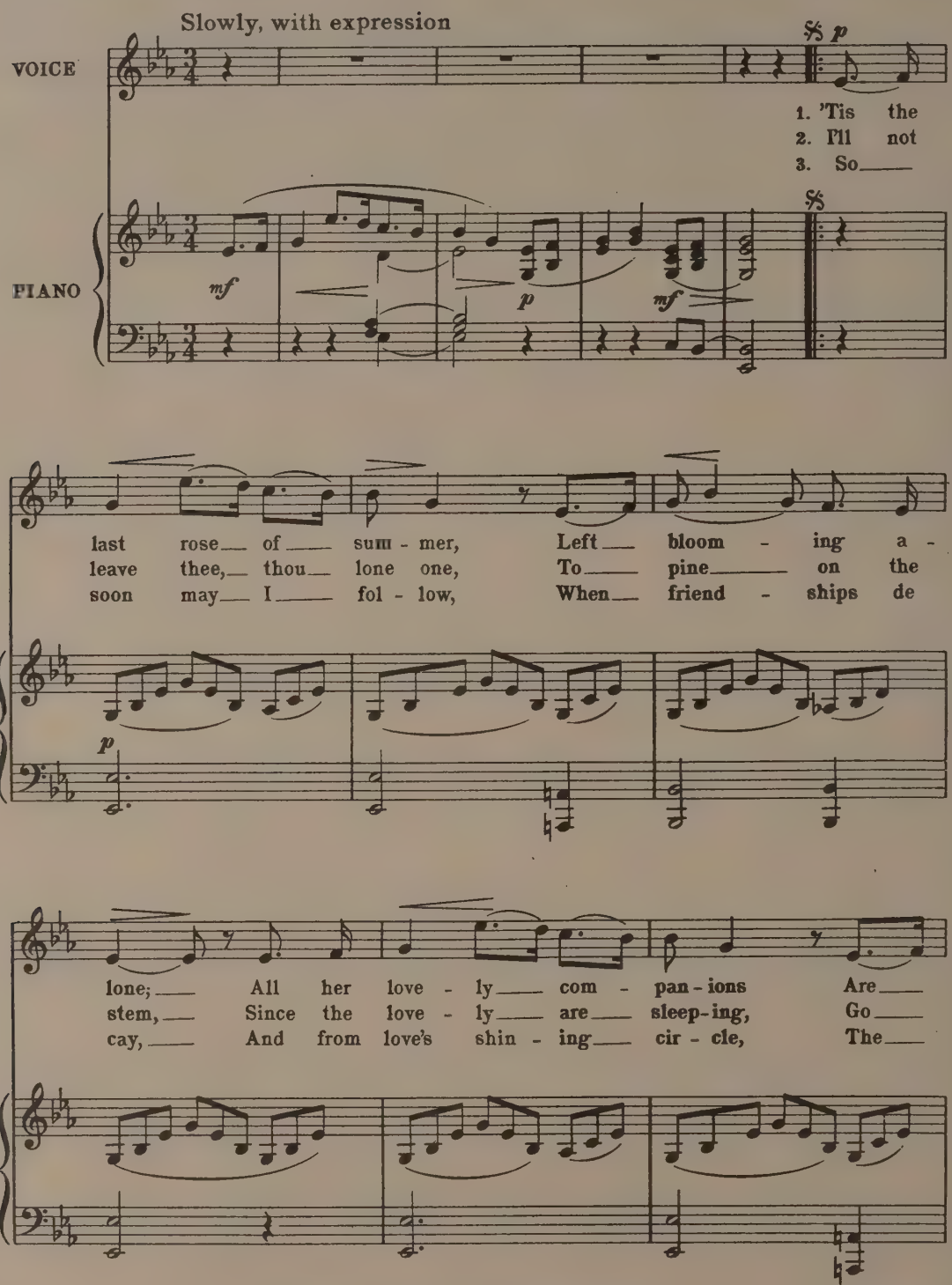

Chorus
f
Tal - ly - ho!
Tal - ly - ho!
From their loud
hark a - way! Tal - ly - ho! hark a - way! Tal - ly -
f


ho! hark a-way, my boys, a - way! hark a-way!
pp

# THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)

OLD MELODY (*17th century*)
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Slowly, with expression
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. 'Tis the
2. I'll not
3. So
mf
p
mf
last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a -
leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the
soon may I fol - low, When friend - ships de
p
lone; All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are
stem, Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go
cay, And from love's shin - ing cir - cle, The

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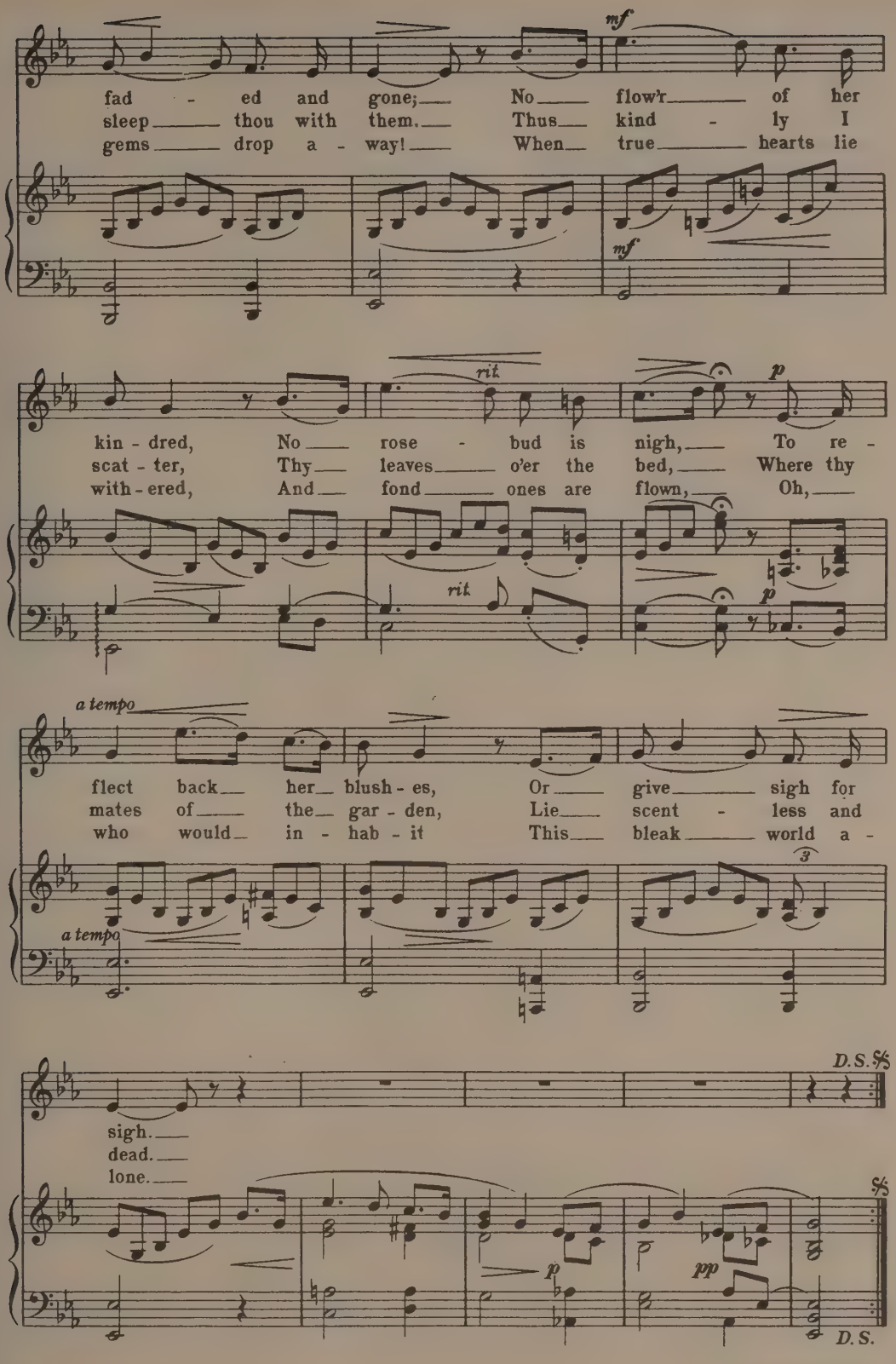
mf
fad - ed and gone; No flow'r of her
sleep thou with them. Thus kind - ly I
gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie
mf
rit
p
kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re -
scat - ter, Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy
with - ered, And fond ones are flown, Oh,
rit
p
a tempo
flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for
mates of the gar - den, Lie scent - less and
who would in - hab - it This bleak world a -
3
a tempo
D.S.
sigh.
dead.
lone.
p
pp
D.S.

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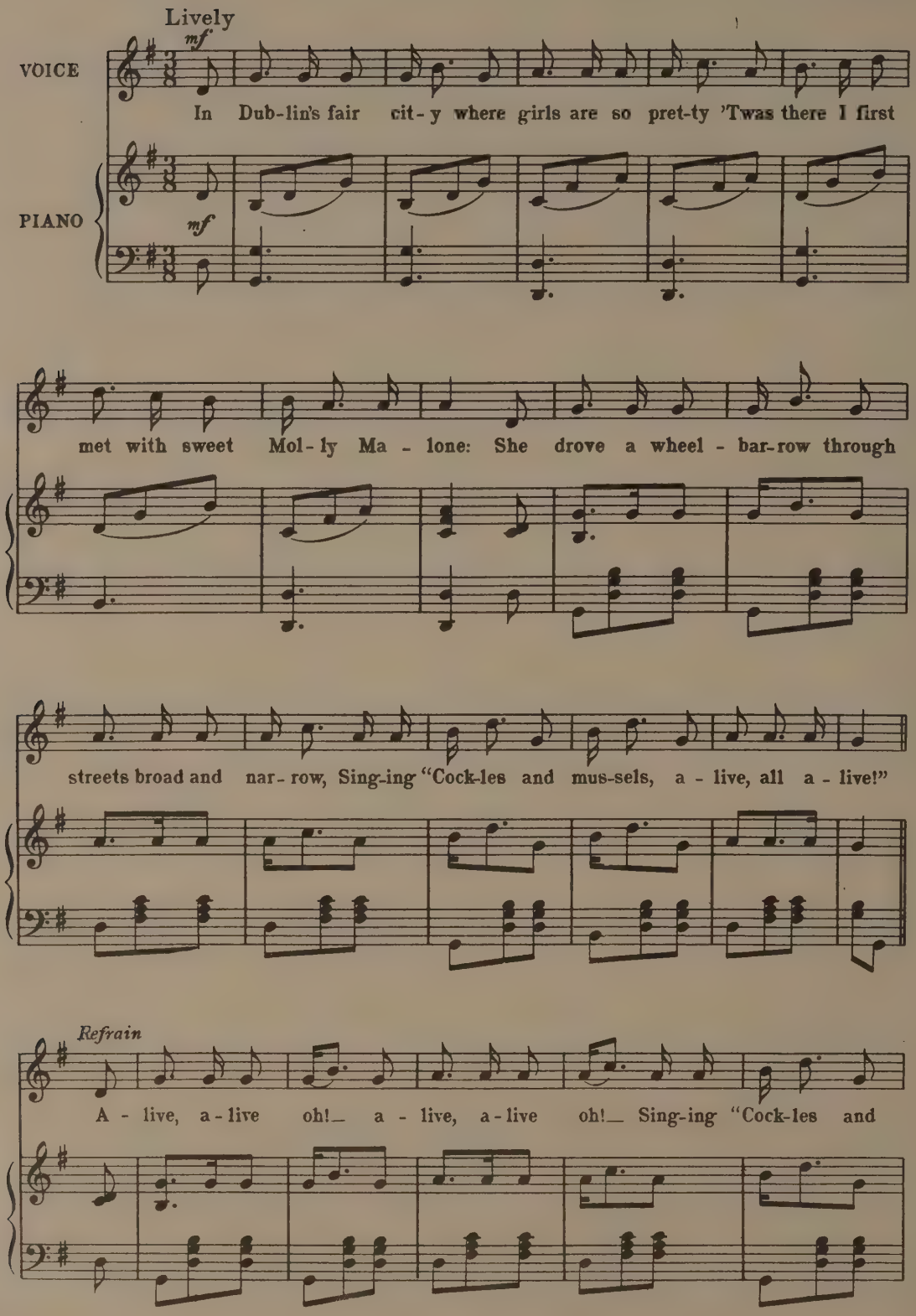
# COCKLES AND MUSSELS

OLD TUNE


Lively
mf
VOICE
In Dub-lin's fair cit-y where girls are so pret-ty 'Twas there I first
PIANO
mf
met with sweet Mol-ly Ma - lone: She drove a wheel - bar-row through
streets broad and nar- row, Sing-ing "Cock-les and mus-sels, a - live, all a - live!"
Refrain
A - live, a - live oh!_ a - live, a - live oh!_ Sing-ing "Cock-les and

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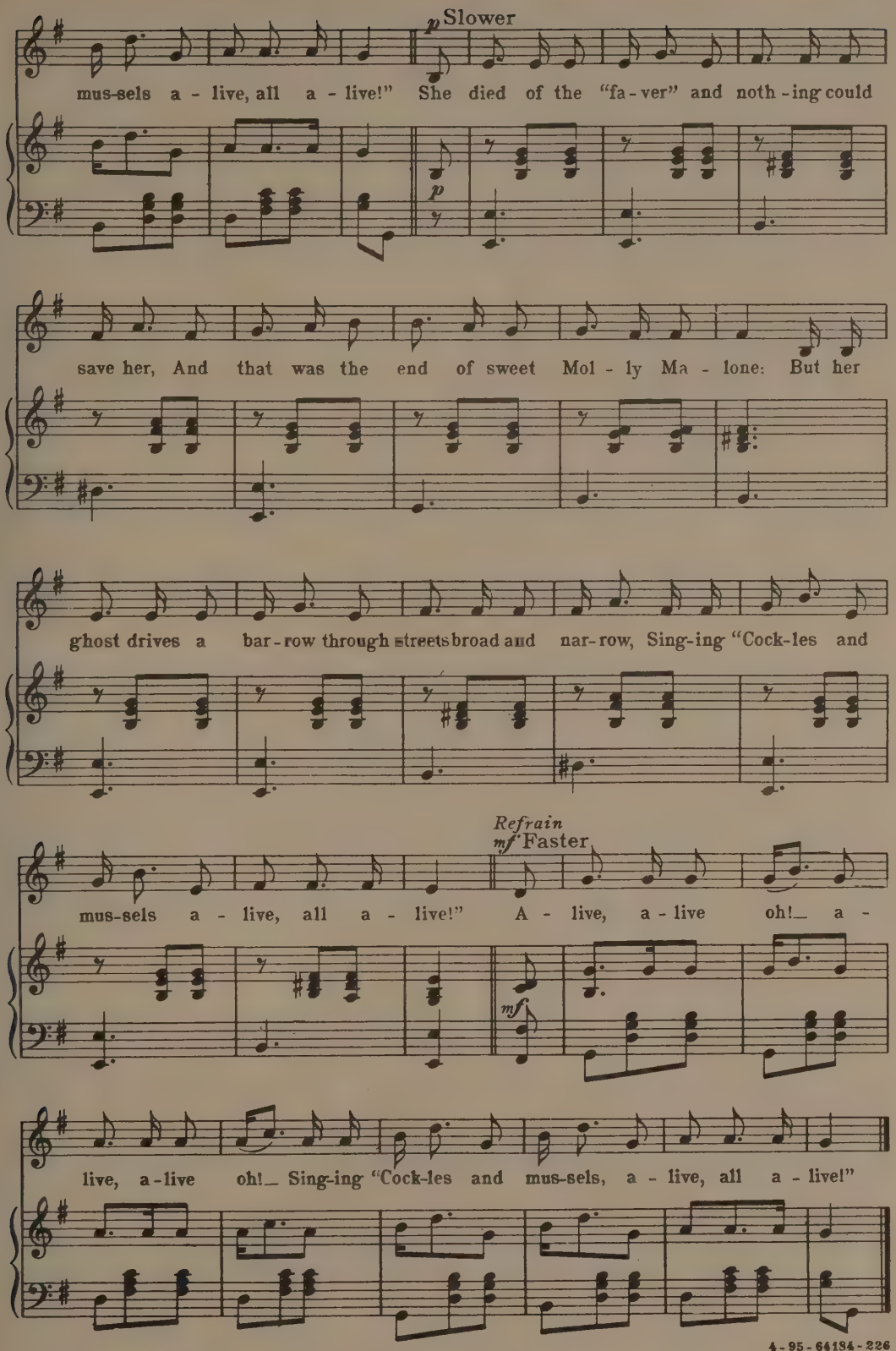
p Slower
mus-sels a - live, all a - live!" She died of the "fa - ver" and noth - ing could
p
save her, And that was the end of sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone: But her
ghost drives a bar - row through streets broad and nar - row, Sing-ing "Cock-les and
Refrain
mf Faster
mus-sels a - live, all a - live!" A - live, a - live oh!_ a -
mf
live, a - live oh!_ Sing-ing "Cock-les and mus-sels, a - live, all a - live!"

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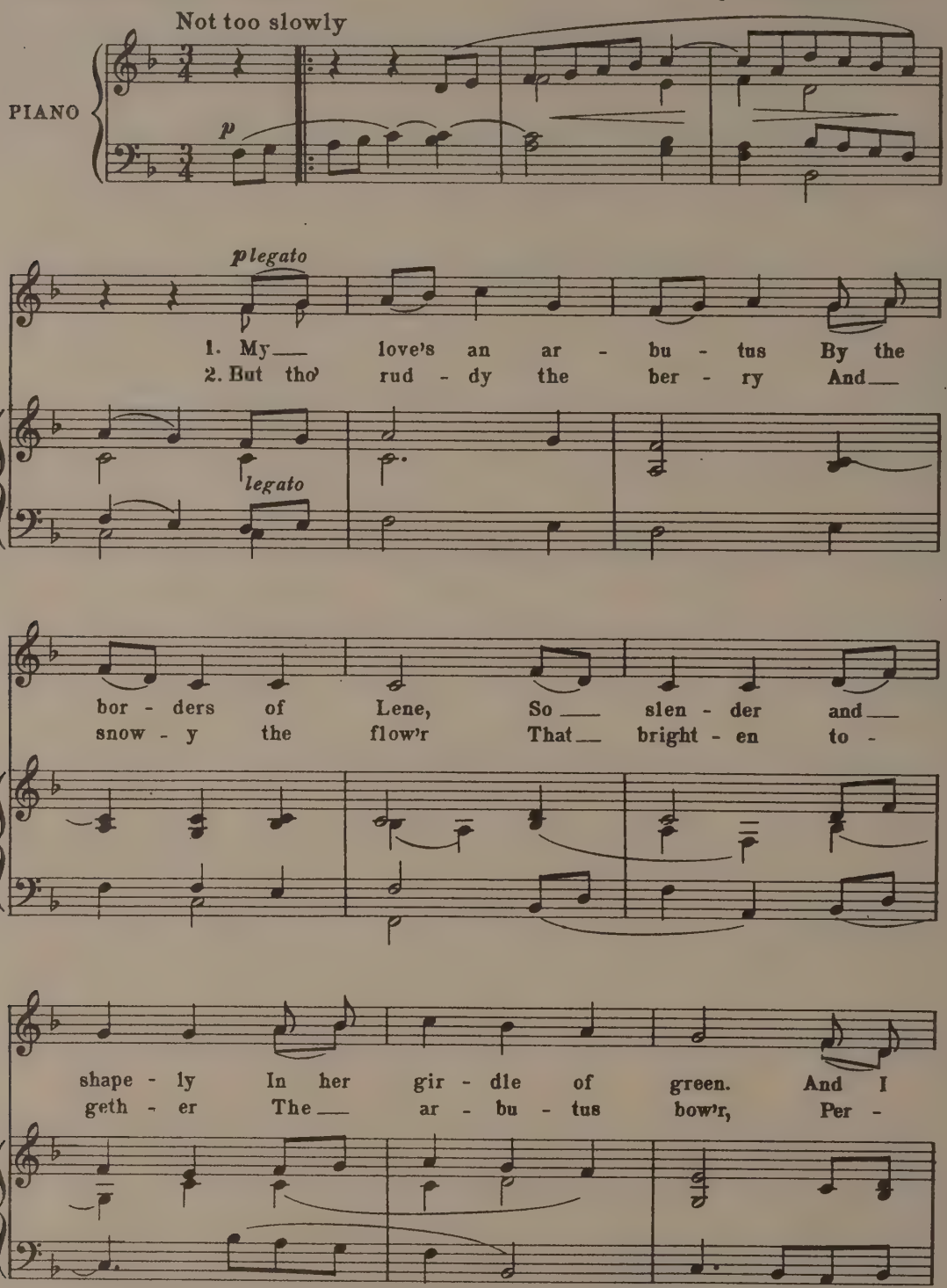
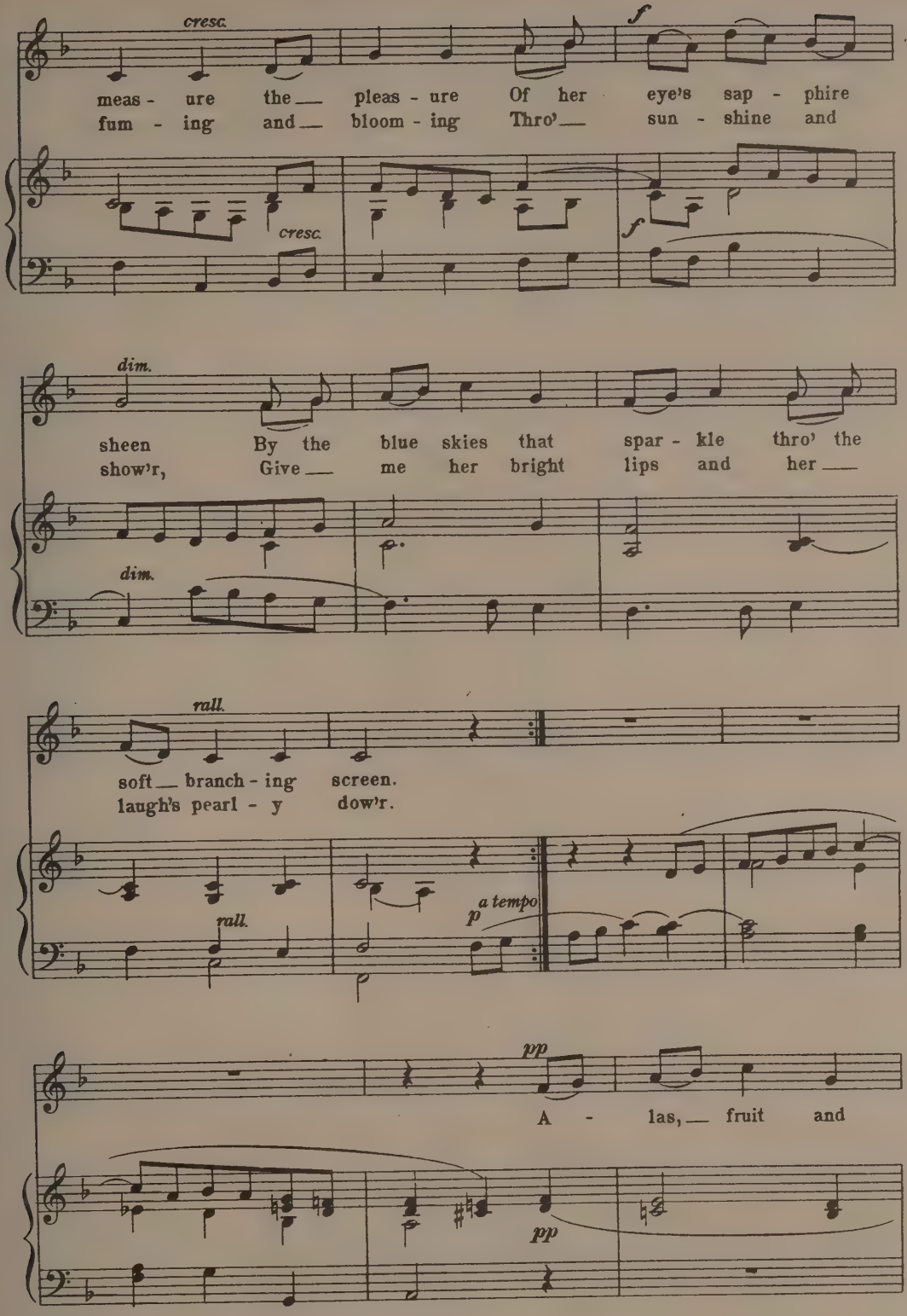
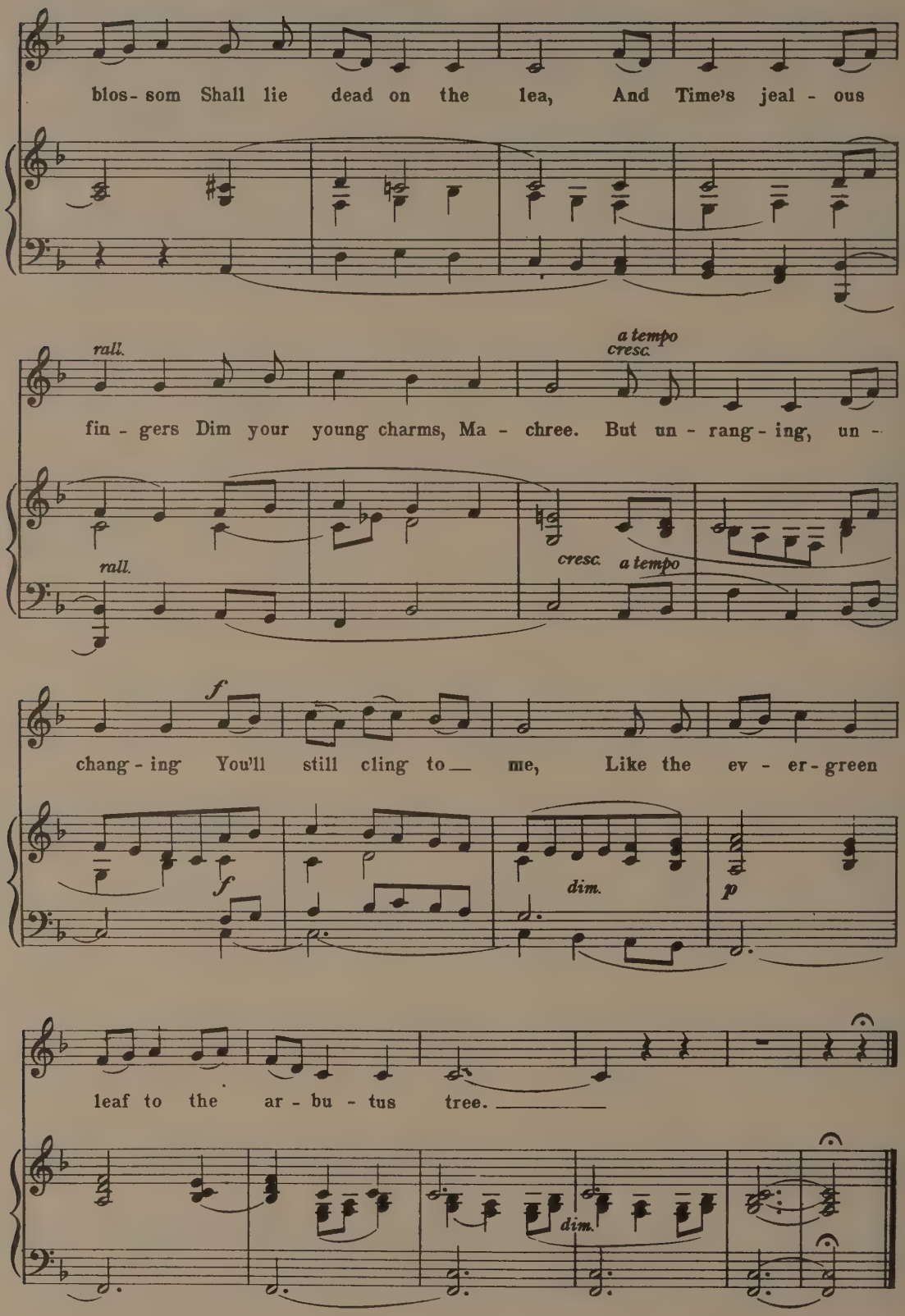
# MY LOVE'S AN ARBUTUS

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

OLD MELODY
Arr. by C. Villiers Stanford


Not too slowly
PIANO
p
plegato
1. My love's an ar - bu - tus By the
2. But tho' rud - dy the ber - ry And
legato
bor - ders of Lene, So slen - der and
snow - y the flow'r That bright - en to -
shape - ly In her gir - dle of green. And I
geth - er The ar - bu - tus bow'r, Per -


cresc.
f
meas - ure the pleas - ure Of her eye's sap - phire
fum - ing and bloom - ing Thro' sun - shine and
cresc.
f
dim.
sheen By the blue skies that spar - kle thro' the
show'r, Give me her bright lips and her
dim.
rall.
soft branch - ing screen.
laugh's pearl - y dow'r.
rall.
a tempo
p
pp
A - las, fruit and
pp


blos - som Shall lie dead on the lea, And Time's jeal - ous
rall.
a tempo
cresc.
fin - gers Dim your young charms, Ma - chree. But un - rang - ing, un -
rall.
cresc.
a tempo
f
chang - ing You'll still cling to me, Like the ev - er - green
f
dim.
p
leaf to the ar - bu - tus tree.
dim.

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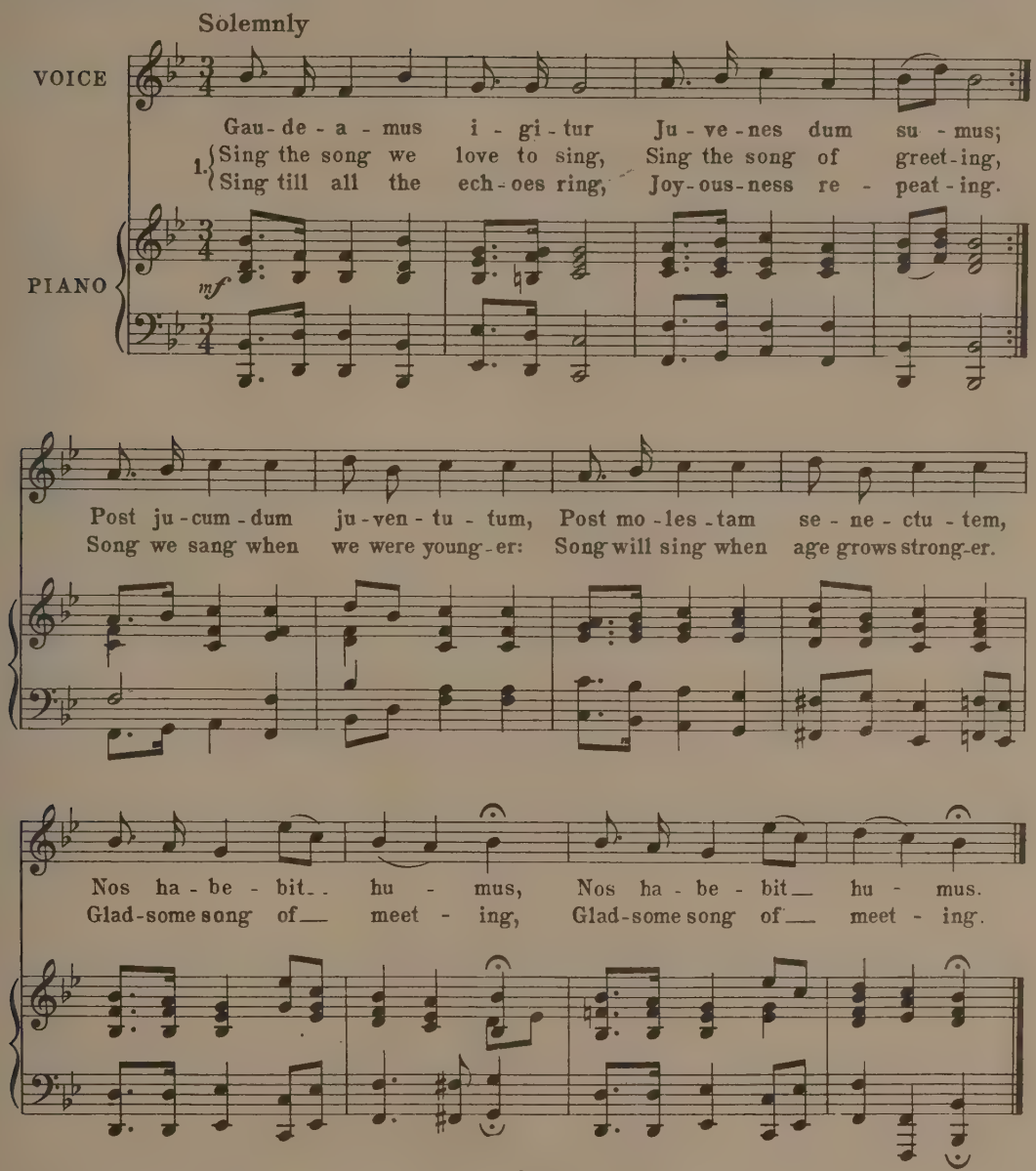
# MEETING

(Gaudeamus igitur)

OLD STUDENT'S SONG
*English words by Hervey White*

OLD MELODY (about 1750)


Solemnly
VOICE
PIANO
mf
Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;
1. Sing the song we love to sing, Sing the song of greet - ing,
Sing till all the ech - oes ring, Joy - ous - ness re - peat - ing.
Post ju - cum - dum ju - ven - tu - tum, Post mo - les - tam se - ne - ctu - tem,
Song we sang when we were young - er: Song will sing when age grows strong - er.
Nos ha - be - bit - hu - mus, Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus.
Glad - some song of meet - ing, Glad - some song of meet - ing.

2.

Welcome all the day shall bring,
Welcome joy and sorrow,
Welcome duties, welcome care,
Welcome hope tomorrow.
While we sing we care not whether
Toil is hard, we are together;
We can courage borrow,
We can courage borrow.

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# THE FIR TREE
## (O Tannenbaum)

AUGUST ZARNACK (1819)
*Translated by Edward Thatcher*

FOLKSONG (1709)

In moderate time

VOICE

PIANO

1. O for - est fir, O for - est fir, Thy heart is true for ev - er, O for - est fir, O
2. The night - in - gale, the night - in - gale, His song is for the sea - son! The night - in - gale, the
3. The val - ley stream, the val - ley stream, It danc - es but a meas - ure, The val - ley stream, the

for - est fir, Thy heart is true for ev - er. In
night - in - gale, His song is for the sea - son! He
val - ley stream, It danc - es but a meas - ure, Runs

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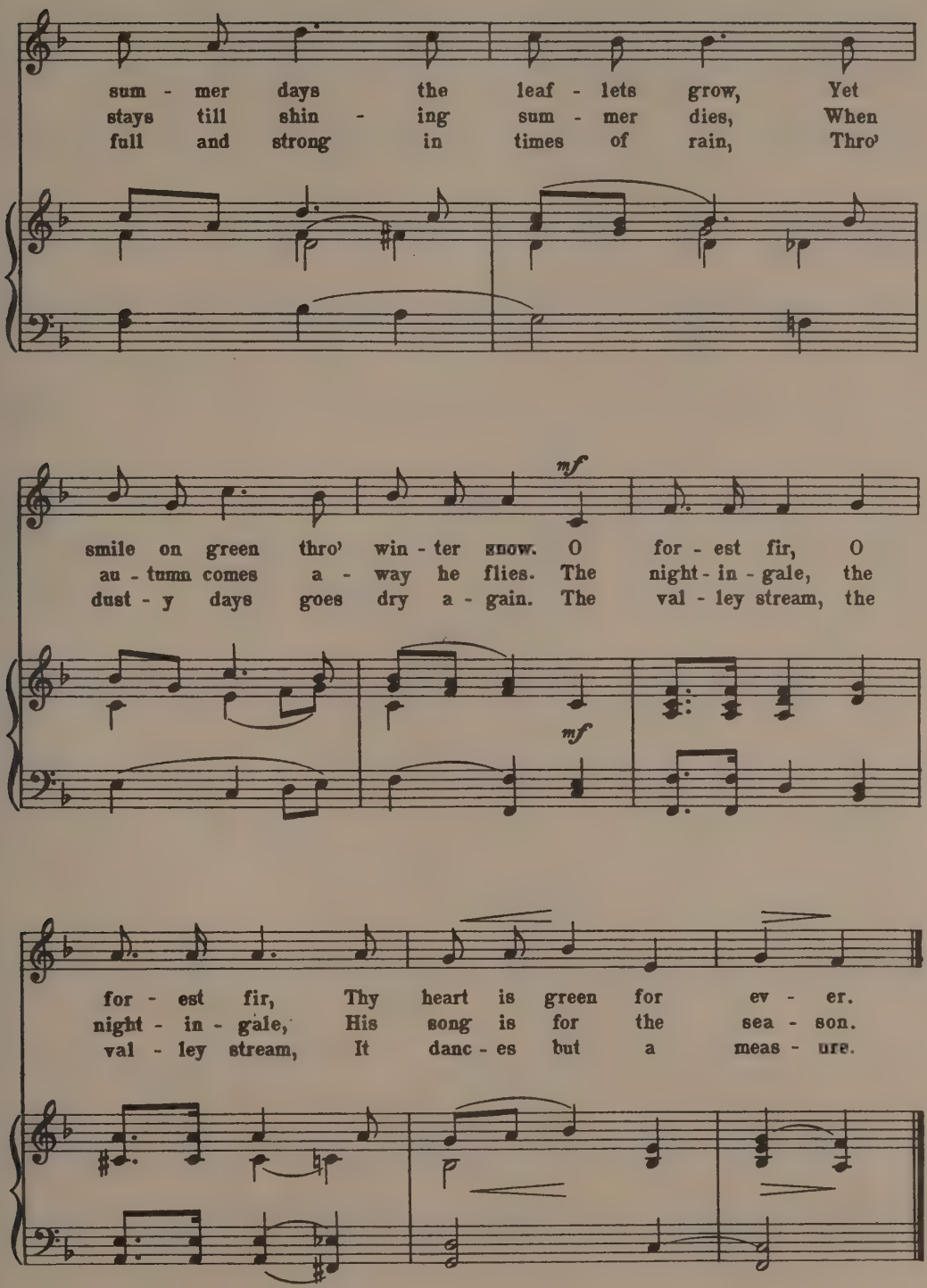

sum - mer days the leaf - lets grow, Yet
stays till shin - ing sum - mer dies, When
full and strong in times of rain, Thro'
mf
smile on green thro' win - ter snow. O for - est fir, O
au - tumn comes a - way he flies. The night - in - gale, the
dust - y days goes dry a - gain. The val - ley stream, the
mf
for - est fir, Thy heart is green for ev - er.
night - in - gale, His song is for the sea - son.
val - ley stream, It danc - es but a meas - ure.

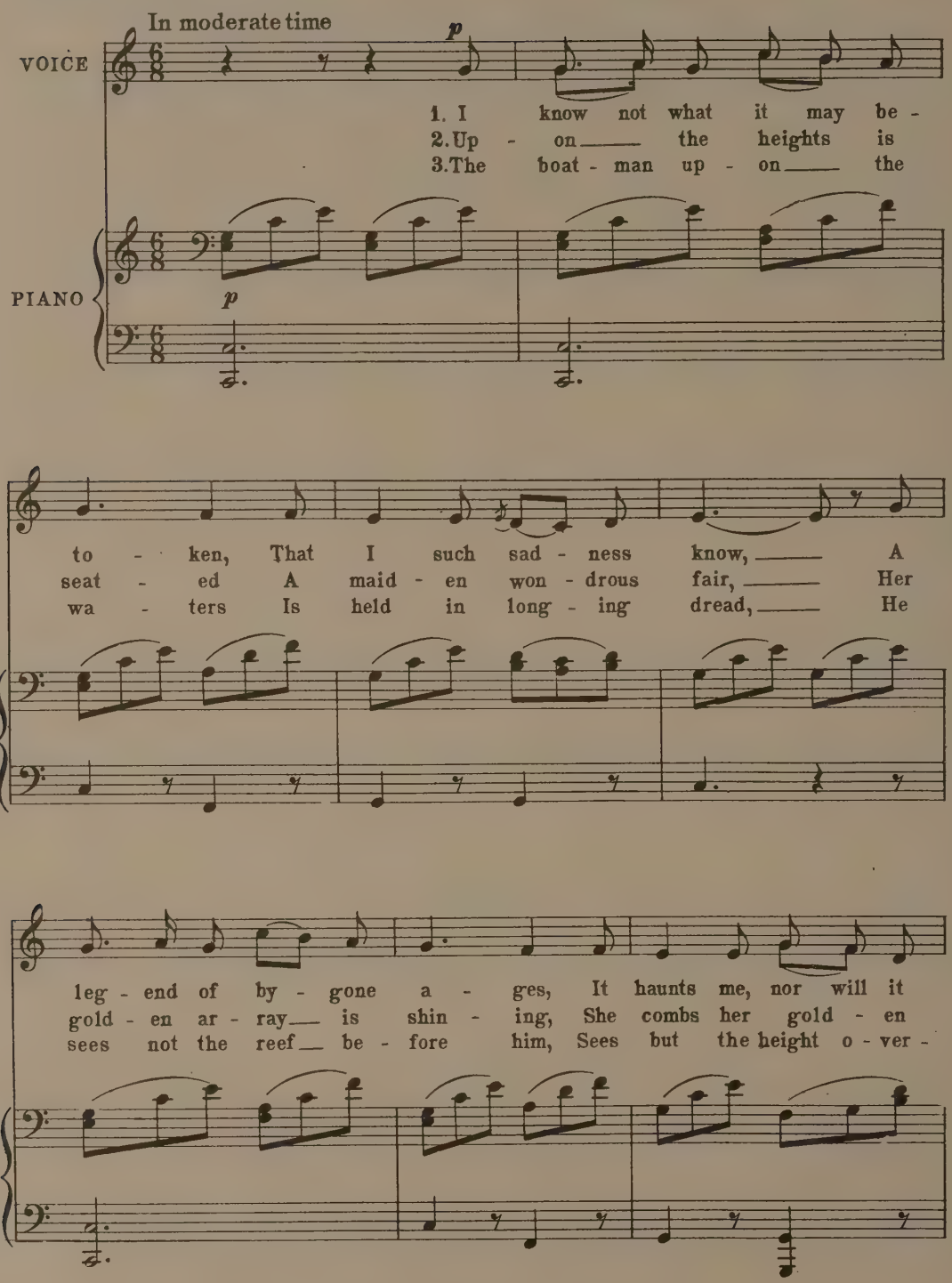
4-95-64184-226

# THE LORELEY

(Die Lorelei)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
•) *Translated by Arthur Westbrook*

FRIEDRICH SILCHER
(1789-1860)


In moderate time
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. I know not what it may be -
2. Up - on the heights is
3. The boat - man up - on the
to - ken, That I such sad - ness know, A
seat - ed A maid - en won - drous fair, Her
wa - ters Is held in long - ing dread, He
leg - end of by - gone a - ges, It haunts me, nor will it
gold - en ar - ray is shin - ing, She combs her gold - en
sees not the reef be - fore him, Sees but the height o - ver -

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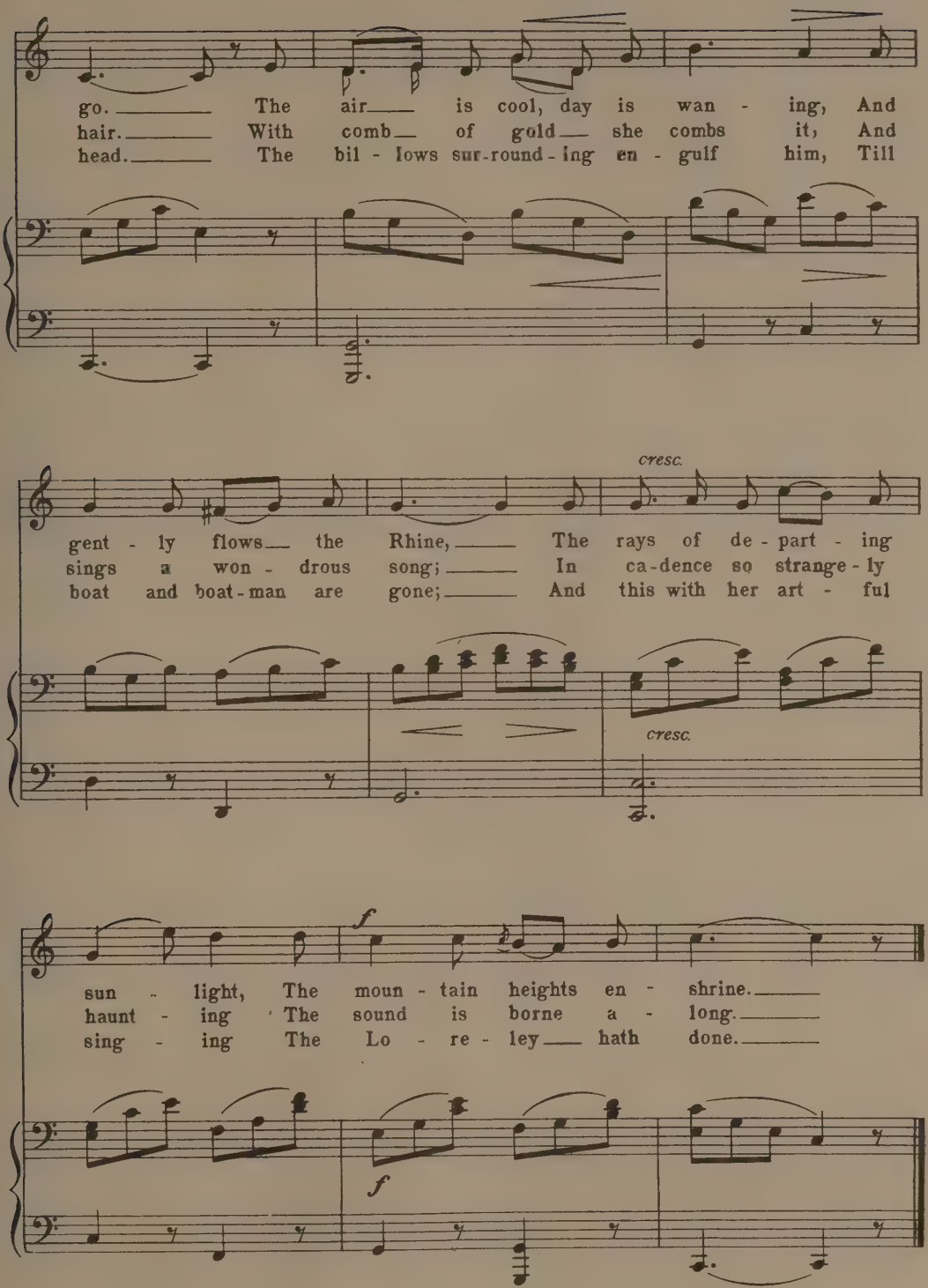
go. The air is cool, day is wan - ing, And
hair. With comb of gold she combs it, And
head. The bil - lows sur-round - ing en - gulf him, Till
gent - ly flows the Rhine, The rays of de - part - ing
sings a won - drous song; In ca-dence so strange - ly
boat and boat-man are gone; And this with her art - ful
cresc.
cresc.
sun - light, The moun - tain heights en - shrine.
haunt - ing The sound is borne a - long.
sing - ing The Lo - re - ley hath done.
f
f

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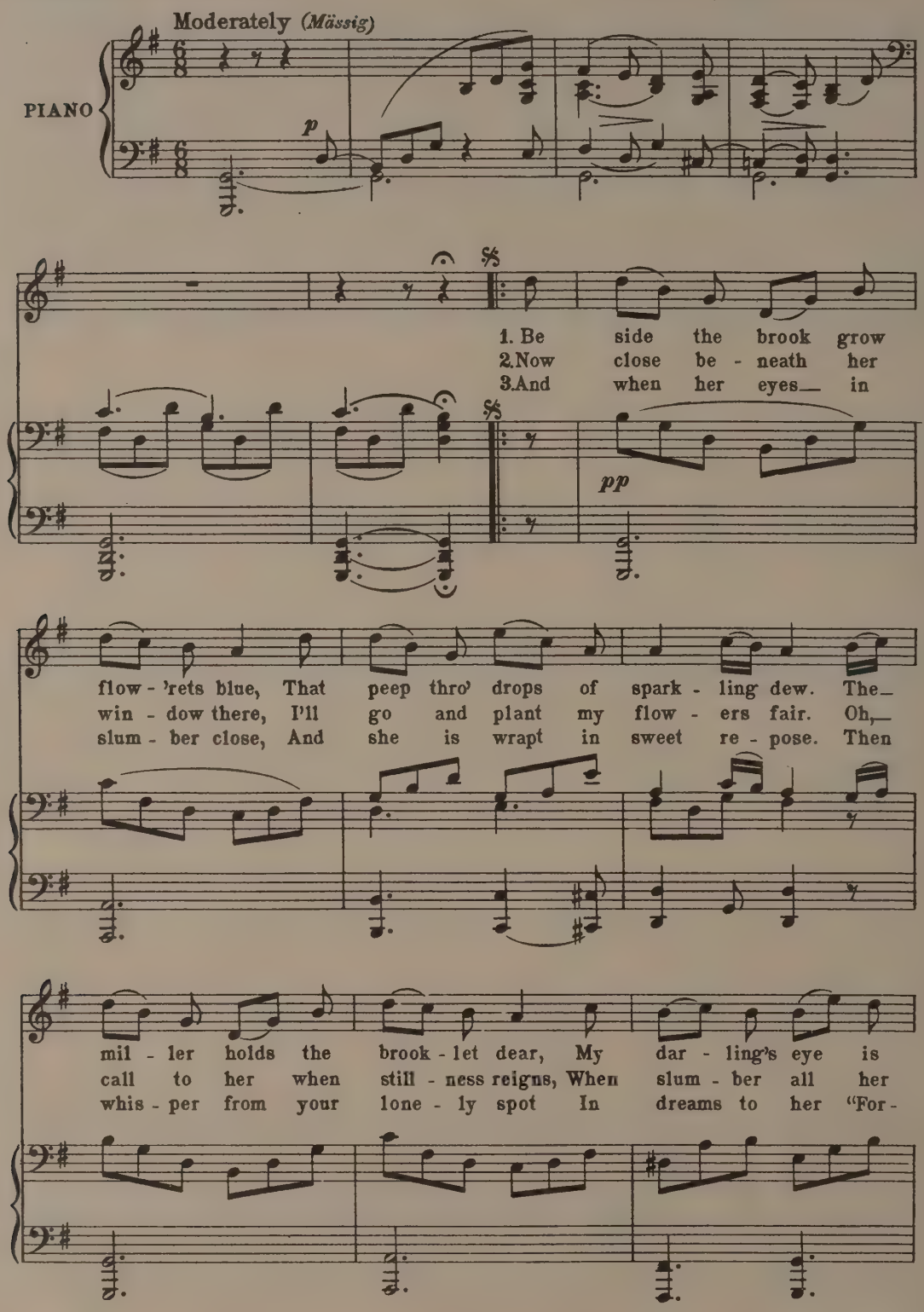
# THE MILLER'S FLOWERS

(Des Müllers Blumen)

WILHELM MÜLLER (1794–1827)

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 25, Nº 9
(1797–1828)


Moderately (Mässig)
PIANO
p
1. Be side the brook grow
2. Now close be - neath her
3. And when her eyes in
pp
flow - 'rets blue, That peep thro' drops of spark - ling dew. The
win - dow there, I'll go and plant my flow - ers fair. Oh,
slum - ber close, And she is wrapt in sweet re - pose. Then
mil - ler holds the brook - let dear, My dar - ling's eye is
call to her when still - ness reigns, When slum - ber all her
whis - per from your lone - ly spot In dreams to her "For -

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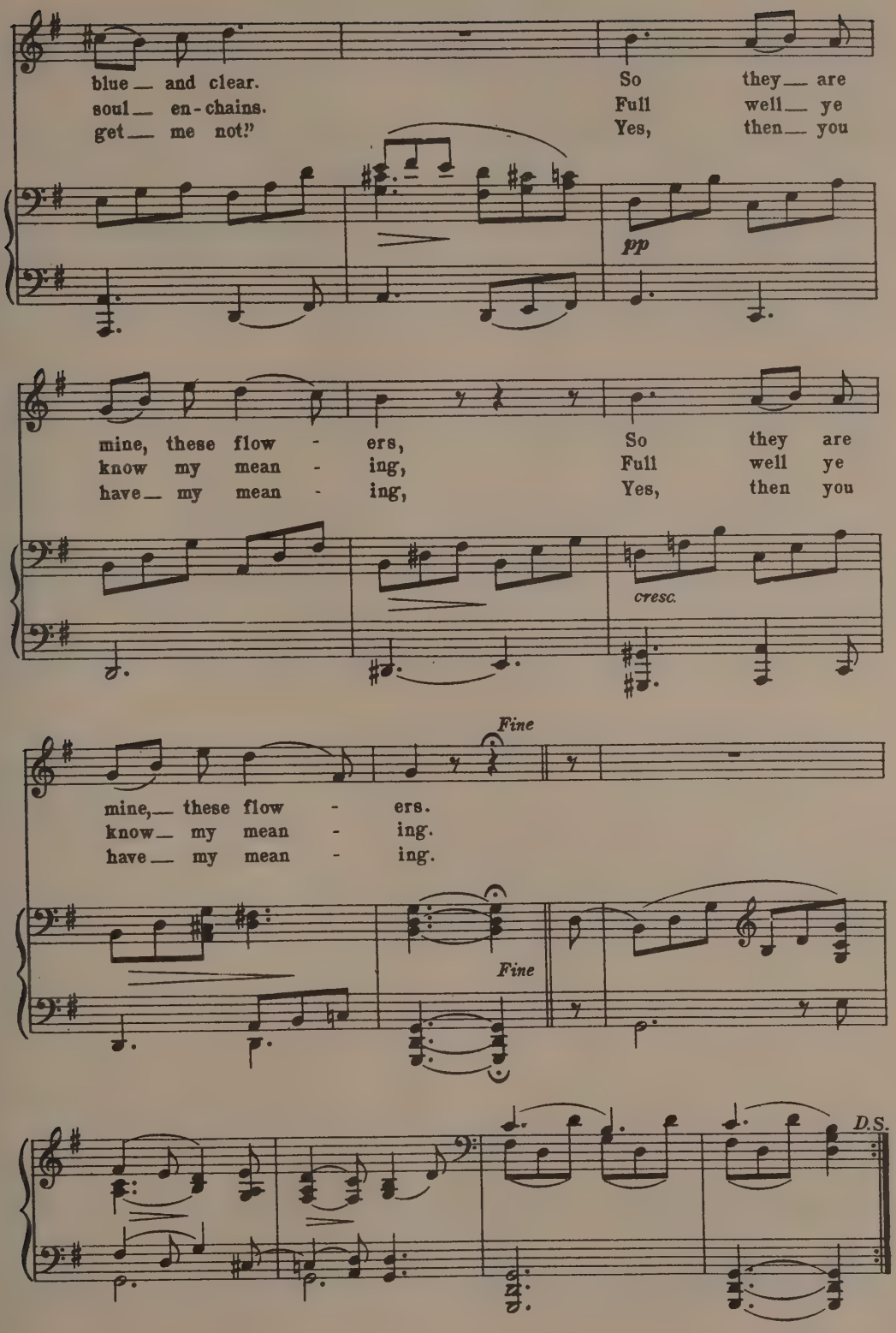
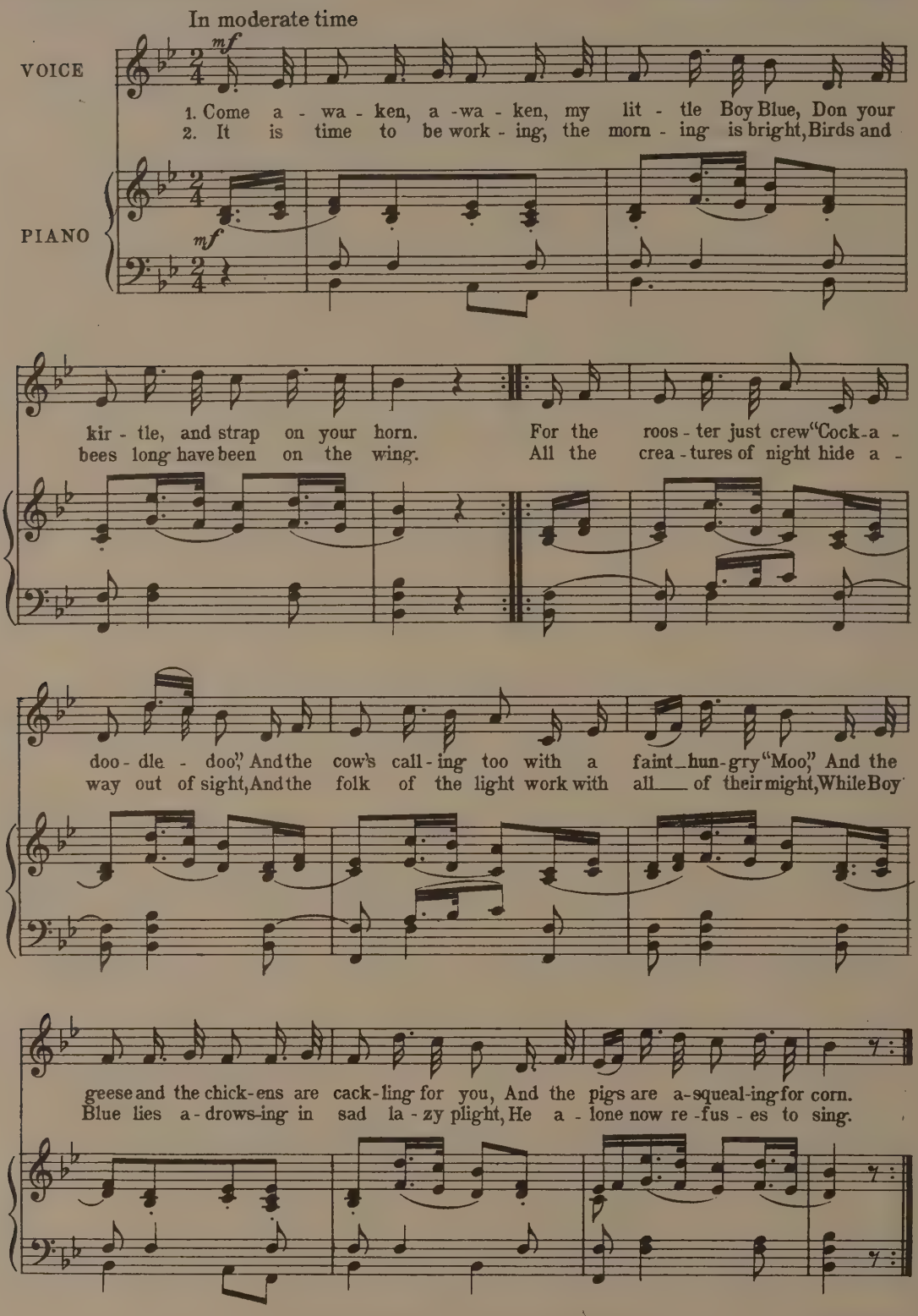

blue — and clear.
soul — en-chains.
get — me not!"
So they — are
Full well — ye
Yes, then — you
pp
mine, these flow - ers,
know my mean - ing,
have — my mean - ing,
So they are
Full well ye
Yes, then you
cresc.
Fine
mine, — these flow - ers.
know — my mean - ing.
have — my mean - ing.
Fine
D.S.

# MORNING

(Steh' nur auf, du Schweizerbu')

*English words by Hervey White* TYROLEAN FOLKSONG (1822)


In moderate time
VOICE
PIANO
mf
1. Come a - wa - ken, a -wa - ken, my lit - tle Boy Blue, Don your
2. It is time to be work - ing, the morn - ing is bright, Birds and
kir - tle, and strap on your horn. For the roos - ter just crew "Cock-a -
bees long have been on the wing. All the crea - tures of night hide a -
doo - dle - doo," And the cow's call - ing too with a faint hun-gry "Moo," And the
way out of sight, And the folk of the light work with all of their might, While Boy
geese and the chick-ens are cack-ling for you, And the pigs are a-squeal-ing for corn.
Blue lies a - drows-ing in sad la - zy plight, He a - lone now re - fus - es to sing.

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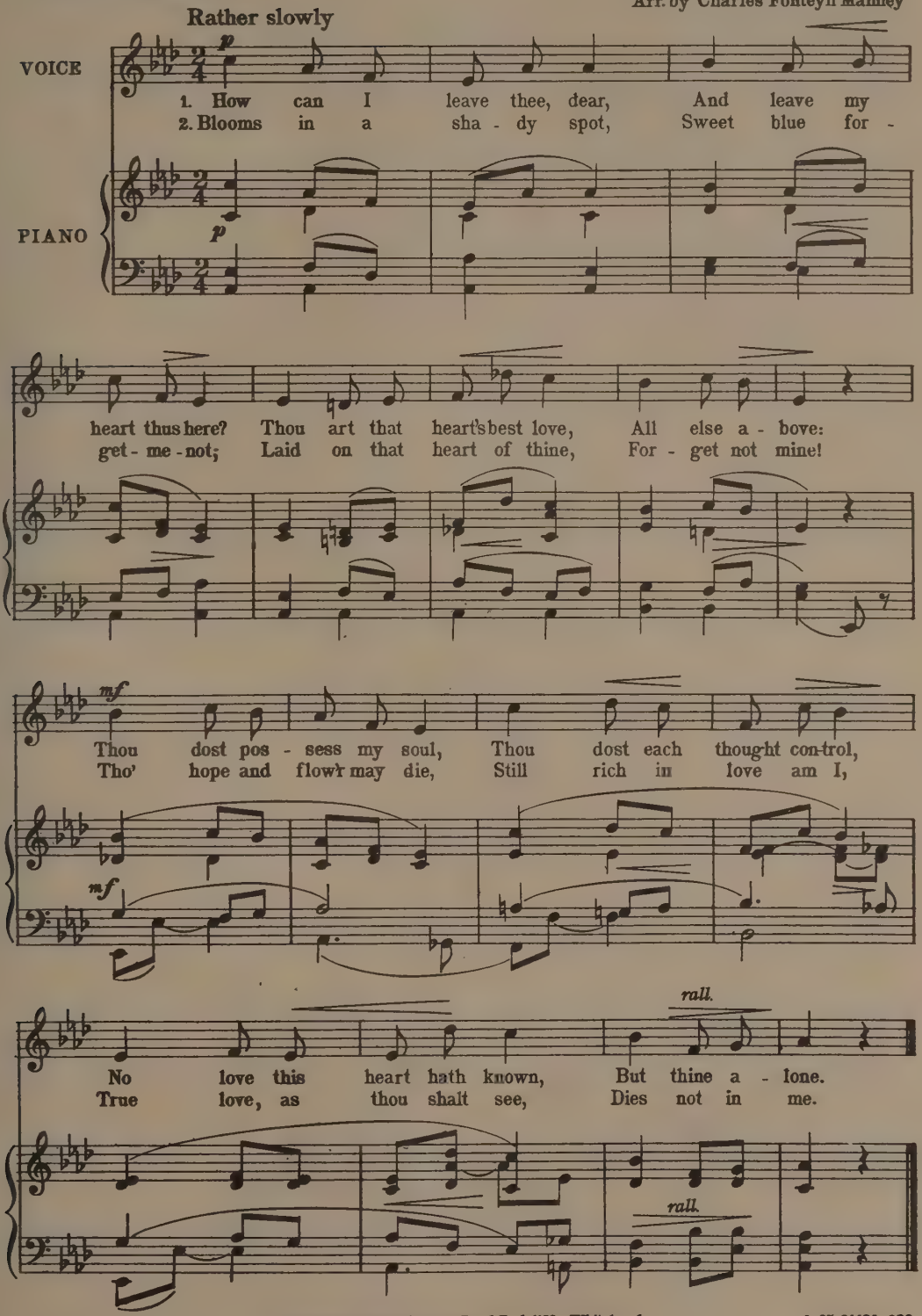
# HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE?

(Ach, wie ist's möglich dann)

Thüringian Folksong

FRIEDRICH KÜCKEN (1810-1882)
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Rather slowly
VOICE
PIANO
1. How can I leave thee, dear, And leave my
2. Blooms in a sha - dy spot, Sweet blue for -
heart thus here? Thou art that heart's best love, All else a - bove:
get - me - not; Laid on that heart of thine, For - get not mine!
Thou dost pos - sess my soul, Thou dost each thought con-trol,
Tho' hope and flow'r may die, Still rich in love am I,
rall.
No love this heart hath known, But thine a - lone.
True love, as thou shalt see, Dies not in me.
rall.

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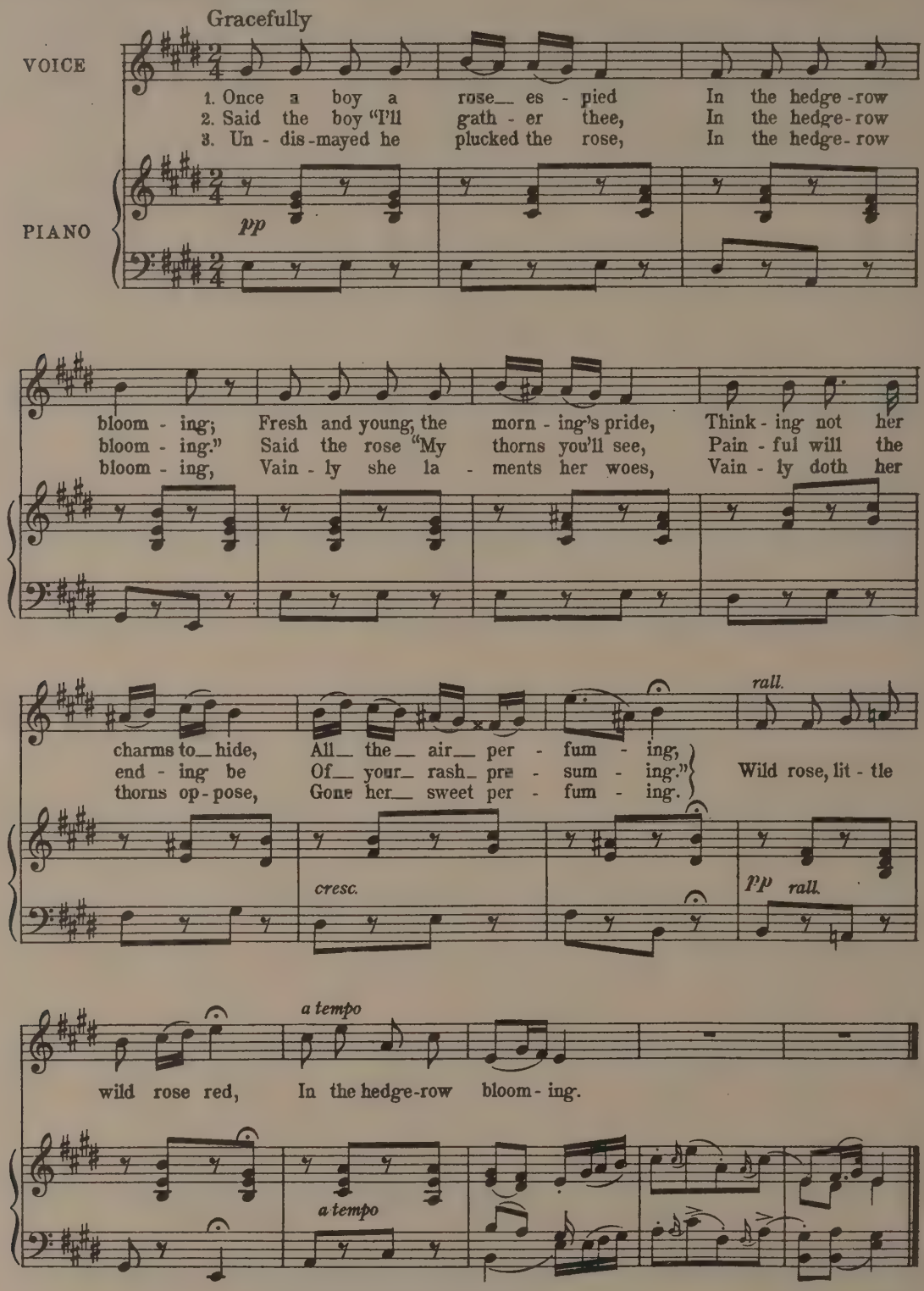
# HEDGE ROSES

(Heiden-Röslein)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)
*Translated by C. F. M.*

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 3, № 3
(1797-1828)


Gracefully
VOICE
PIANO
1. Once a boy a rose_ es - pied In the hedge-row
2. Said the boy "I'll gath - er thee, In the hedge-row
3. Un - dis-mayed he plucked the rose, In the hedge-row
pp
bloom - ing; Fresh and young, the morn - ing's pride, Think - ing not her
bloom - ing." Said the rose "My thorns you'll see, Pain - ful will the
bloom - ing, Vain - ly she la - ments her woes, Vain - ly doth her
rall.
charms to_ hide, All_ the_ air_ per - fum - ing,
end - ing be Of_ your_ rash_ pre - sum - ing."
thorns op-pose, Gone her_ sweet per - fum - ing.
Wild rose, lit - tle
cresc.
Pp rall.
a tempo
wild rose red, In the hedge-row bloom - ing.
a tempo

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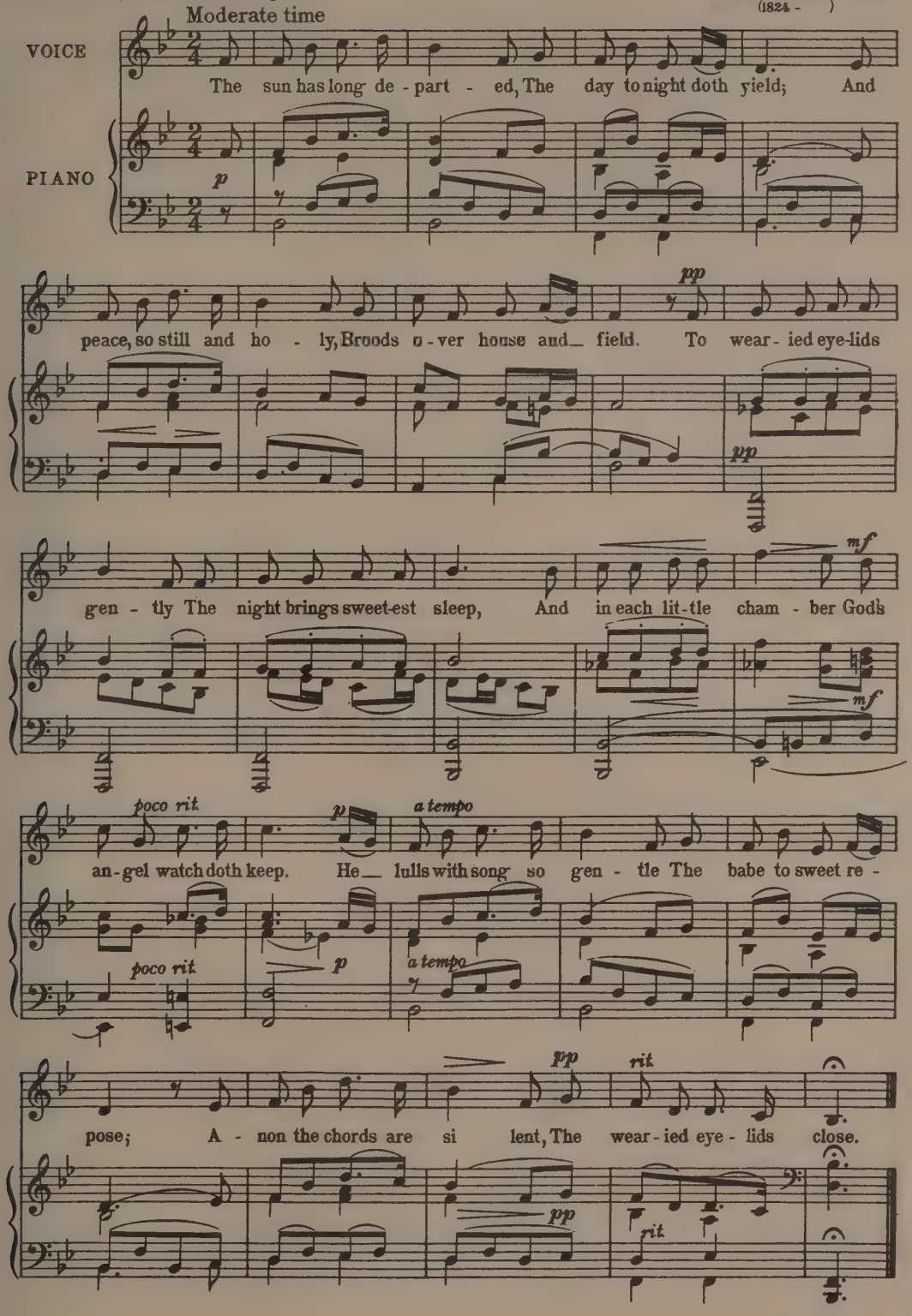
# PEACE OF NIGHT

(Frieden der Nacht)

G. SCHERER

*Translated by Elizabeth M. Traquair*

CARL REINECKE
(1824 - )


Moderate time
VOICE
PIANO
The sun has long de - part - ed, The day to night doth yield; And
peace, so still and ho - ly, Broods o - ver house and field. To wear - ied eye-lids
gen - tly The night brings sweet-est sleep, And in each lit-tle cham - ber God's
an-gel watch doth keep. He lulls with song so gen - tle The babe to sweet re -
pose; A - non the chords are si lent, The wear - ied eye - lids close.
poco rit
a tempo
rit

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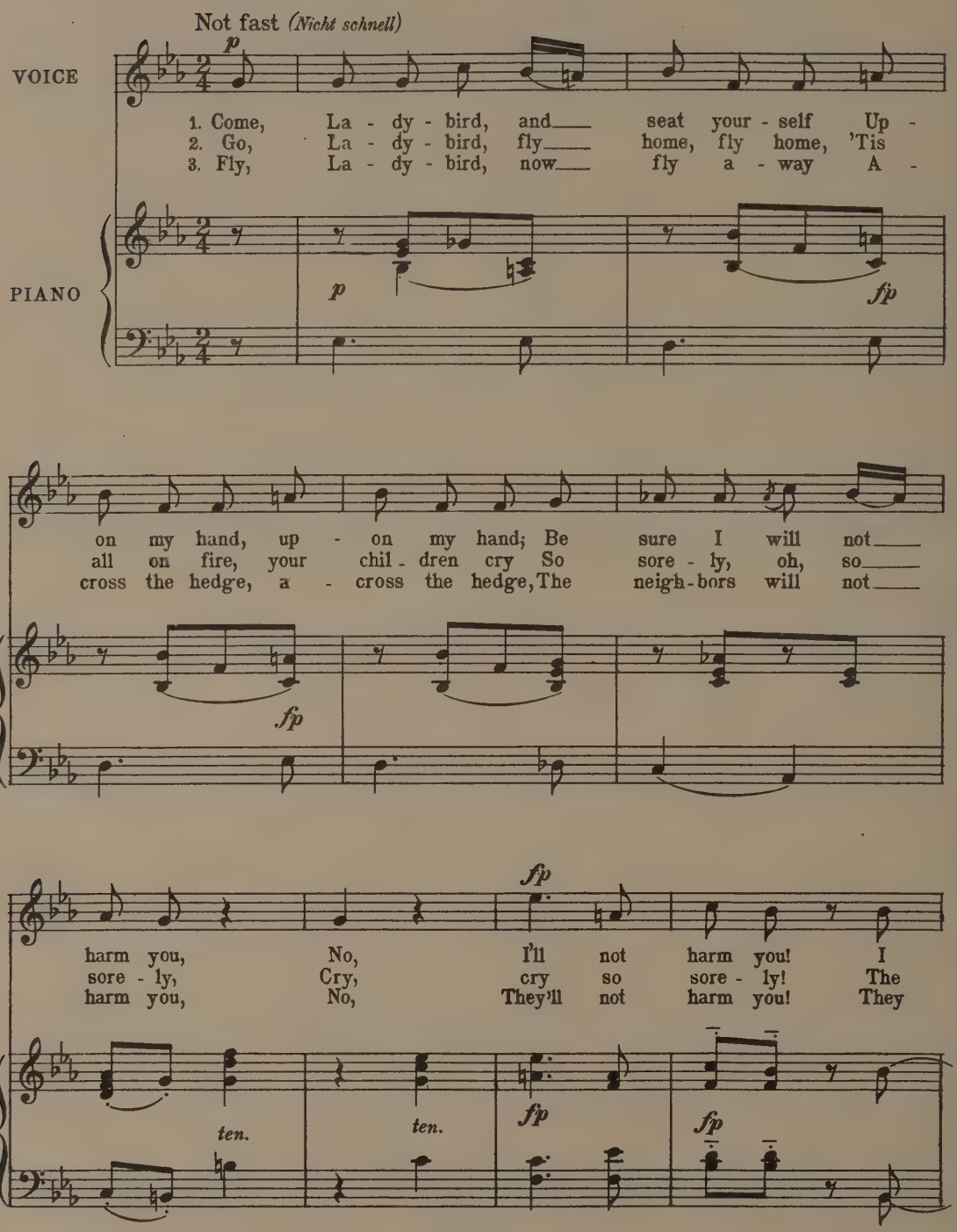
# LADYBIRD

(Marienwürmchen)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 79, No 14
(1810–1856)


Not fast (Nicht schnell)
p
VOICE
1. Come, La - dy - bird, and seat your - self Up -
2. Go, La - dy - bird, fly home, fly home, 'Tis
3. Fly, La - dy - bird, now fly a - way A -
PIANO
p
fp
on my hand, up - on my hand; Be sure I will not
all on fire, your chil - dren cry So sore - ly, oh, so
cross the hedge, a - cross the hedge, The neigh-bors will not
fp
fp
harm you, No, I'll not harm you! I
sore - ly, Cry, cry so sore - ly! The
harm you, No, They'll not harm you! They
ten.
ten.
fp
fp

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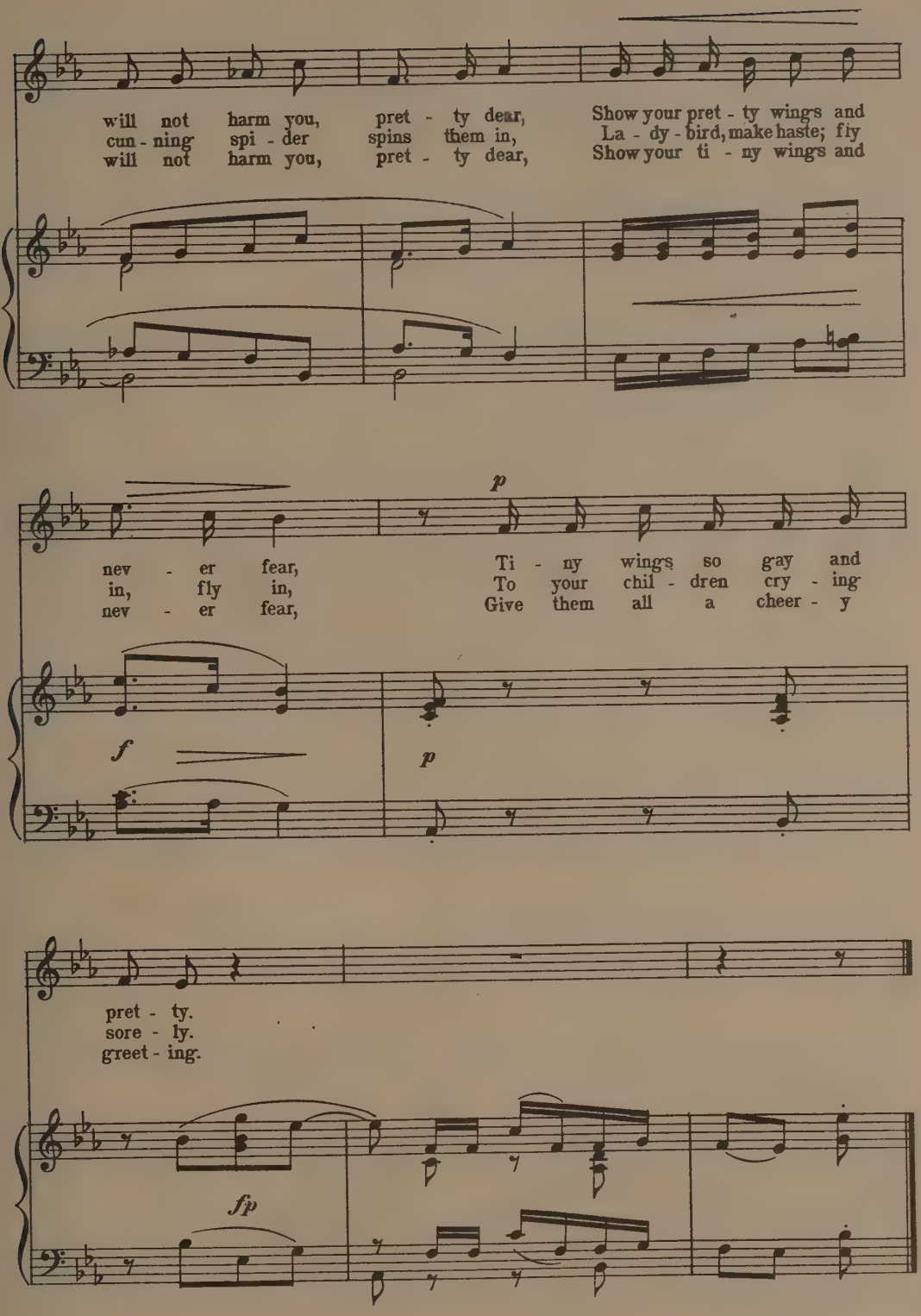
will not harm you, pret - ty dear, Show your pret - ty wings and
cun - ning spi - der spins them in, La - dy - bird, make haste; fly
will not harm you, pret - ty dear, Show your ti - ny wings and
p
nev - er fear, Ti - ny wings so gay and
in, fly in, To your chil - dren cry - ing
nev - er fear, Give them all a cheer - y
f
p
pret - ty.
sore - ly.
greet - ing.
fp

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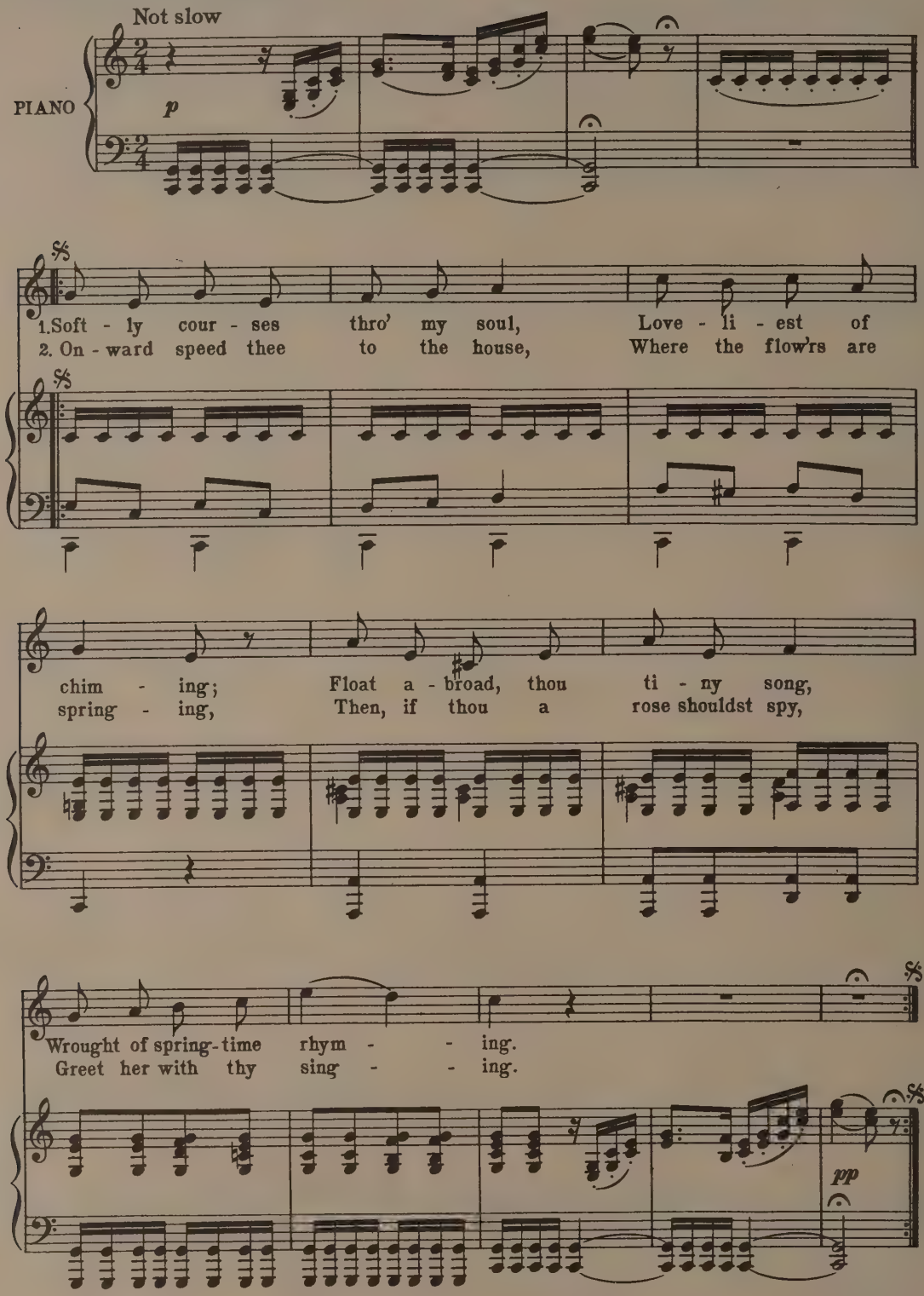
# GREETING

## (Gruss)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)*
*Translated by Harvey Worthington Loomis*

FELIX MENDELSSOHN, Op. 19, No. 5
(1809-1847)


Not slow
PIANO
p
1. Soft - ly cour - ses thro' my soul, Love - li - est of
2. On - ward speed thee to the house, Where the flow'rs are
chim - ing; Float a - broad, thou ti - ny song,
spring - ing, Then, if thou a rose shouldst spy,
Wrought of spring-time rhym - - ing.
Greet her with thy sing - - ing.
pp

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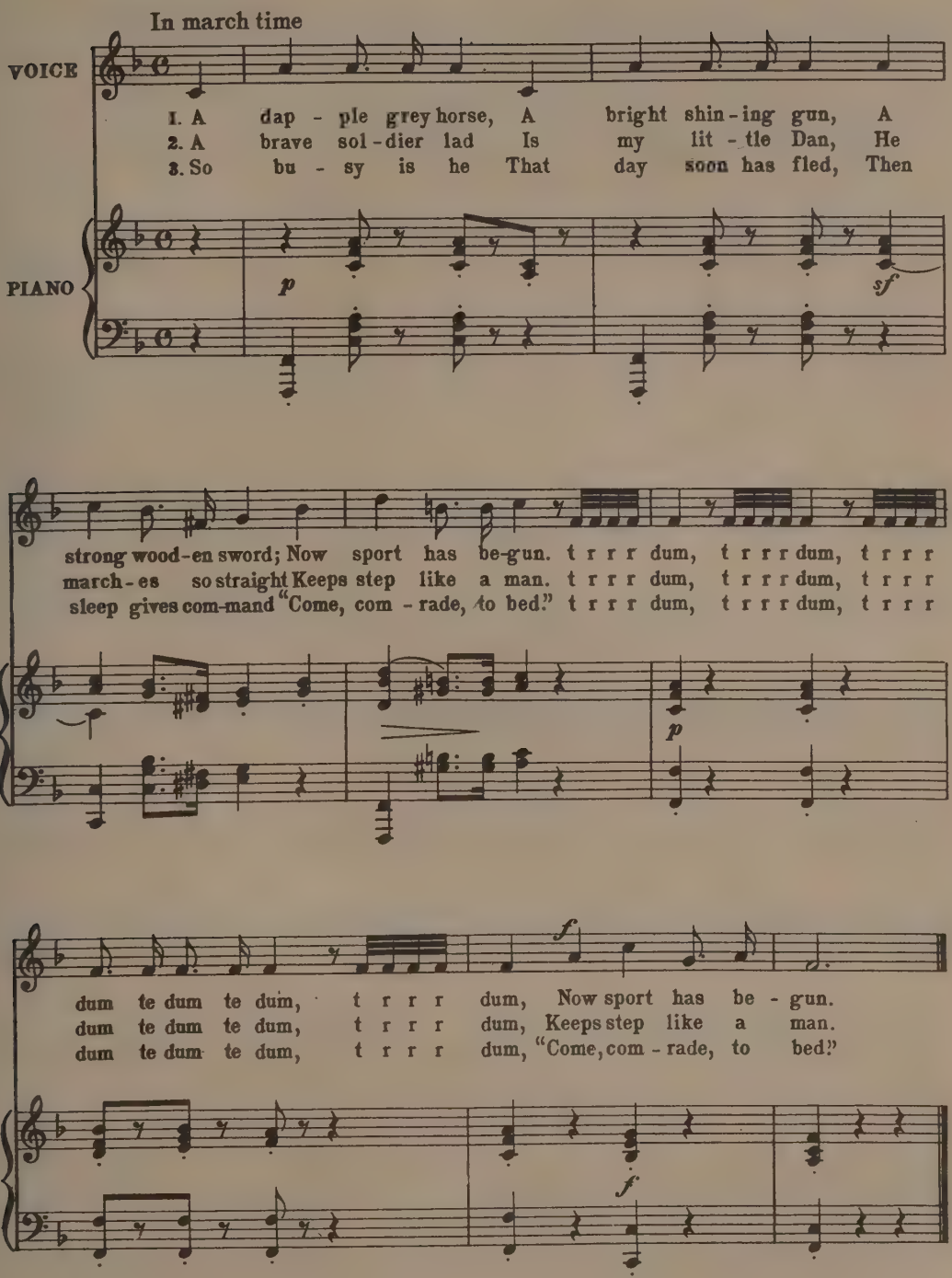
# SOLDIER SONG

(Soldatenlied)

HOFFMANN von FALLERSLEBEN
*Translated by C.F.M.*

WILHELM TAUBERT
(1811-1891)


In march time
VOICE
1. A dap - ple grey horse, A bright shin - ing gun, A
2. A brave sol - dier lad Is my lit - tle Dan, He
3. So bu - sy is he That day soon has fled, Then
PIANO
p
sf
strong wood - en sword; Now sport has be - gun. t r r r dum, t r r r dum, t r r r
march - es so straight Keeps step like a man. t r r r dum, t r r r dum, t r r r
sleep gives com-mand "Come, com - rade, to bed." t r r r dum, t r r r dum, t r r r
p
f
dum te dum te dum, t r r r dum, Now sport has be - gun.
dum te dum te dum, t r r r dum, Keeps step like a man.
dum te dum te dum, t r r r dum, "Come, com - rade, to bed?"
f

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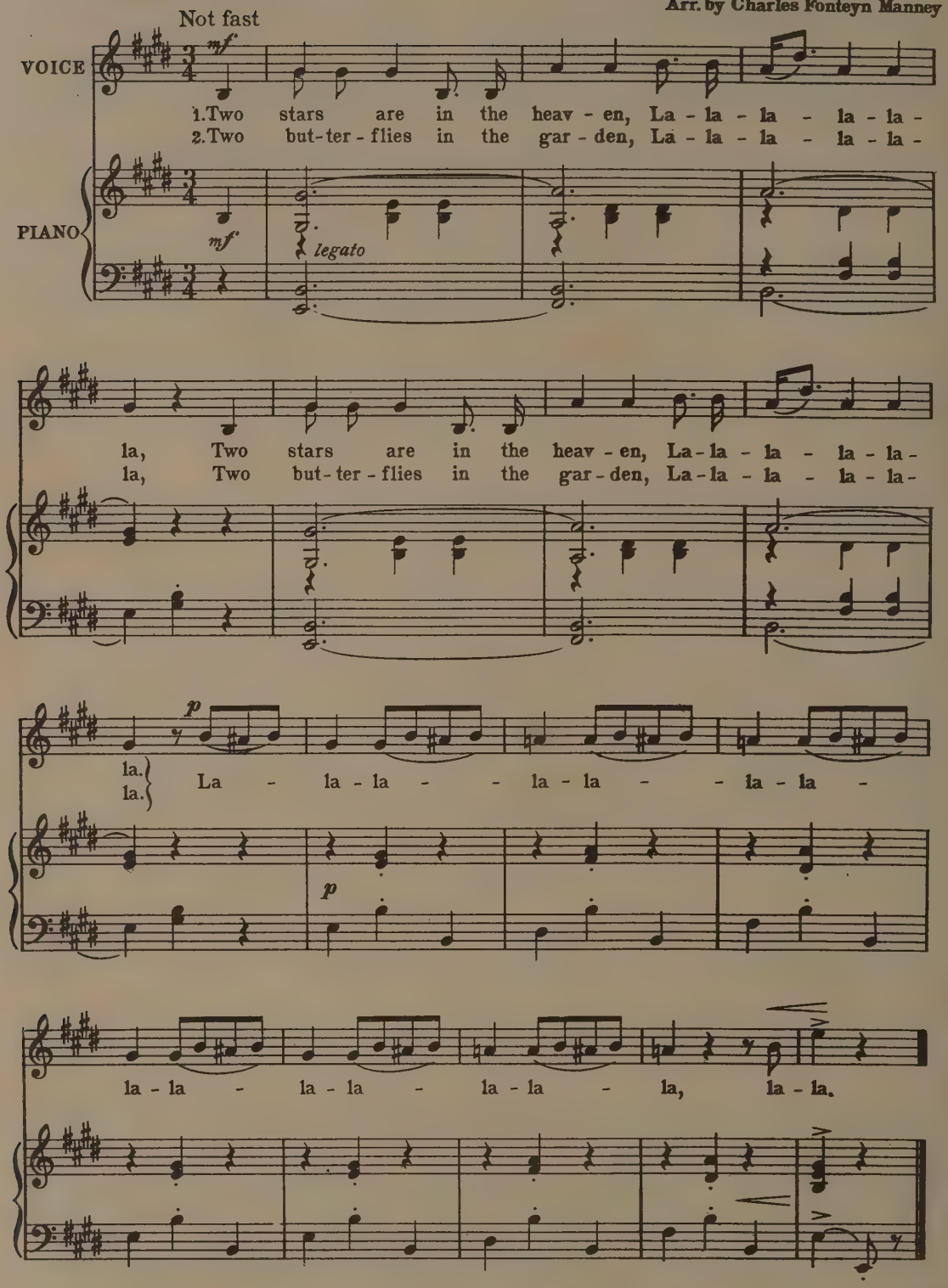
# TWO STARS

(Ländler)

AUSTRIAN FOLKSONG
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Not fast
VOICE
PIANO
mf
1.Two stars are in the heav - en, La - la - la - la - la -
2.Two but-ter - flies in the gar - den, La - la - la - la - la -
legato
la, Two stars are in the heav - en, La - la - la - la - la -
la, Two but - ter - flies in the gar - den, La - la - la - la - la -
p
la.
la.
La - la - la - la - la - la -
la - la - la - la - la - la, la - la.

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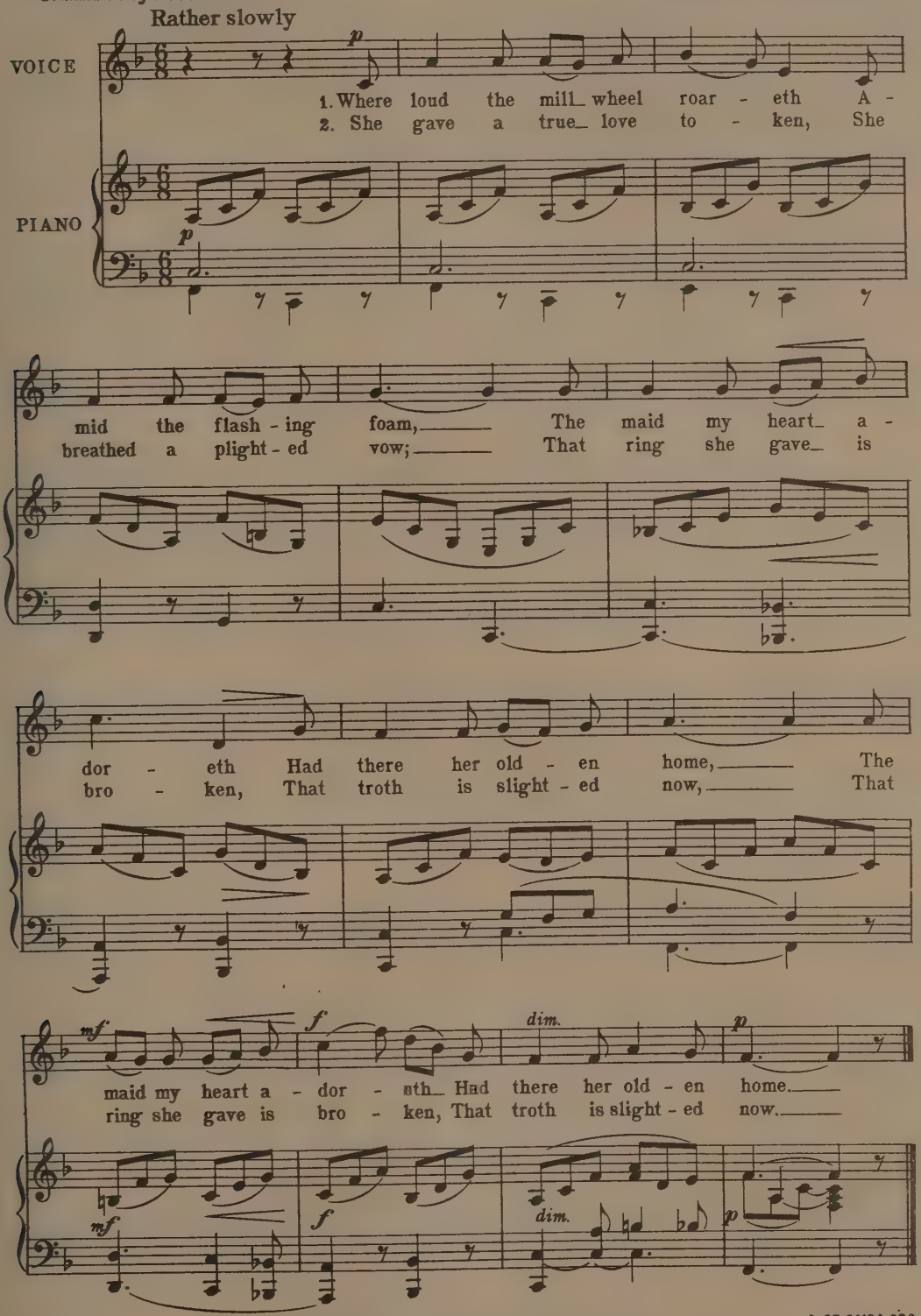
# THE MILL

## (In einem kühlen Grunde)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
*Translated by Dean Farrar*

FRIEDRICH GLÜCK (1814)
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Rather slowly
VOICE
PIANO
1. Where loud the mill wheel roar - eth A -
2. She gave a true love to - ken, She
mid the flash - ing foam, The maid my heart a -
breathed a plight - ed vow; That ring she gave is
dor - eth Had there her old - en home, The
bro - ken, That troth is slight - ed now, That
maid my heart a - dor - eth Had there her old - en home.
ring she gave is bro - ken, That troth is slight - ed now.

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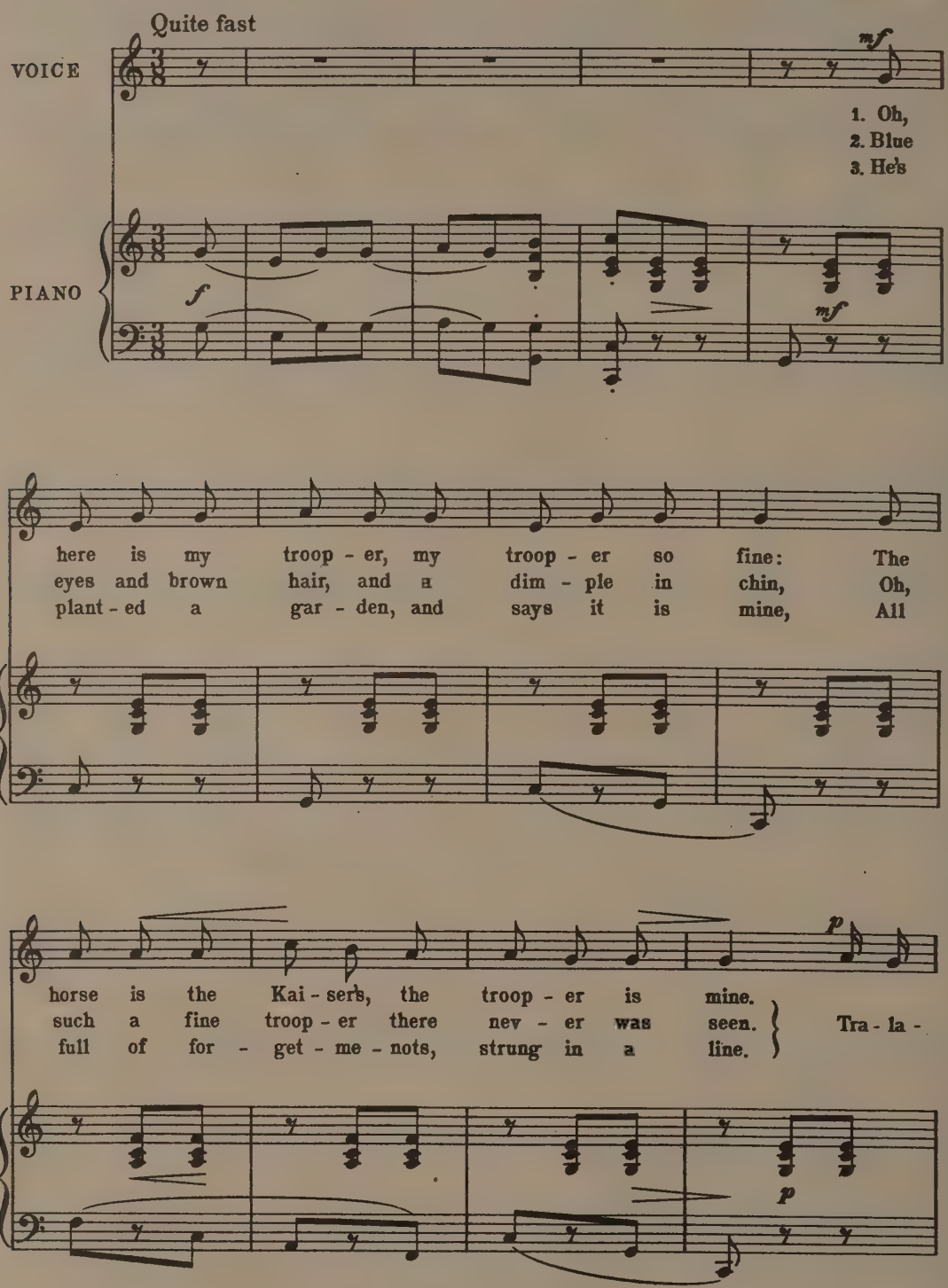
# MY TROOPER

## (Mein Schatz ist ein Reiter)

*English words by Edward Thatcher* **FOLKSONG (1822)**


Quite fast
VOICE
PIANO
mf
1. Oh,
2. Blue
3. He's
f
mf
here is my troop - er, my troop - er so fine: The
eyes and brown hair, and a dim - ple in chin, Oh,
plant - ed a gar - den, and says it is mine, All
p
horse is the Kai - ser's, the troop - er is mine.
such a fine troop - er there nev - er was seen.
full of for - get - me - nots, strung in a line.
Tra - la -
p

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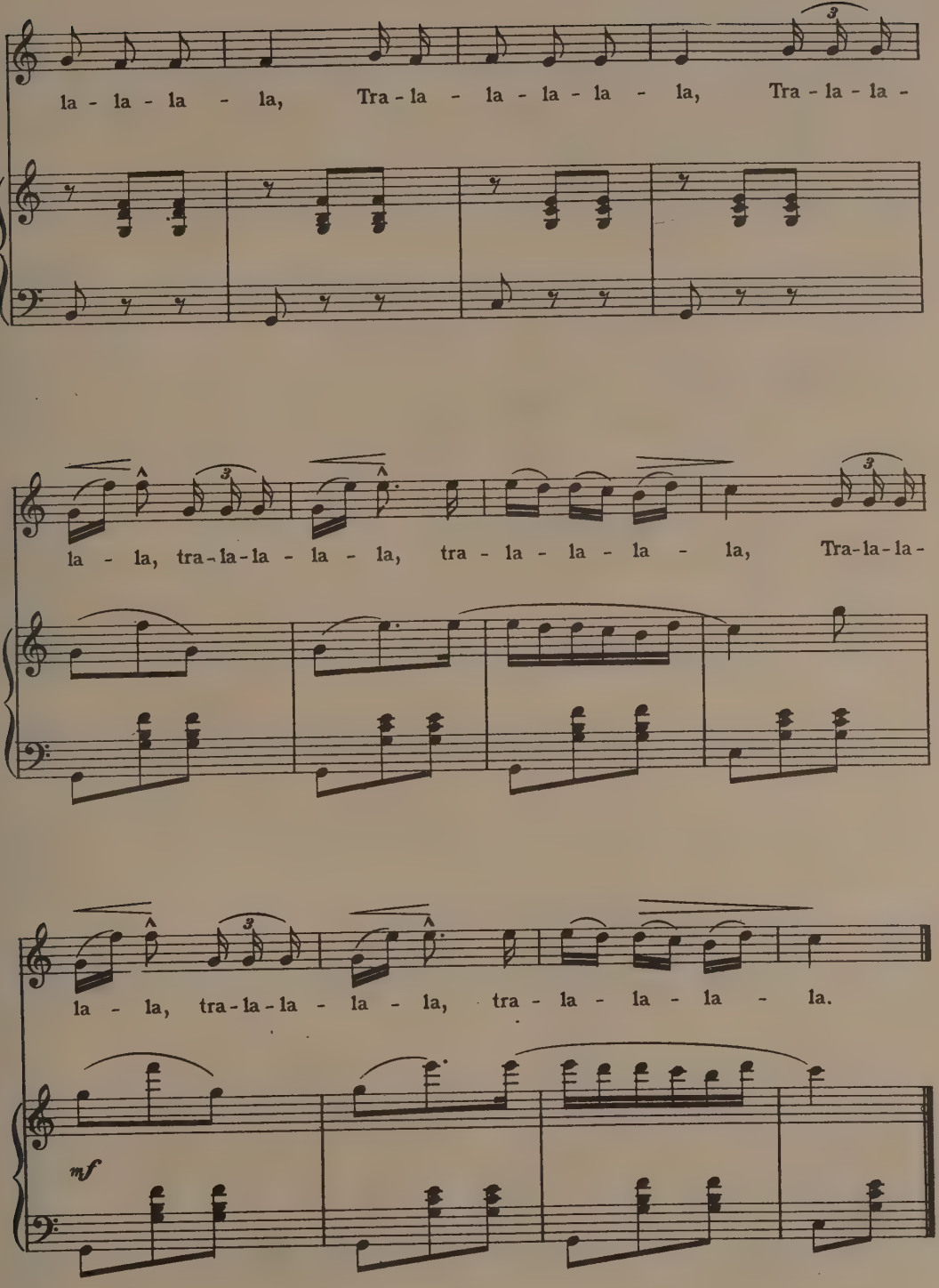
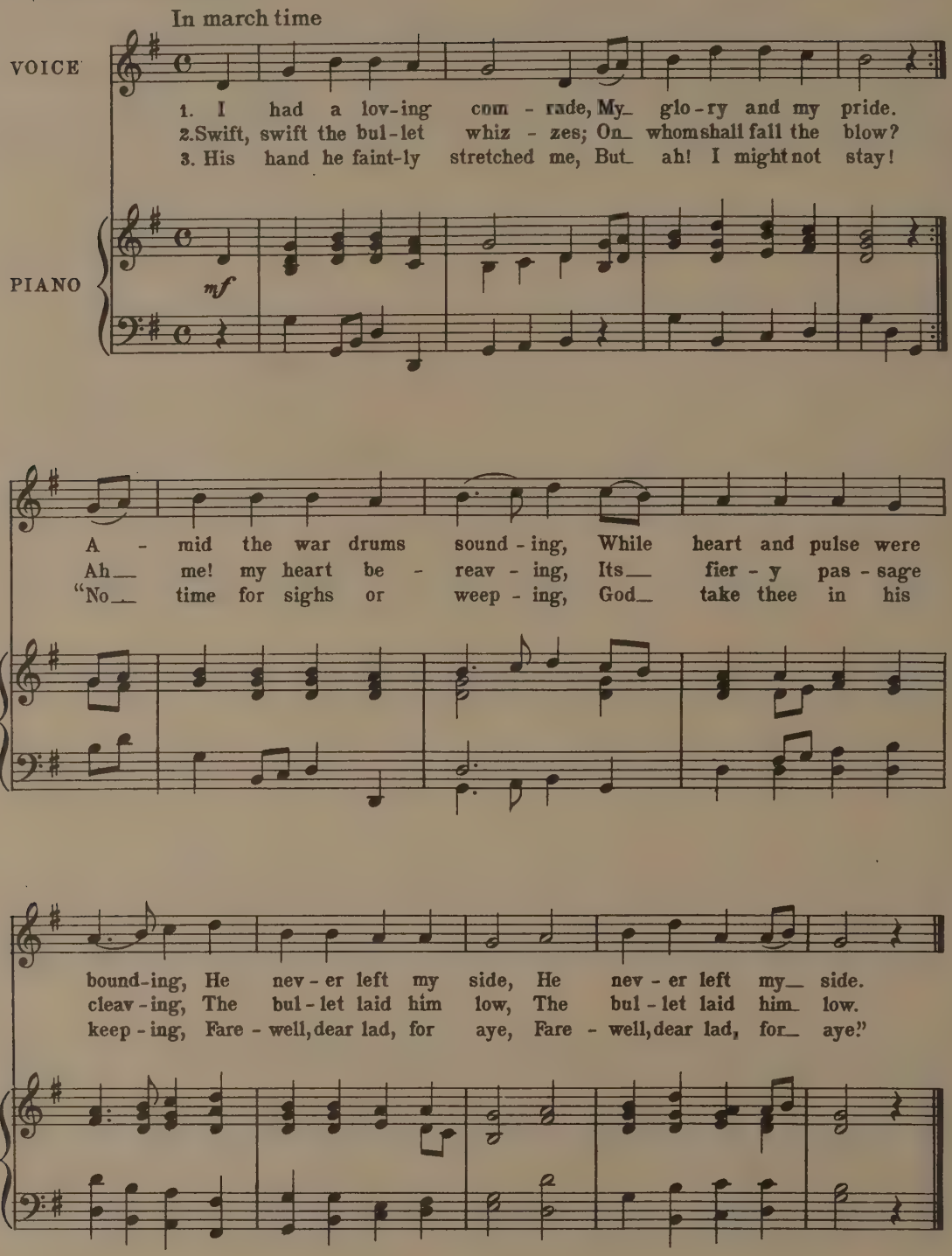

la - la - la - la, Tra - la - la - la - la - la, Tra - la - la -
la - la, tra - la - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la - la, Tra - la - la -
la - la, tra - la - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la - la.
mf

# THE GOOD COMRADE

## (Der gute Kamerad)

LUDWIG UHLAND (1787-1862)
*Translated by Dean Farrar*

FOLKSONG (1825)


In march time
VOICE
PIANO
mf
1. I had a lov-ing com - rade, My glo-ry and my pride.
2. Swift, swift the bul-let whiz - zes; On whom shall fall the blow?
3. His hand he faint-ly stretched me, But ah! I might not stay!
A - mid the war drums sound - ing, While heart and pulse were
Ah me! my heart be - reav - ing, Its fier - y pas - sage
"No time for sighs or weep - ing, God take thee in his
bound-ing, He nev - er left my side, He nev - er left my side.
cleav - ing, The bul - let laid him low, The bul - let laid him low.
keep - ing, Fare - well, dear lad, for aye, Fare - well, dear lad, for aye."

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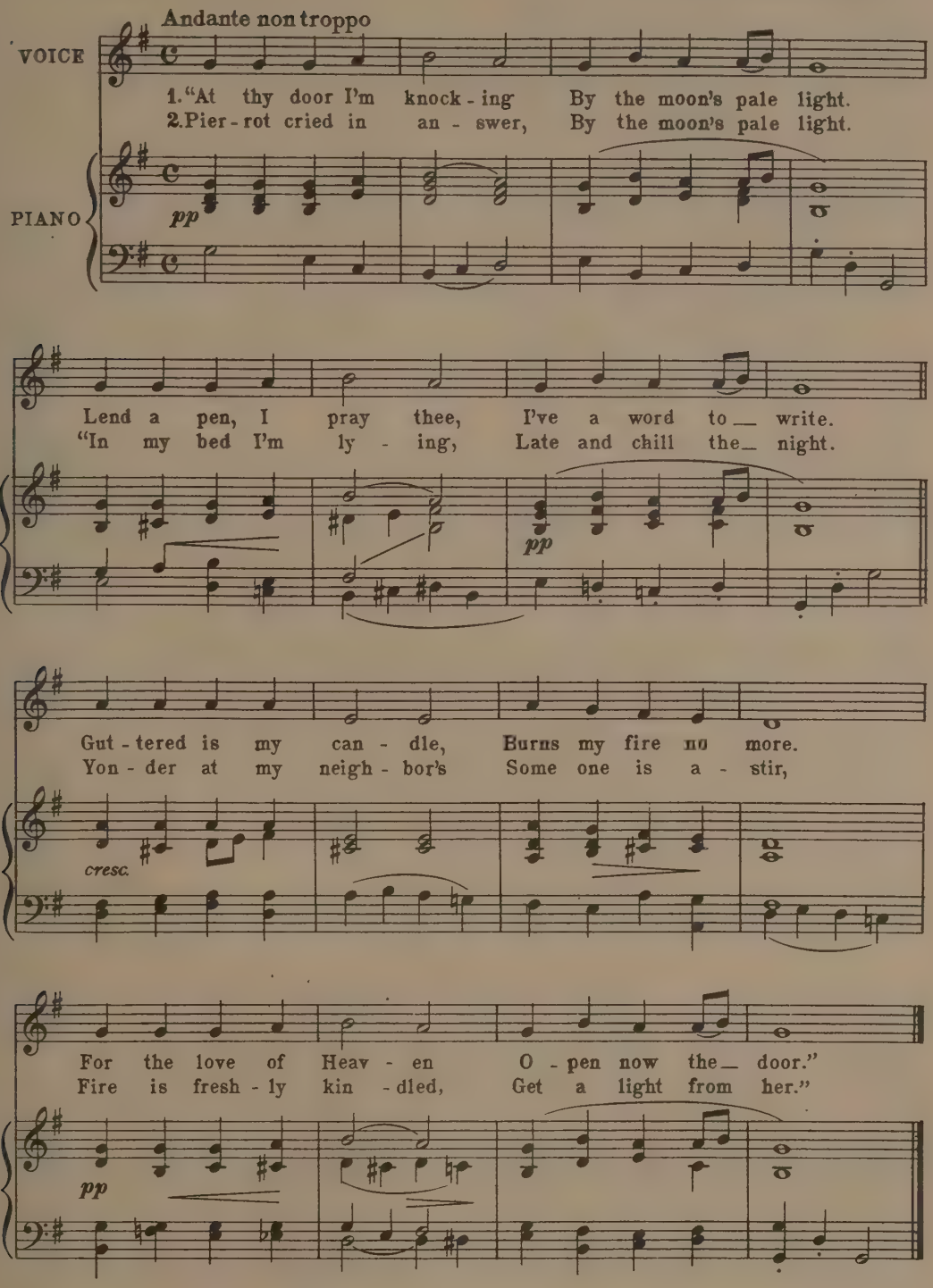
# BY THE MOON'S PALE LIGHT

(Au clair de la lune)

*Translated by C. F. M.*

JEAN BAPTISTE de LULLY (1633-1687)
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Andante non troppo
VOICE
PIANO
1. "At thy door I'm knock - ing By the moon's pale light.
2. Pier - rot cried in an - swer, By the moon's pale light.
pp
Lend a pen, I pray thee, I've a word to write.
"In my bed I'm ly - ing, Late and chill the night.
pp
Gut - tered is my can - dle, Burns my fire no more.
Yon - der at my neigh - bor's Some one is a - stir,
cresc.
For the love of Heav - en O - pen now the door."
Fire is fresh - ly kin - dled, Get a light from her."
pp

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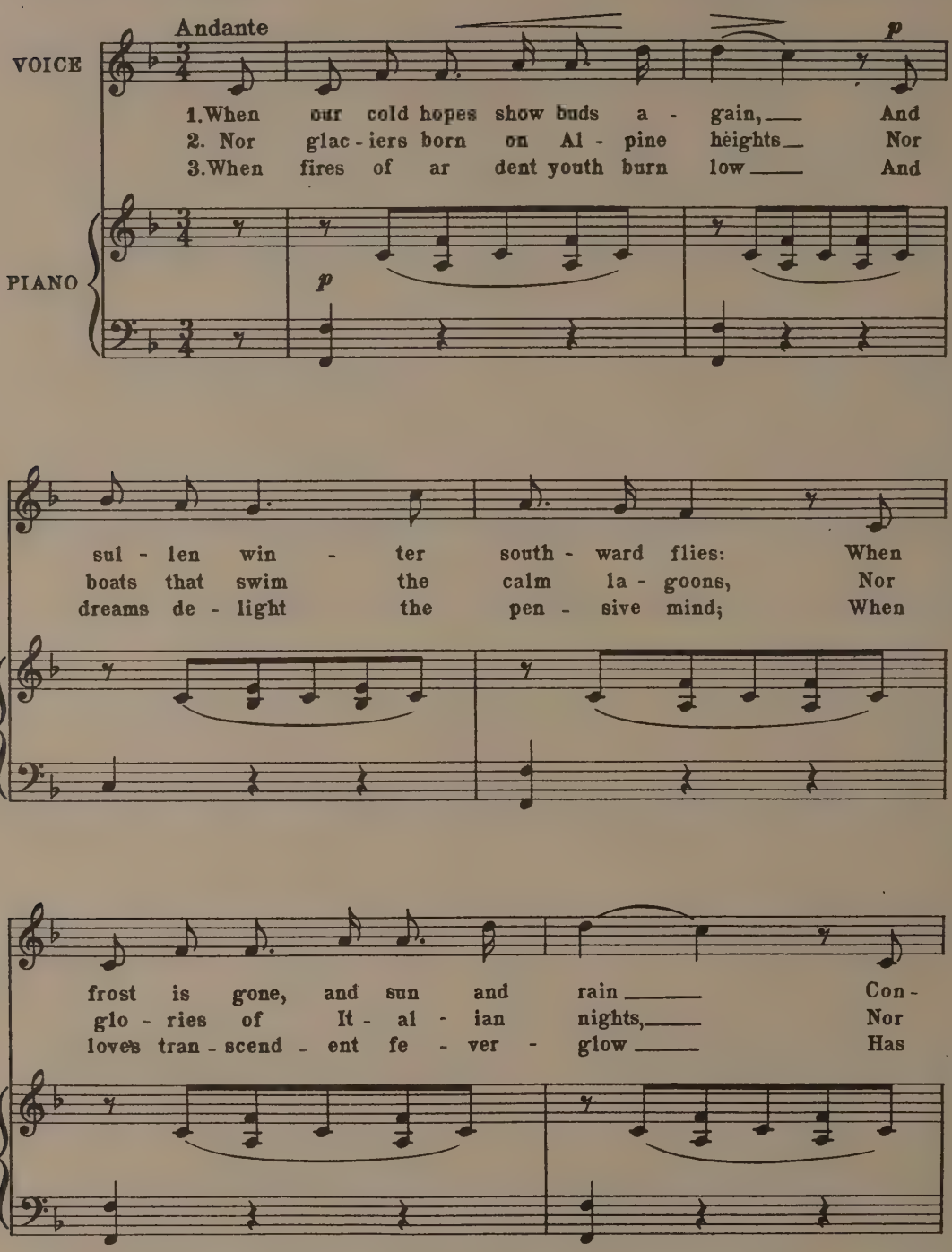
# MY NORMANDY
## (Ma Normandie)

*Translated by George Gould*

Words and Music by
FRÉDÉRIC BÉRAT (1800-1855)

Andante
VOICE
PIANO
p
1.When our cold hopes show buds a - gain, And
2. Nor glac - iers born on Al - pine heights Nor
3.When fires of ar dent youth burn low And
sul - len win - ter south - ward flies: When
boats that swim the calm la - goons, Nor
dreams de - light the pen - sive mind; When
frost is gone, and sun and rain Con -
glo - ries of It - al - ian nights, Nor
loves tran - scend - ent fe - ver - glow Has

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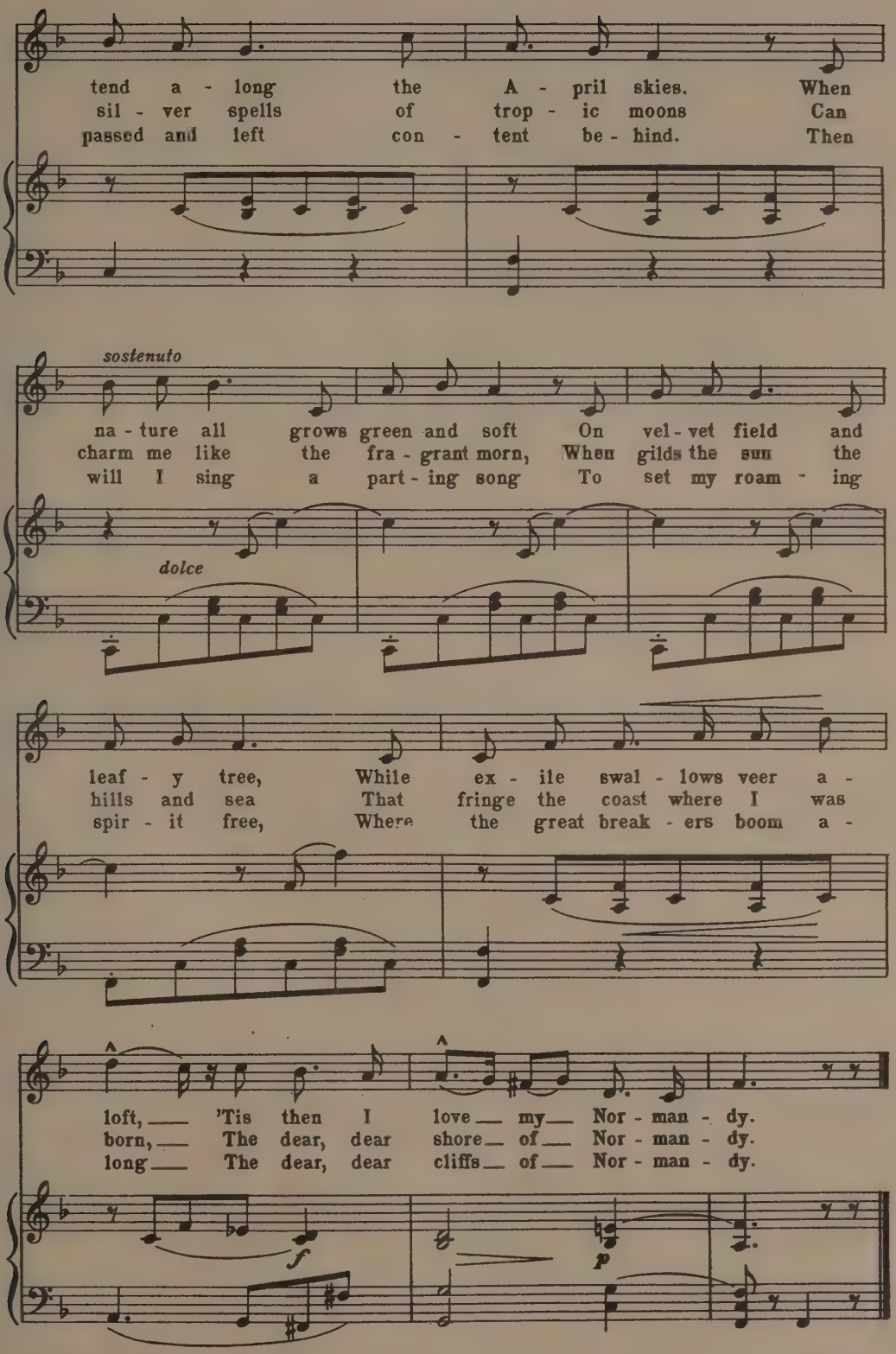
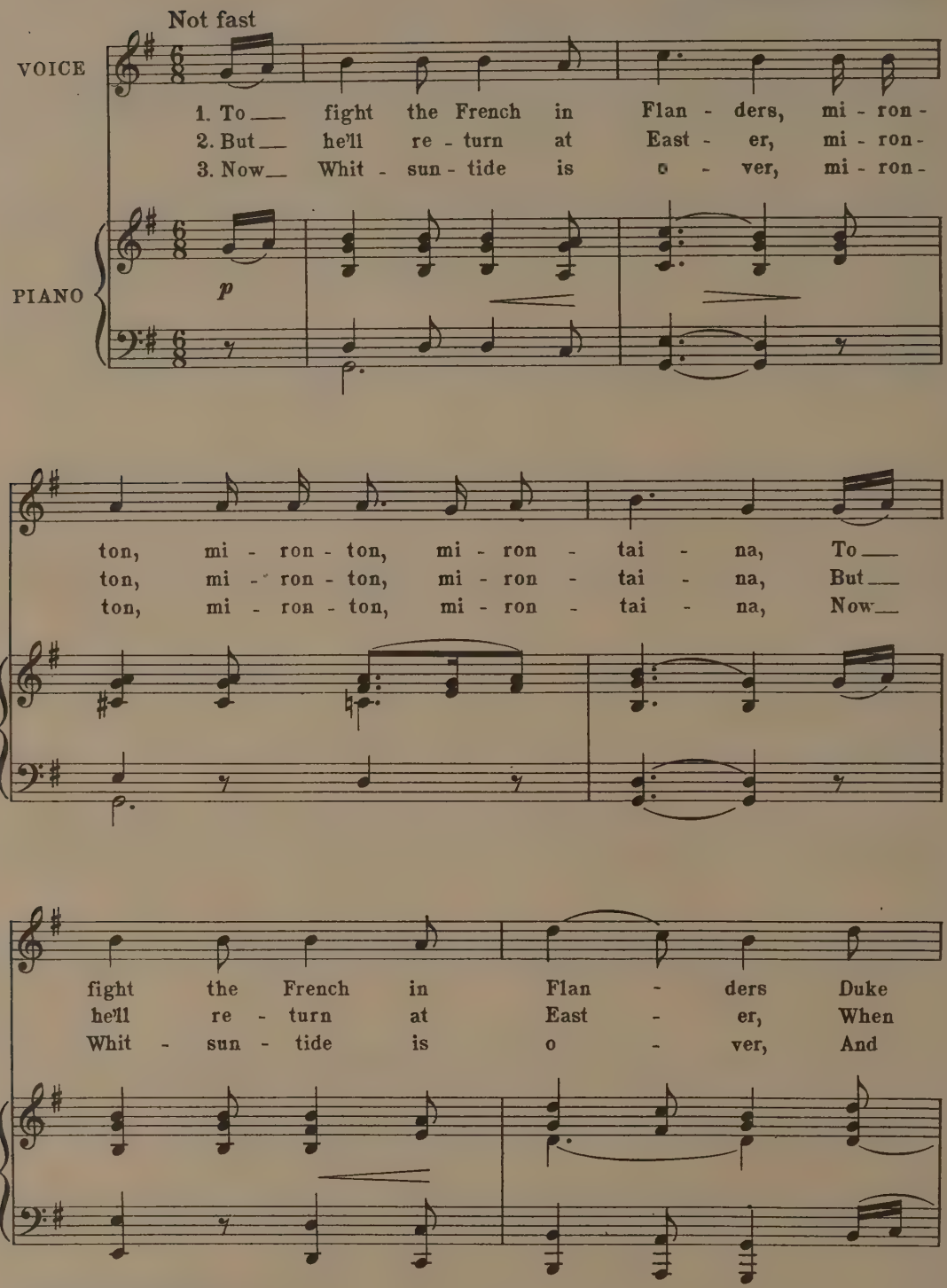

tend a - long the A - pril skies. When
sil - ver spells of trop - ic moons Can
passed and left con - tent be - hind. Then
sostenuto
na - ture all grows green and soft On vel - vet field and
charm me like the fra - grant morn, When gilds the sun the
will I sing a part - ing song To set my roam - ing
dolce
leaf - y tree, While ex - ile swal - lows veer a -
hills and sea That fringe the coast where I was
spir - it free, Where the great break - ers boom a -
loft, 'Tis then I love my Nor - man - dy.
born, The dear, dear shore of Nor - man - dy.
long The dear, dear cliffs of Nor - man - dy.
f
p

# DUKE MARLBOROUGH

(Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre)

*)VERY OLD MELODY
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Not fast
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. To fight the French in Flan - ders, mi - ron -
2. But he'll re - turn at East - er, mi - ron -
3. Now Whit - sun - tide is o - ver, mi - ron -
ton, mi - ron - ton, mi - ron - tai - na, To
ton, mi - ron - ton, mi - ron - tai - na, But
ton, mi - ron - ton, mi - ron - tai - na, Now
fight the French in Flan - ders Duke
he'll re - turn at East - er, When
Whit - sun - tide is o - ver, And

*) Was sung by the Crusaders under Godfrey de Bouillon

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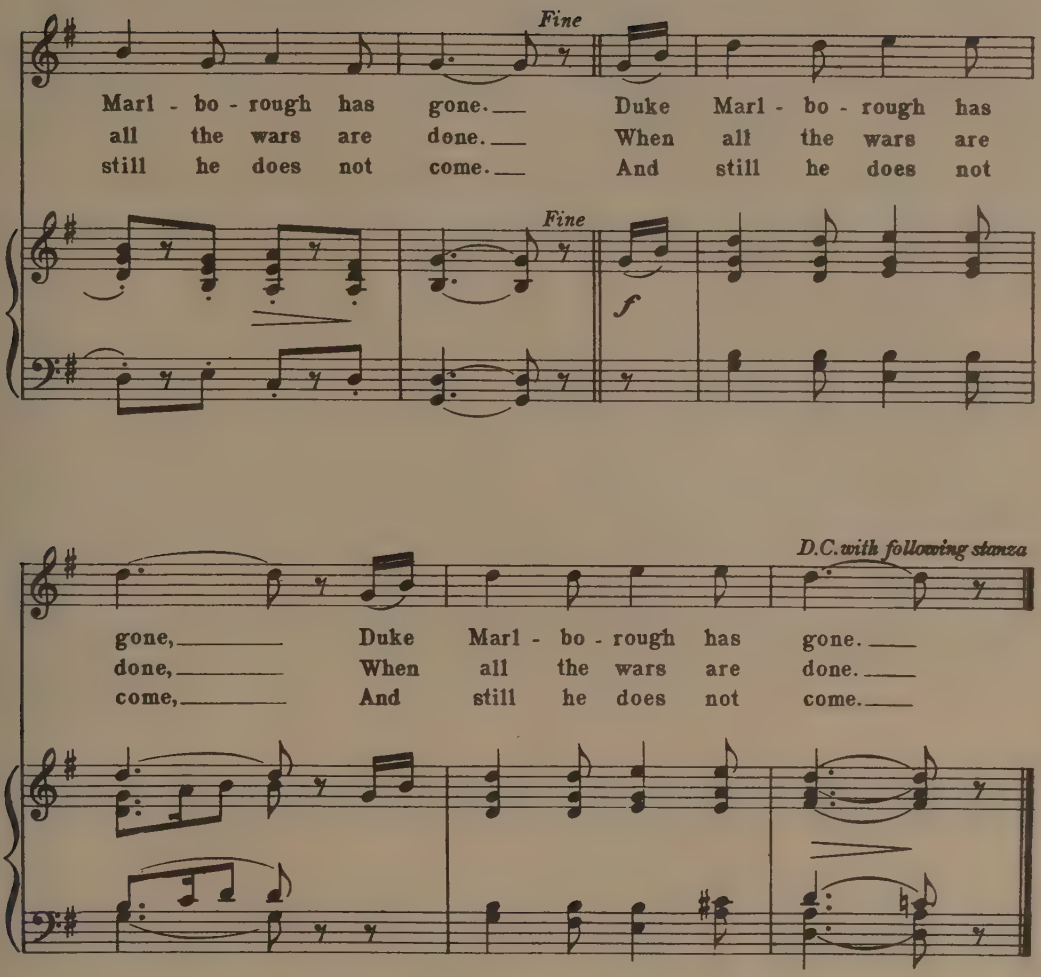
Fine
Marl - bo - rough has gone.
all the wars are done.
still he does not come.
Duke Marl - bo - rough has
When all the wars are
And still he does not
Fine
f
D.C. with following stanza
gone, Duke Marl - bo - rough has gone.
done, When all the wars are done.
come, And still he does not come.

4.

His lady wife has mounted,
Mironton, etc.
His lady wife has mounted
Into her tower on high.

5.

She sees her page approaching,
Mironton, etc.
She sees her page approaching
In sable habit clad.

6.

"The news that now I bring you,
Mironton, etc.
The news that now I bring you
Will make your eyes to weep."

7.

"In battle fell Duke Marlborough,
Mironton, etc.
In battle fell Duke Marlborough,
He now is in the grave."

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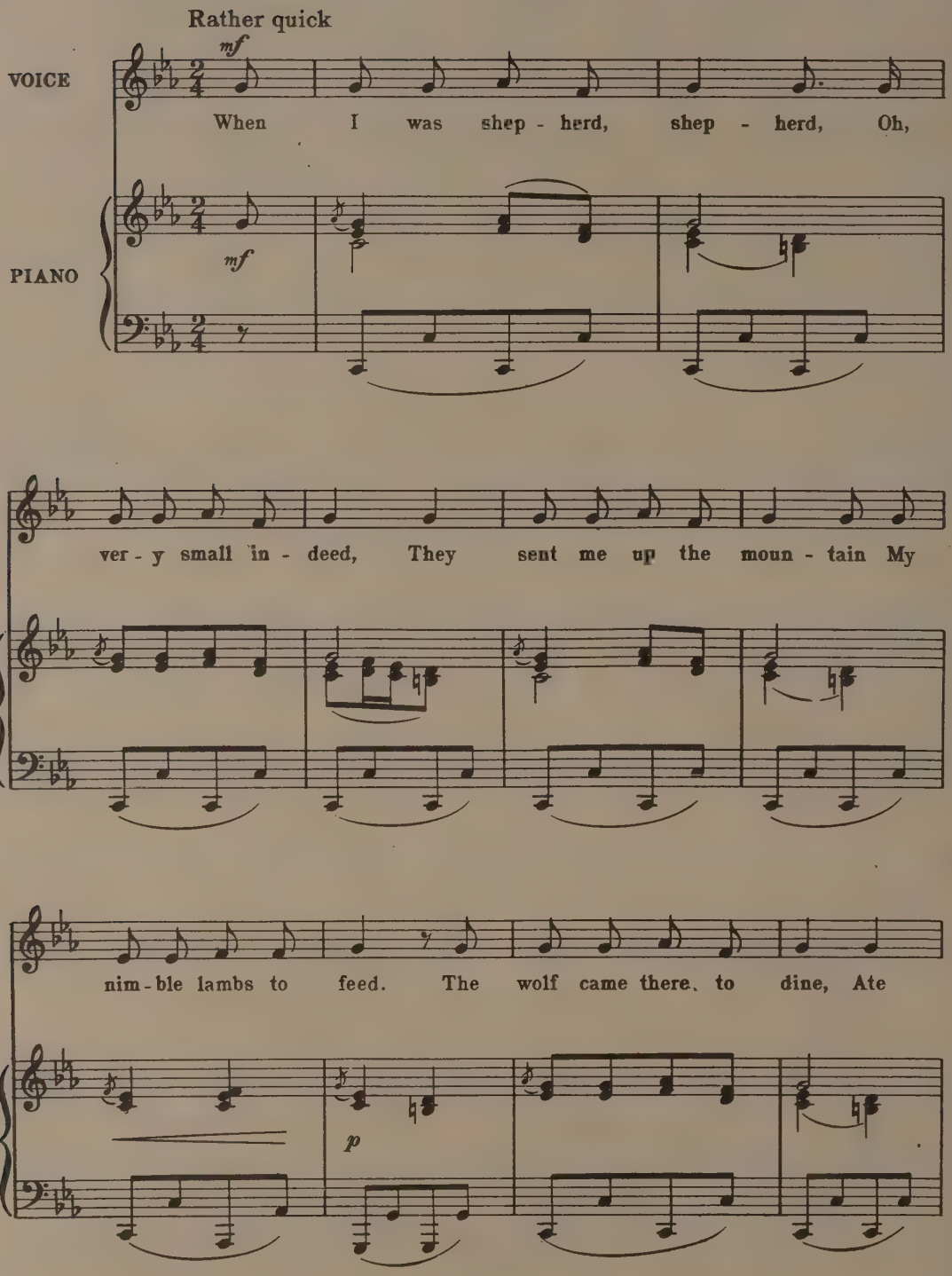
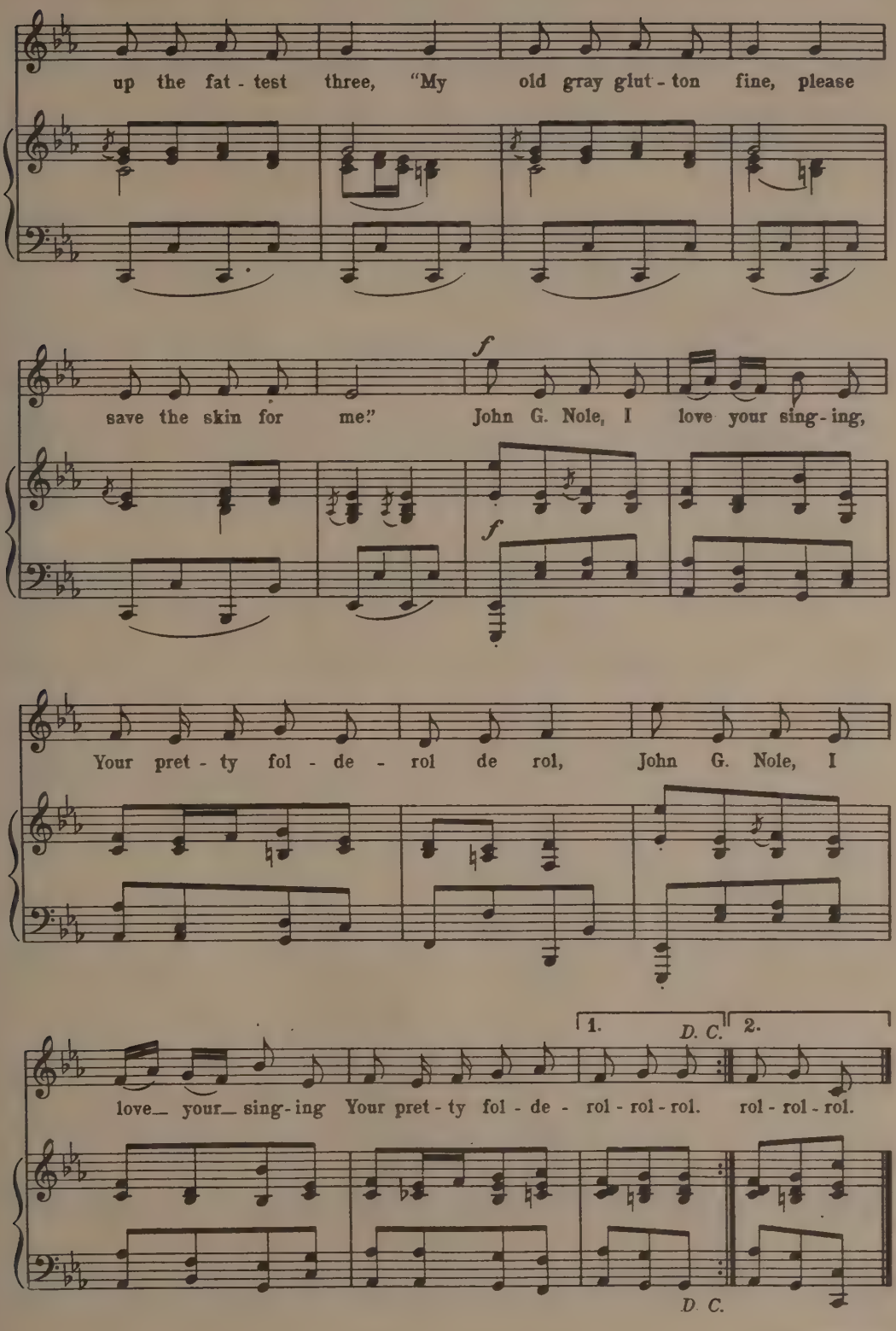
# WHEN I WAS SHEPHERD

(Lorsque j'étais petit)

OLD FRENCH FOLKSONG


Rather quick
mf
VOICE
When I was shep - herd, shep - herd, Oh,
PIANO
mf
ver - y small in - deed, They sent me up the moun - tain My
nim - ble lambs to feed. The wolf came there, to dine, Ate
p

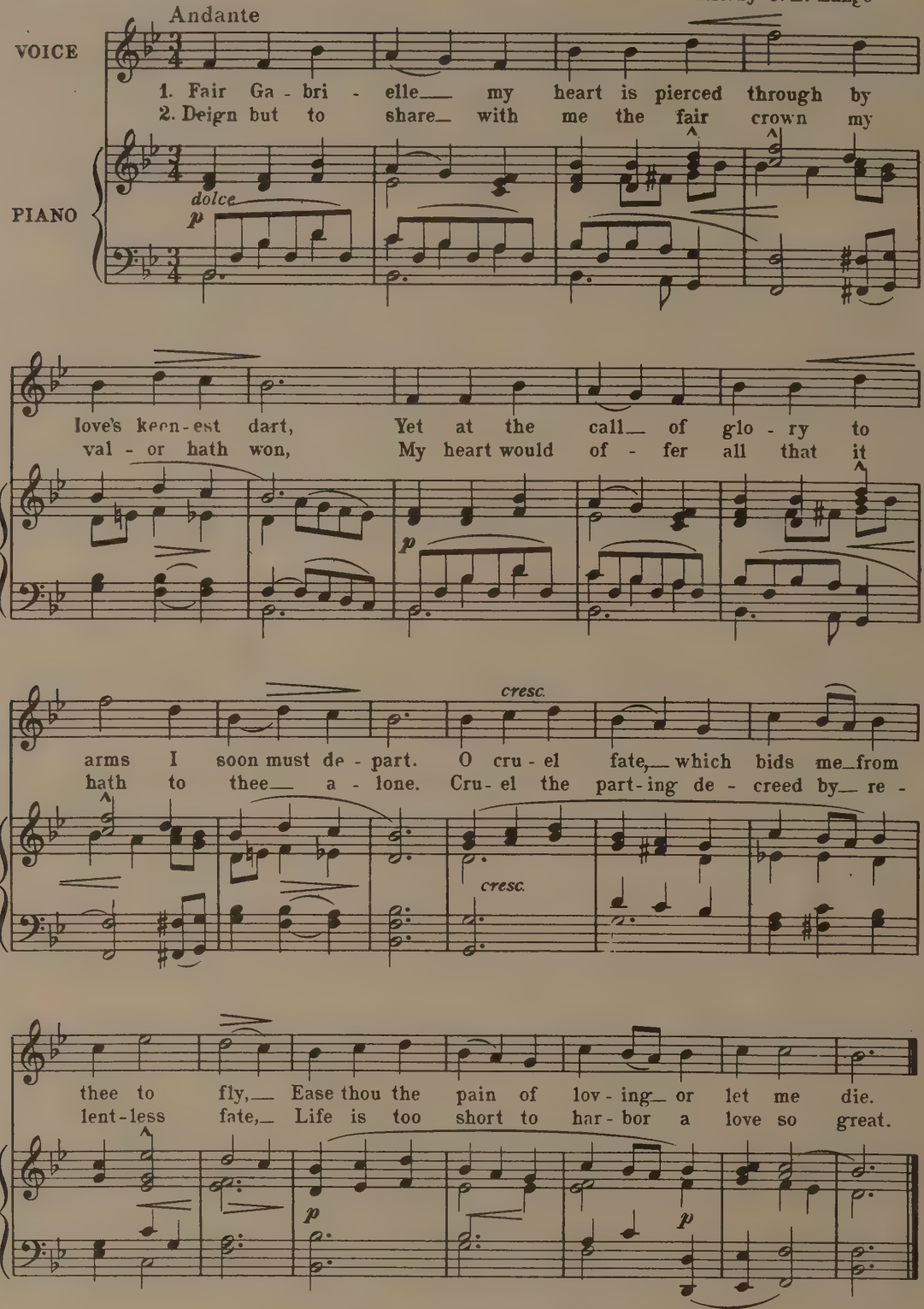

up the fat - test three, "My old gray glut - ton fine, please
save the skin for me." John G. Nole, I love your sing - ing,
f
f
Your pret - ty fol - de - rol de rol, John G. Nole, I
1.
D. C.
2.
love_ your_ sing - ing Your pret - ty fol - de - rol - rol - rol. rol - rol - rol.
D. C.

# FAIR GABRIELLE

## (Charmante Gabrielle)

*English version by C.F.M.*

Words and Music ascribed to
HENRY IV (1600)
Arr. by O. H. Lange


Andante
VOICE
PIANO
1. Fair Ga - bri - elle my heart is pierced through by
2. Deign but to share with me the fair crown my
dolce
p
love's keen-est dart, Yet at the call of glo - ry to
val - or hath won, My heart would of - fer all that it
p
cresc.
arms I soon must de - part. O cru - el fate, which bids me from
hath to thee a - lone. Cru - el the part-ing de - creed by re -
cresc.
thee to fly, Ease thou the pain of lov - ing or let me die.
lent-less fate, Life is too short to har - bor a love so great.
p
p

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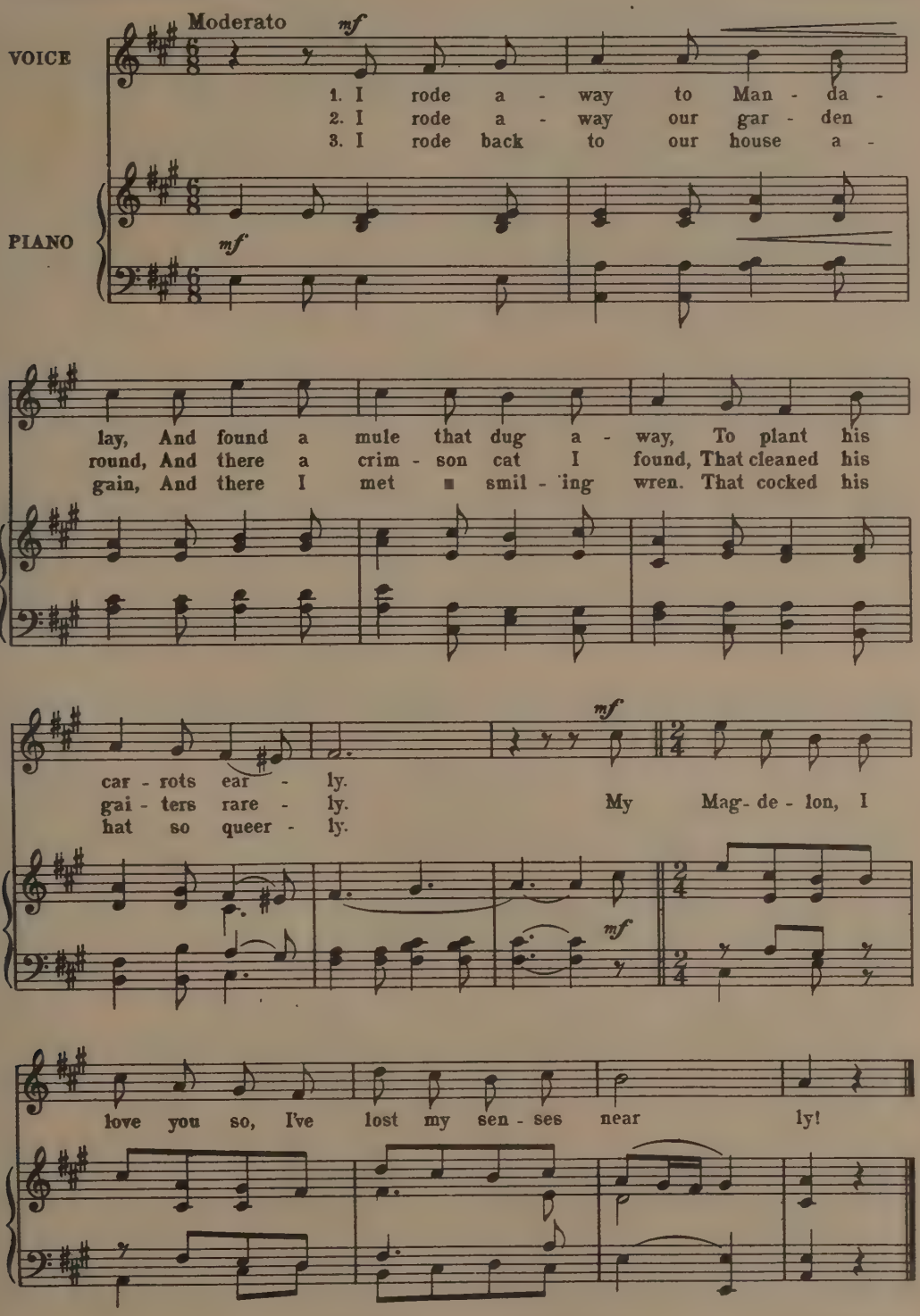
# I RODE AWAY TO MANDALAY

(Je m'en allay à Bagnolet)

*Translated by Edward Thatcher*

FOLKSONG


Moderato
mf
VOICE
PIANO
1. I rode a - way to Man - da -
2. I rode a - way our gar - den
3. I rode back to our house a -
lay, And found a mule that dug a - way, To plant his
round, And there a crim - son cat I found, That cleaned his
gain, And there I met ■ smil - ing wren. That cocked his
car - rots ear - ly.
gai - ters rare - ly.
hat so queer - ly.
My Mag- de - lon, I
love you so, I've lost my sen - ses near ly!

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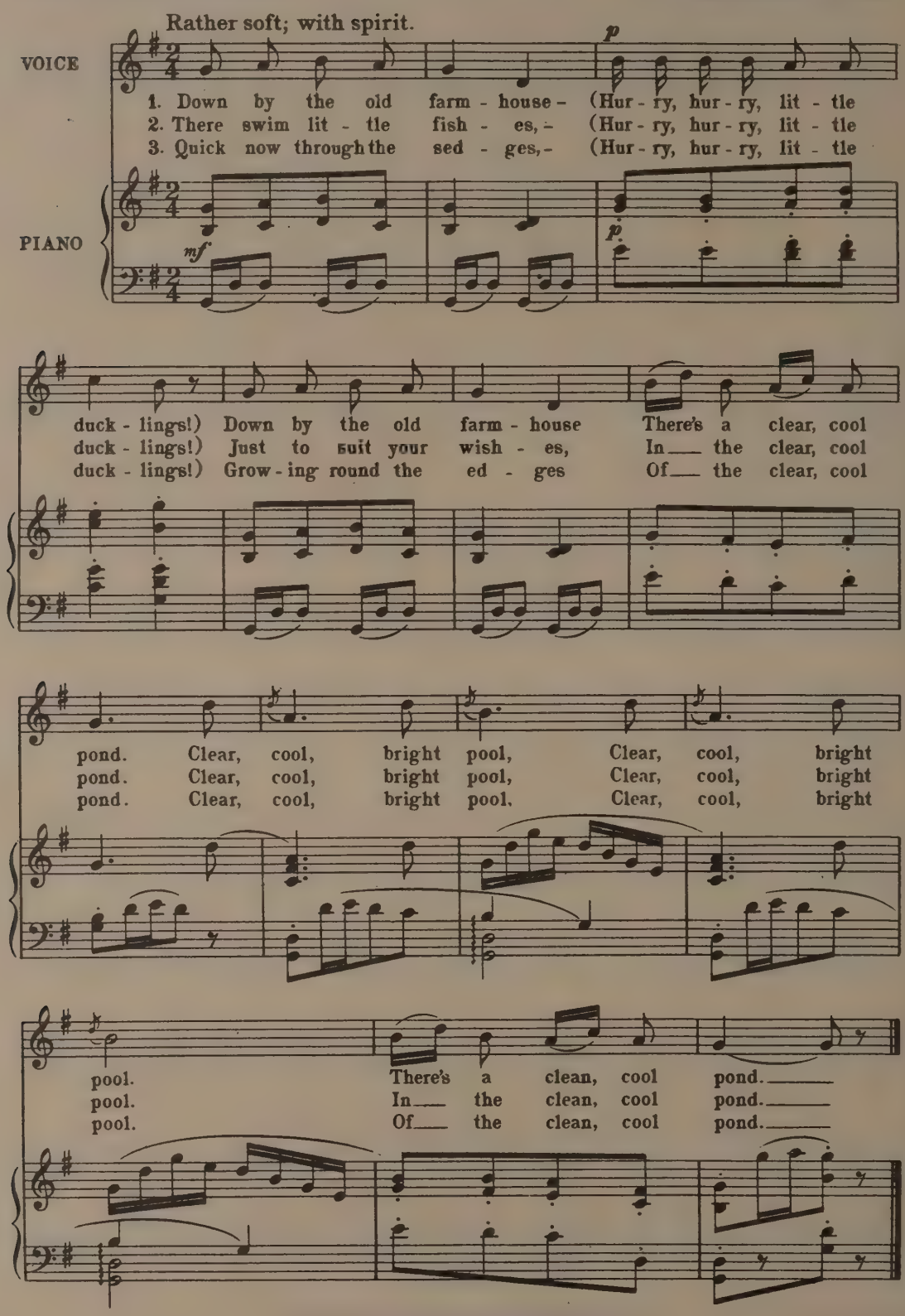
# THE CLEAR COOL POND

(Les trois princesses)

*English adaptation by George Gould*

OLD FOLKSONG
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Rather soft; with spirit.
VOICE
PIANO
p
mf
1. Down by the old farm - house - (Hur - ry, hur - ry, lit - tle
2. There swim lit - tle fish - es, - (Hur - ry, hur - ry, lit - tle
3. Quick now through the sed - ges, - (Hur - ry, hur - ry, lit - tle
duck - lings!) Down by the old farm - house There's a clear, cool
duck - lings!) Just to suit your wish - es, In the clear, cool
duck - lings!) Grow - ing round the ed - ges Of the clear, cool
pond. Clear, cool, bright pool, Clear, cool, bright
pond. Clear, cool, bright pool, Clear, cool, bright
pond. Clear, cool, bright pool, Clear, cool, bright
pool. There's a clean, cool pond.
pool. In the clean, cool pond.
pool. Of the clean, cool pond.

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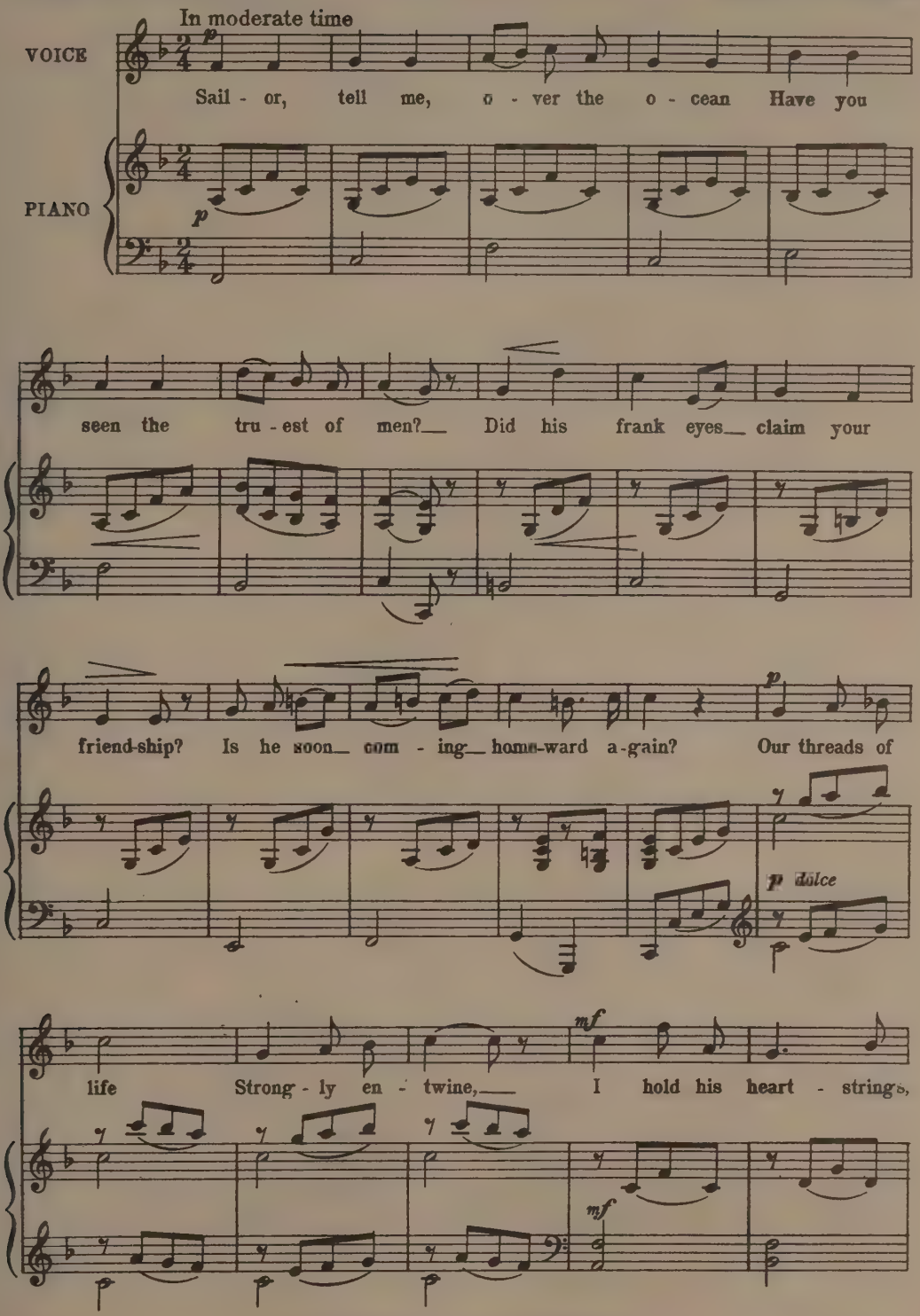
# THE RETURN

(Le Retour)

*English words by George Gould*

MARIE ANTOINETTE
(Queen of France 1755–1793)


In moderate time
VOICE
PIANO
Sail - or, tell me, o - ver the o - cean Have you
seen the tru - est of men? Did his frank eyes claim your
friend-ship? Is he soon com - ing home-ward a-gain? Our threads of
p dolce
life Strong - ly en - twine, I hold his heart - strings,

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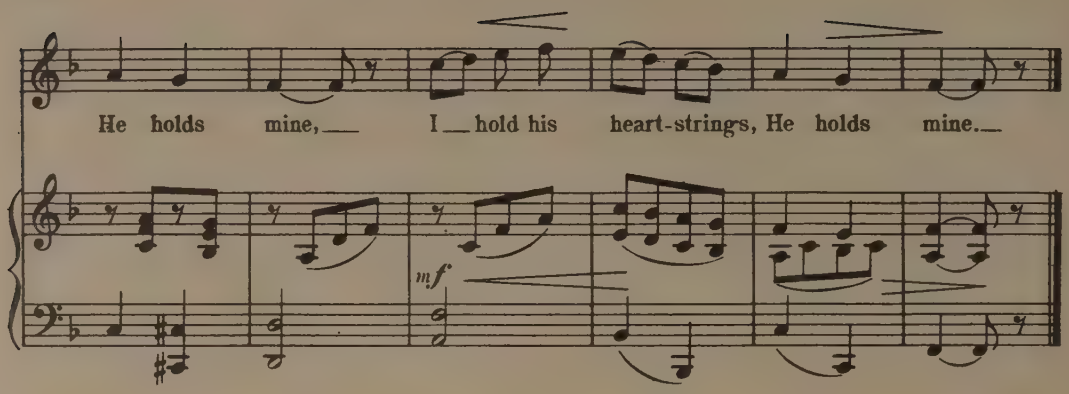
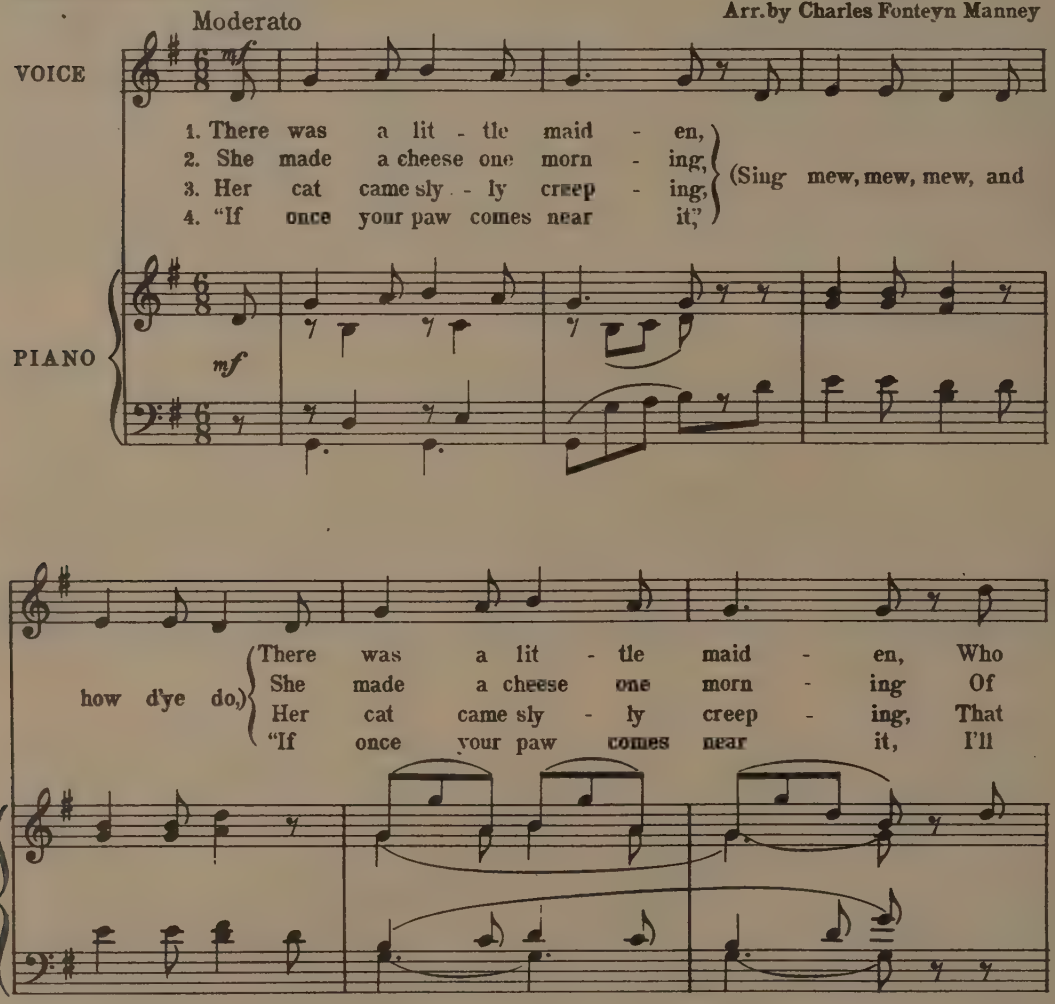

## THE SHEPHERD MAIDEN

(Il était une bergère)

*English adaption by Phoebe Lyde*

OLD TUNE
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Moderato


VOICE
mf
1. There was a lit - tle maid - en,
2. She made a cheese one morn - ing,
3. Her cat came sly - ly creep - ing,
4. "If once your paw comes near it,"
(Sing mew, mew, mew, and
PIANO
mf
how d'ye do,)
There was a lit - tle maid - en, Who
She made a cheese one morn - ing Of
Her cat came sly - ly creep - ing, That
"If once your paw comes near it, I'll

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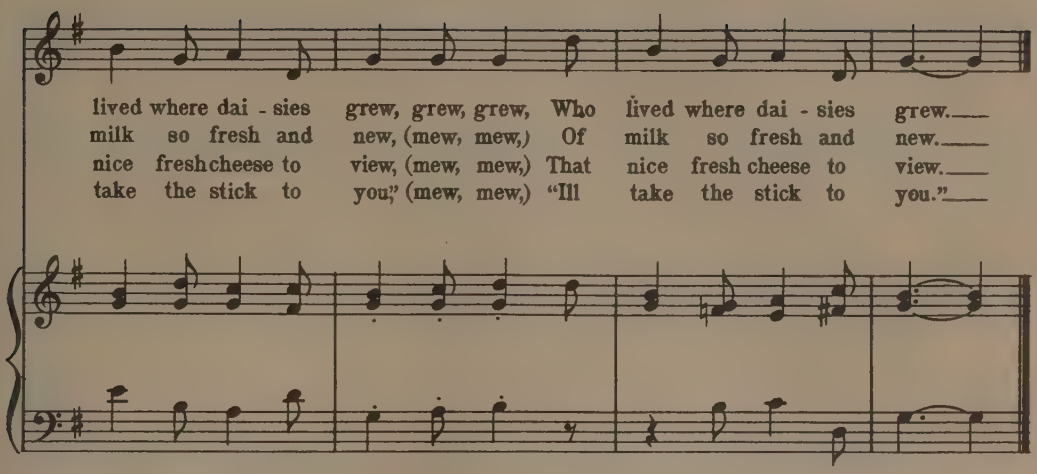
lived where dai - sies grew, grew, grew, Who lived where dai - sies grew.
milk so fresh and new, (mew, mew,) Of milk so fresh and new.
nice fresh cheese to view, (mew, mew,) That nice fresh cheese to view.
take the stick to you," (mew, mew,) "Ill take the stick to you."

5.

'Twas not his paw came near it -
(Sing mew, mew, mew, and how d'ye do,)
'Twas not his paw came near it
His chin he put right through (mew - mew,)
His chin he put right through!

6.

Across his back in anger
(Sing mew, mew, mew, and how d'ye do.)
Across his back in anger
The stick she broke in two - (mew - mew)
The stick she broke in two.

7.

"Papa, my heart is breaking"
(Sing mew, mew, mew, and how d'ye do.)
"Papa, my heart is breaking,
My cat I almost slew" (mew - mew)
"My cat I almost slew."

8.

"Give him some milk, my darling,"
(Sing mew, mew, mew, and how d'ye do.)
"Give him some milk, my darling,
Give me a kiss then, too." (mew - mew)
"Give me a kiss then, too."

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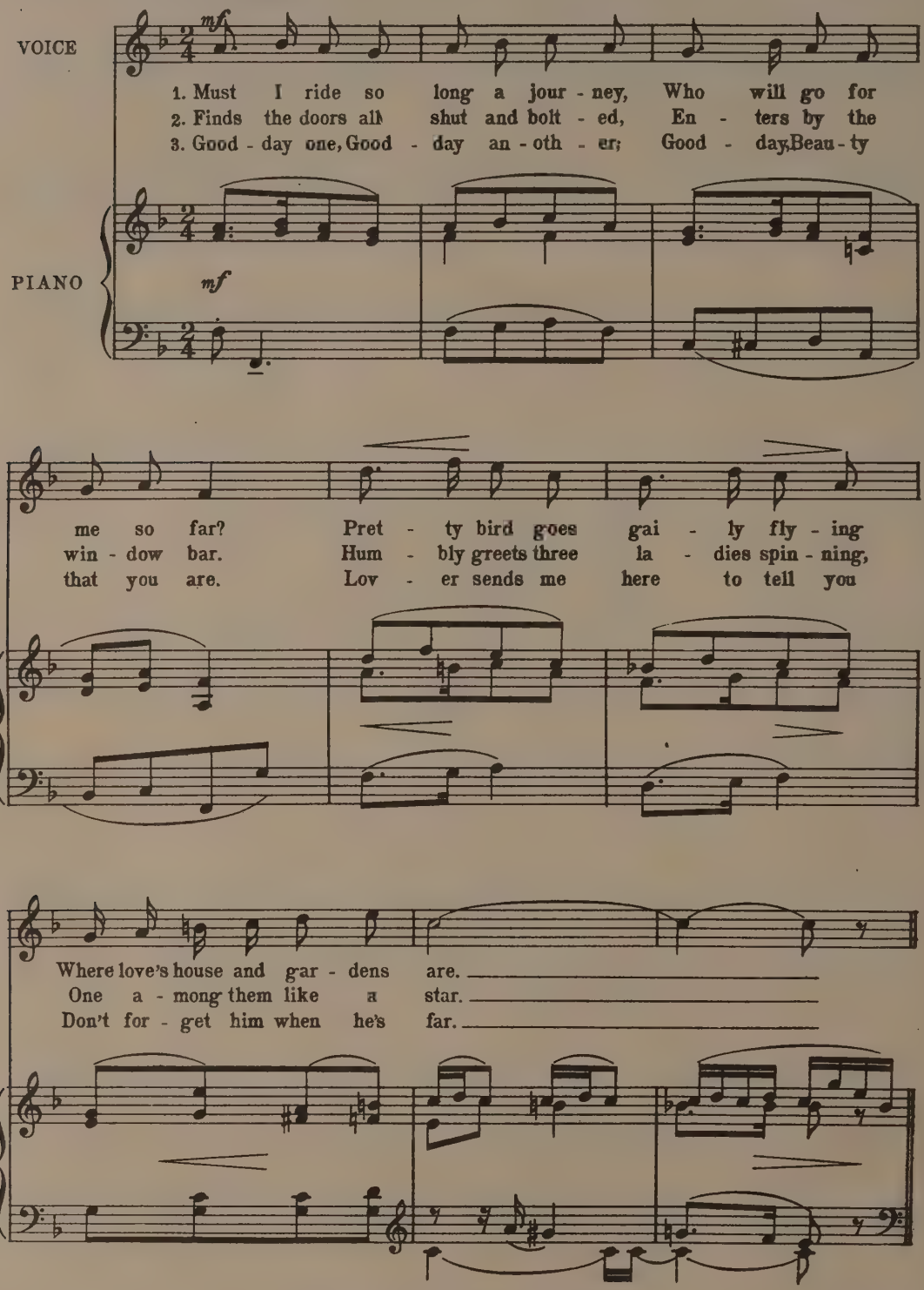
# HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY

## (J'ai un long voyage à faire)

*Translated by Edward Thatcher* FOLKSONG

In moderate time


VOICE
PIANO
mf
1. Must I ride so long a jour - ney, Who will go for me so far?
2. Finds the doors all shut and bolt - ed, En - ters by the win - dow bar.
3. Good - day one, Good - day an - oth - er; Good - day, Beau - ty that you are.
Pret - ty bird goes gai - ly fly - ing
Hum - bly greets three la - dies spin - ning,
Lov - er sends me here to tell you
Where love's house and gar - dens are.
One a - mong them like a star.
Don't for - get him when he's far.

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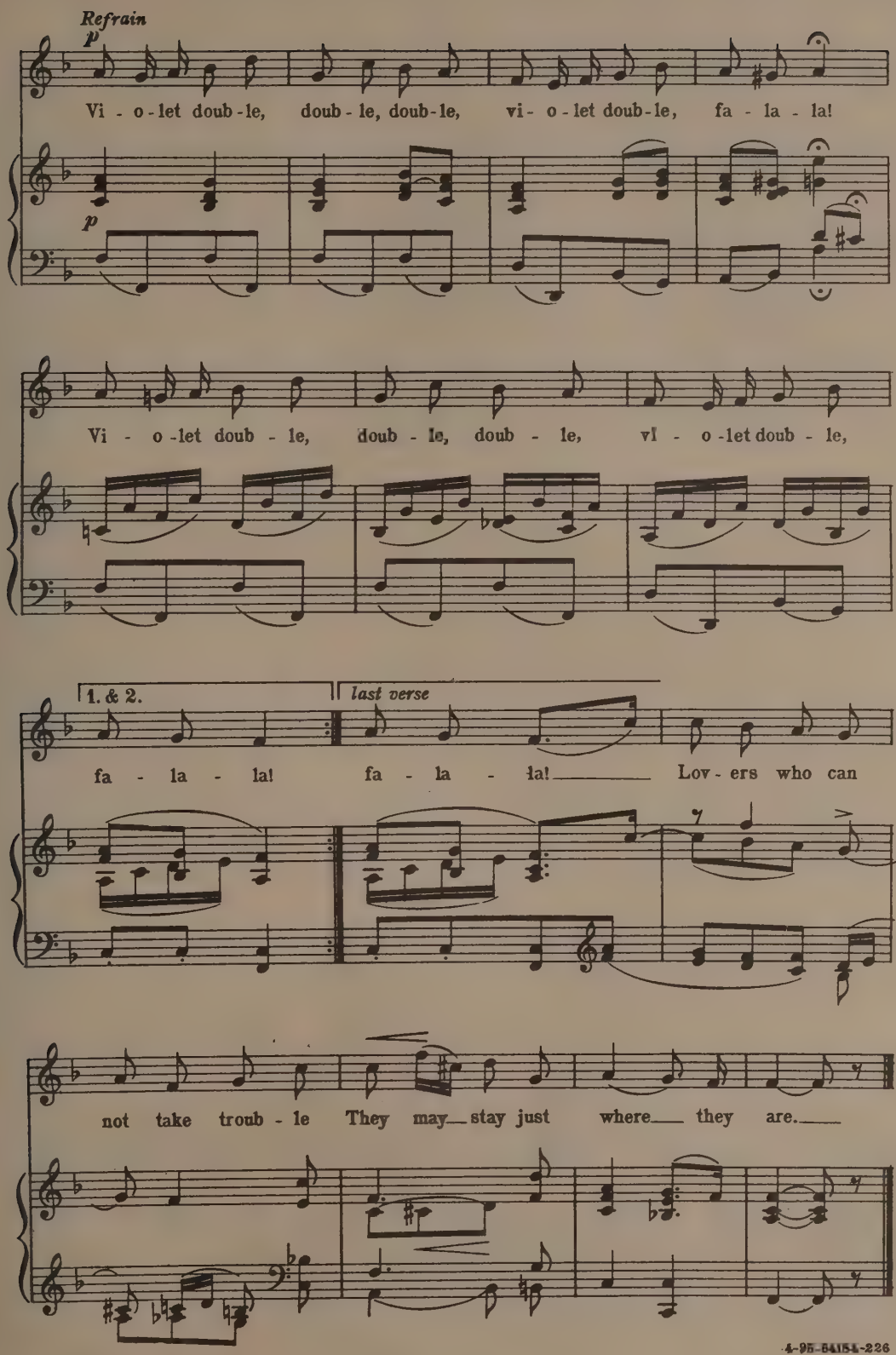
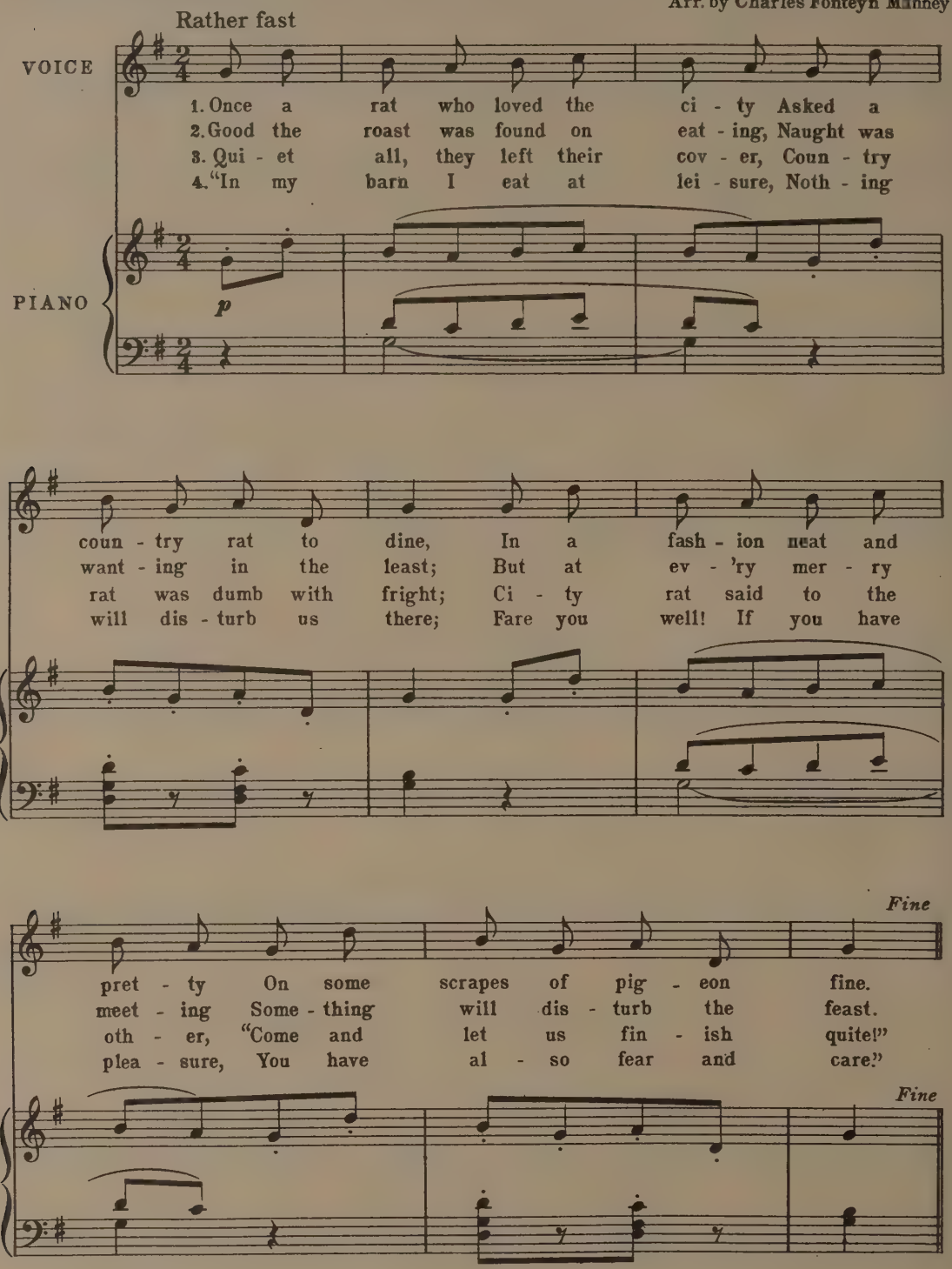

Refrain
p
Vi - o - let doub - le, doub - le, doub - le, vi - o - let doub - le, fa - la - la!
p
Vi - o - let doub - le, doub - le, doub - le, vi - o - let doub - le,
1. & 2.
last verse
fa - la - la! fa - la - la! Lov - ers who can
not take troub - le They may stay just where they are.

# THE CITY RAT AND THE COUNTRY RAT

*English version anonymous*

FOLKSONG
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Rather fast
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. Once a rat who loved the ci - ty Asked a
2. Good the roast was found on eat - ing, Naught was
3. Qui - et all, they left their cov - er, Coun - try
4. "In my barn I eat at lei - sure, Noth - ing
coun - try rat to dine, In a fash - ion neat and
want - ing in the least; But at ev - 'ry mer - ry
rat was dumb with fright; Ci - ty rat said to the
will dis - turb us there; Fare you well! If you have
Fine
pret - ty On some scrapes of pig - eon fine.
meet - ing Some - thing will dis - turb the feast.
oth - er, "Come and let us fin - ish quite!"
plea - sure, You have al - so fear and care."
Fine

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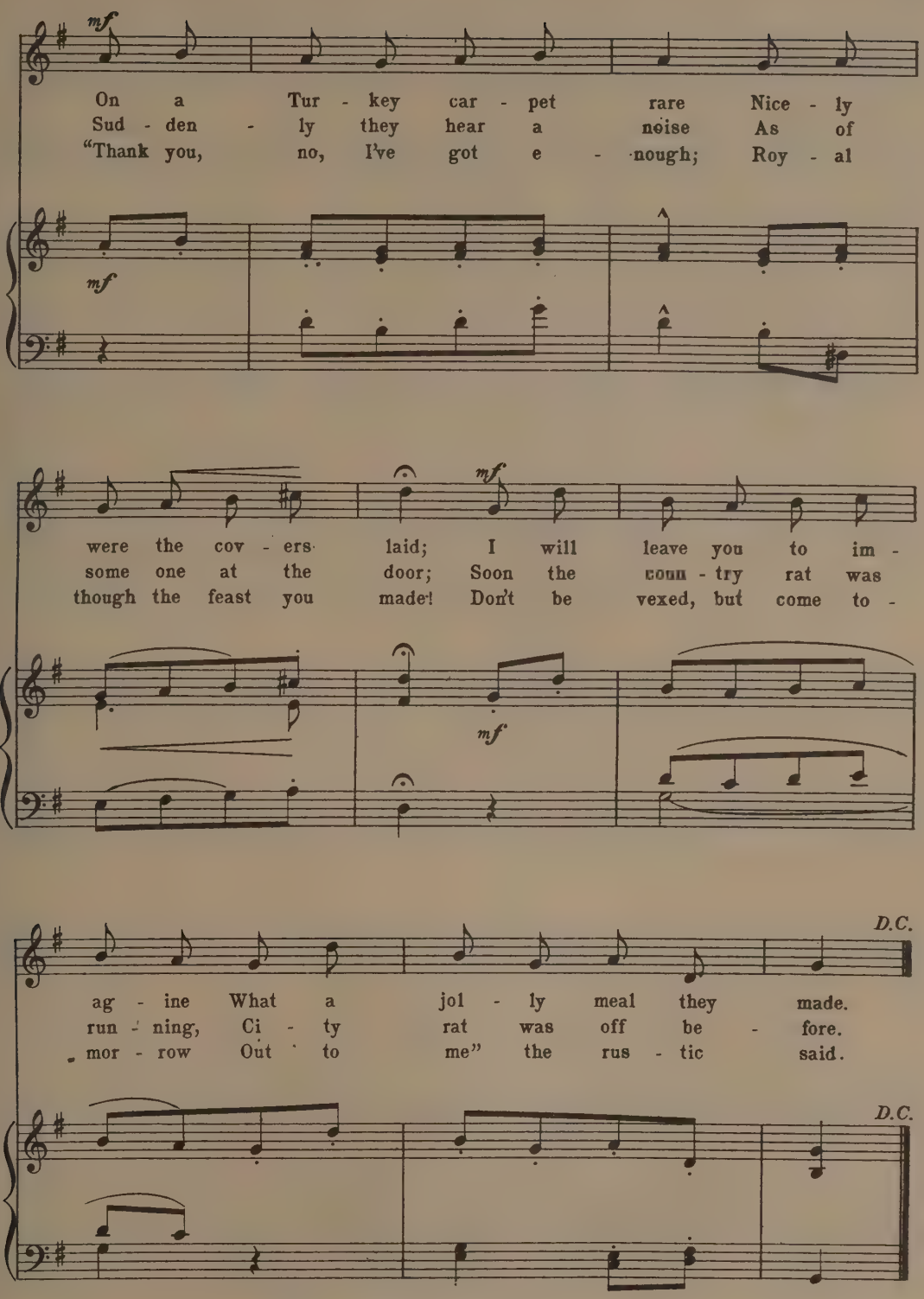

mf
On a Tur - key car - pet rare Nice - ly
Sud - den - ly they hear a noise As of
"Thank you, no, I've got e - nough; Roy - al
mf
were the cov - ers laid; I will leave you to im -
some one at the door; Soon the coun - try rat was
though the feast you made! Don't be vexed, but come to -
mf
D.C.
ag - ine What a jol - ly meal they made.
run - ning, Ci - ty rat was off be - fore.
mor - row Out to me" the rus - tic said.
D.C.

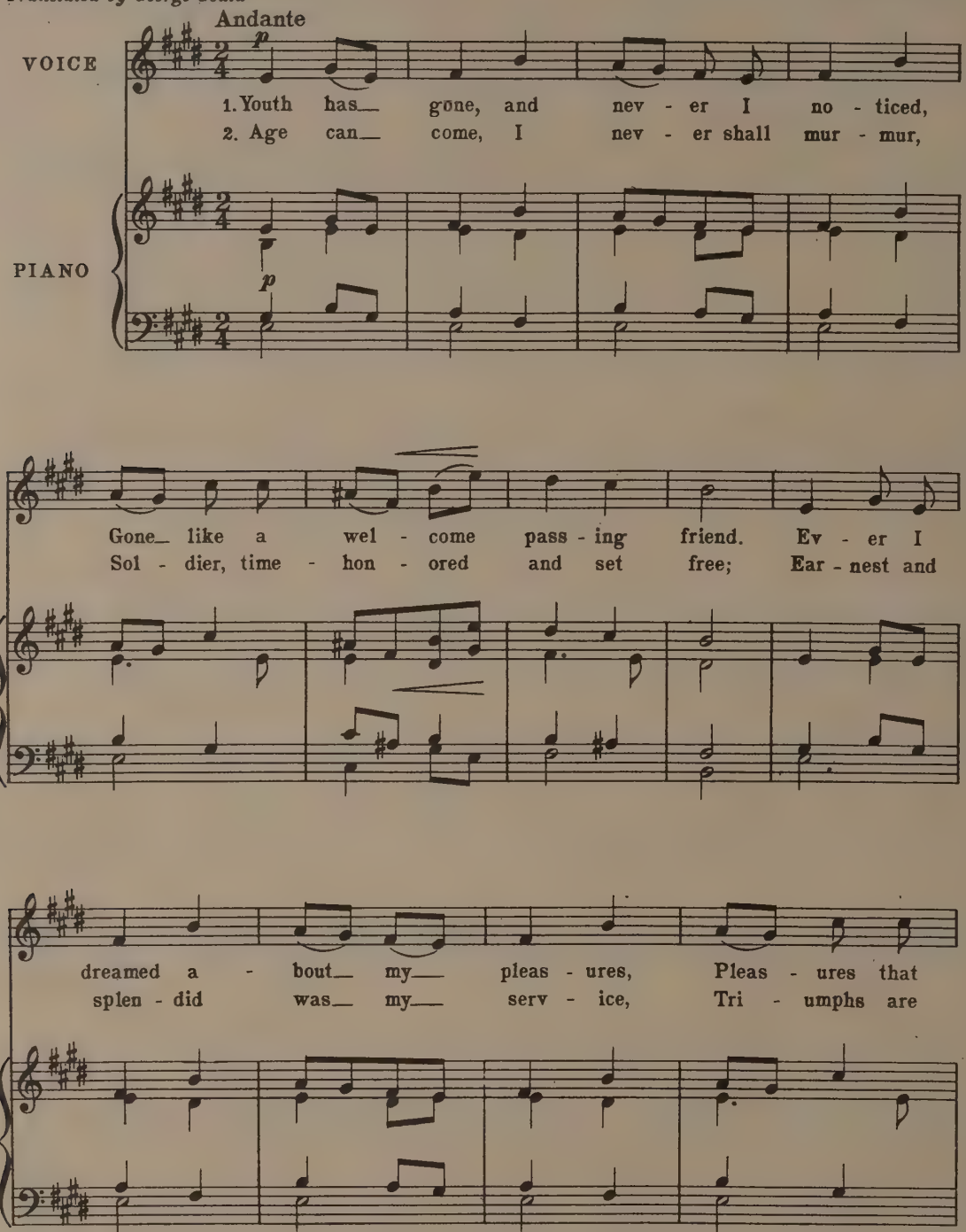
4-95-64184-226

# YOUTH HAS GONE

(Plus ne suis ce que j'ai été)

Words ascribed to
CLÉMENT MÉROT (1495)
*Translated by George Gould*

*)FOLKSONG


Andante
VOICE
PIANO
1. Youth has gone, and nev - er I no - ticed,
2. Age can come, I nev - er shall mur - mur,
Gone like a wel - come pass - ing friend. Ev - er I
Sol - dier, time - hon - ored and set free; Ear - nest and
dreamed a - bout my pleas - ures, Pleas - ures that
splen - did was my serv - ice, Tri - umphs are

*)This air was used by Händel for his set of variations known as "The Harmonious Blacksmith."

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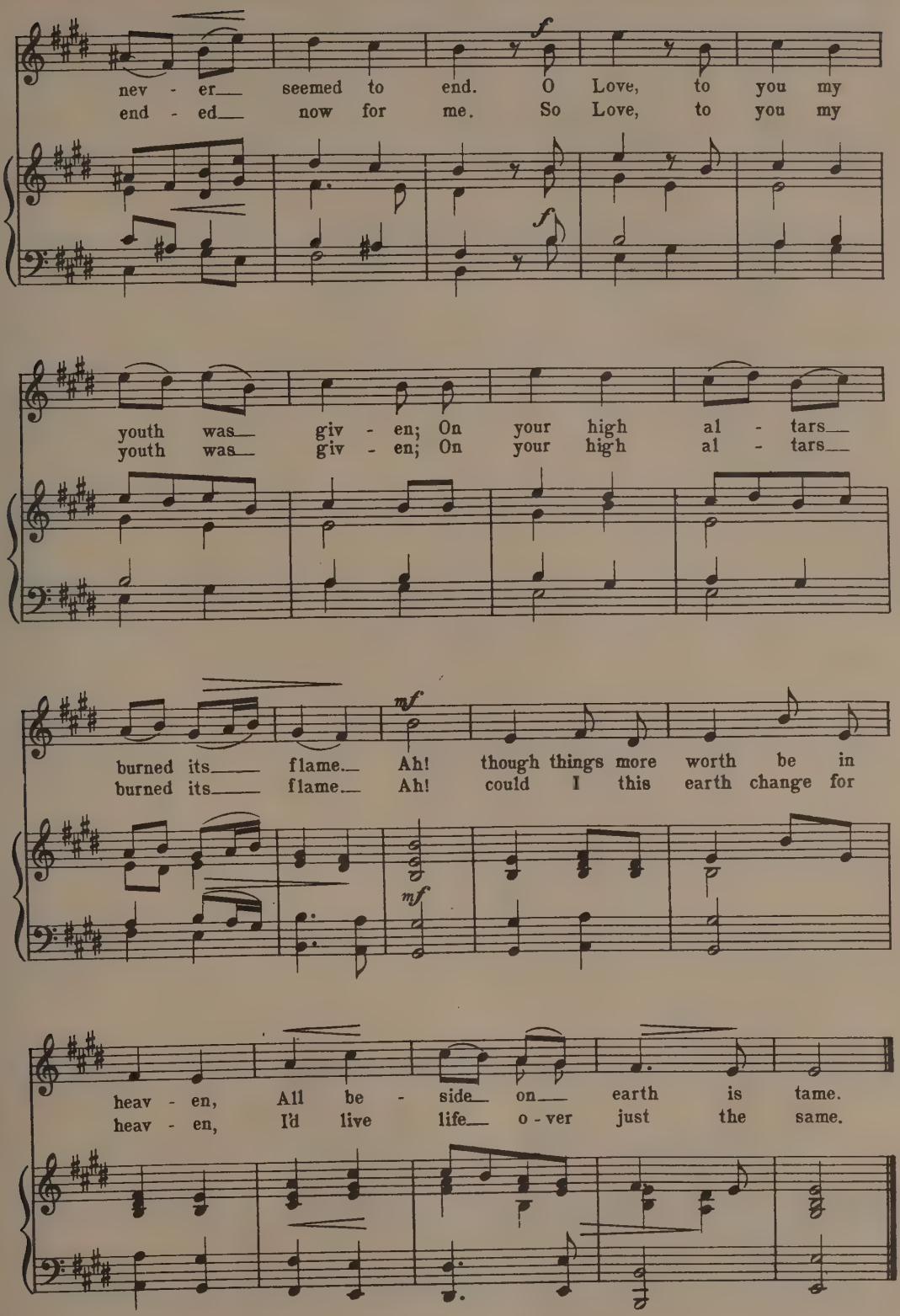

nev - er seemed to end. O Love, to you my
end - ed now for me. So Love, to you my
youth was giv - en; On your high al - tars
youth was giv - en; On your high al - tars
burned its flame. Ah! though things more worth be in
burned its flame. Ah! could I this earth change for
heav - en, All be - side on earth is tame.
heav - en, I'd live life o - ver just the same.

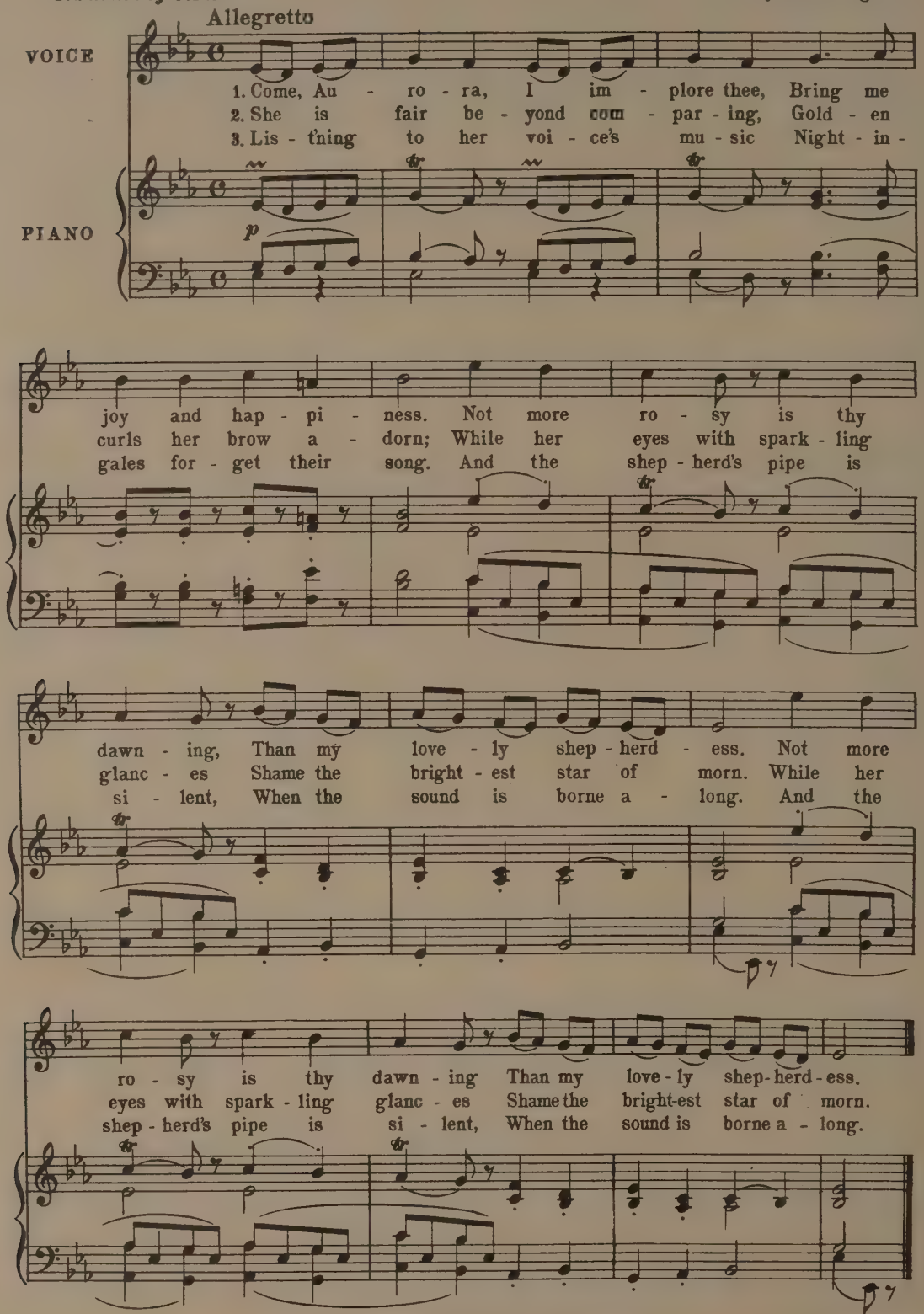
4-95-64184-226

# COME, AURORA

(Viens, Aurore)

Verses ascribed to HENRI IV
*Translated by C.F.M.*

OLD AIR (16th century)
Arr. by O.H. Lange


Allegretto
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. Come, Au - ro - ra, I im - plore thee, Bring me joy and hap - pi - ness. Not more ro - sy is thy dawn - ing, Than my love - ly shep - herd - ess. Not more ro - sy is thy dawn - ing Than my love - ly shep - herd - ess.
2. She is fair be - yond com - par - ing, Gold - en curls her brow a - dorn; While her eyes with spark - ling glanc - es Shame the bright - est star of morn. While her eyes with spark - ling glanc - es Shame the bright - est star of morn.
3. Lis - t'ning to her voi - ce's mu - sic Night - in - gales for - get their song. And the shep - herd's pipe is si - lent, When the sound is borne a - long. And the shep - herd's pipe is si - lent, When the sound is borne a - long.

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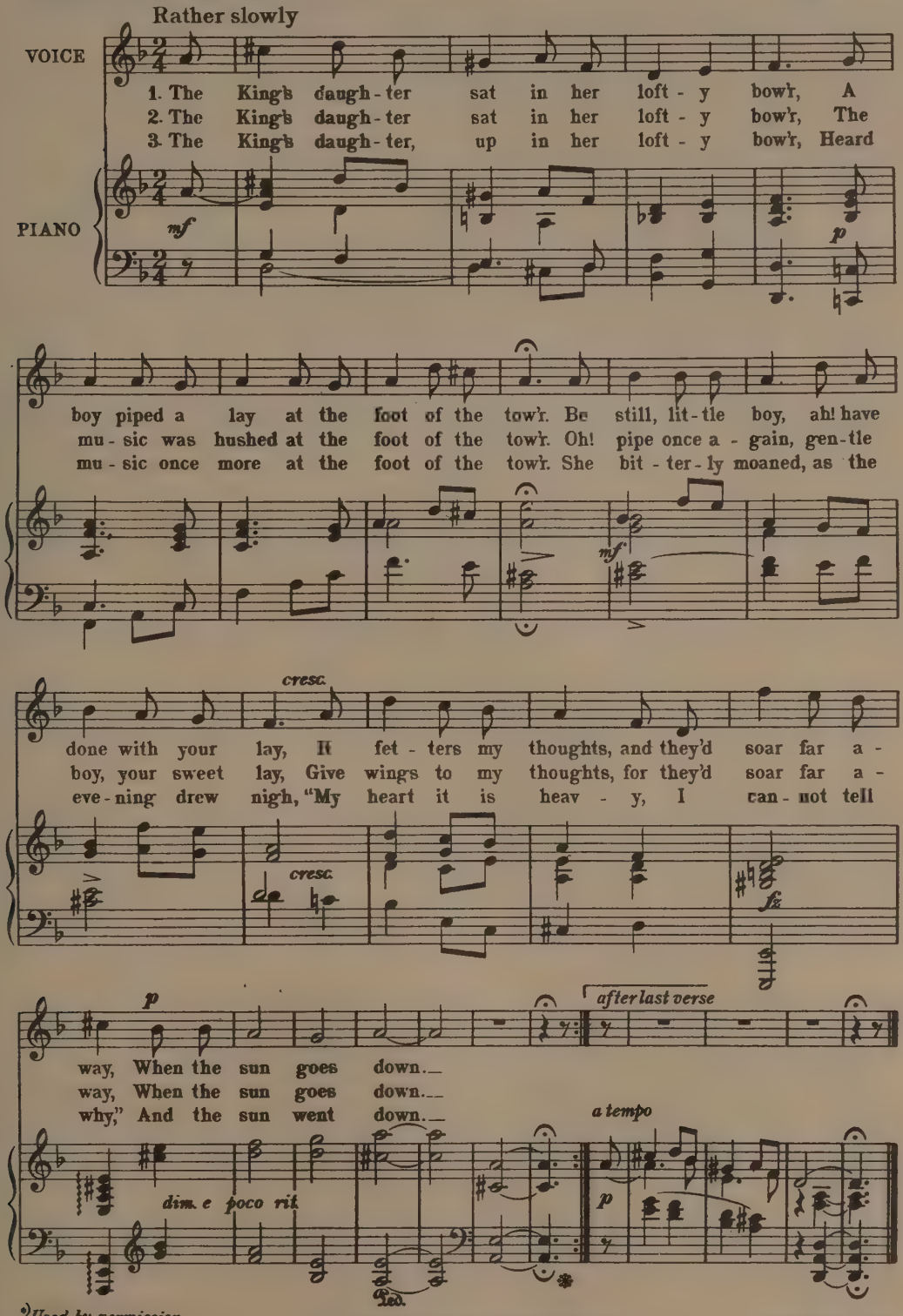
# TWILIGHT MUSING

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSEN (NORWEGIAN) HALFDAN KJERULF (1815-1868)

*)*Translated by Aubertine Woodward Moore*

Rather slowly
VOICE
PIANO
1. The King's daugh-ter sat in her loft-y bow'r, A
2. The King's daugh-ter sat in her loft-y bow'r, The
3. The King's daugh-ter, up in her loft-y bow'r, Heard
mf
p
boy piped a lay at the foot of the tow'r. Be still, lit-tle boy, ah! have
mu-sic was hushed at the foot of the tow'r. Oh! pipe once a-gain, gen-tle
mu-sic once more at the foot of the tow'r. She bit-ter-ly moaned, as the
mf
cresc.
done with your lay, It fet-ters my thoughts, and they'd soar far a-
boy, your sweet lay, Give wings to my thoughts, for they'd soar far a-
eve-ning drew nigh, "My heart it is heav-y, I can-not tell
cresc.
fz
p
after last verse
way, When the sun goes down.
way, When the sun goes down.
why," And the sun went down.
a tempo
dim. e poco rit.
p
Ped.

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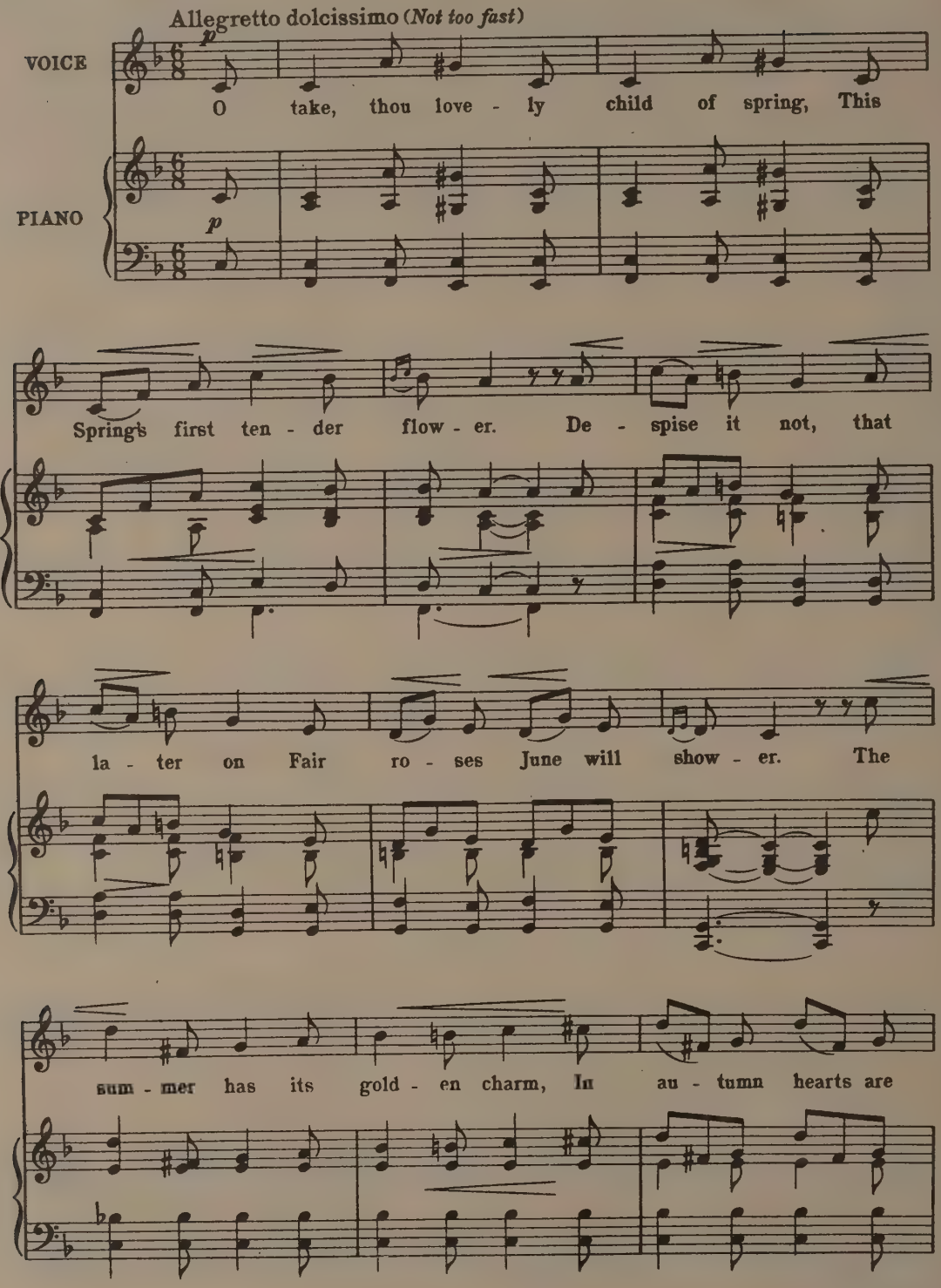
# THE FIRST PRIMROSE

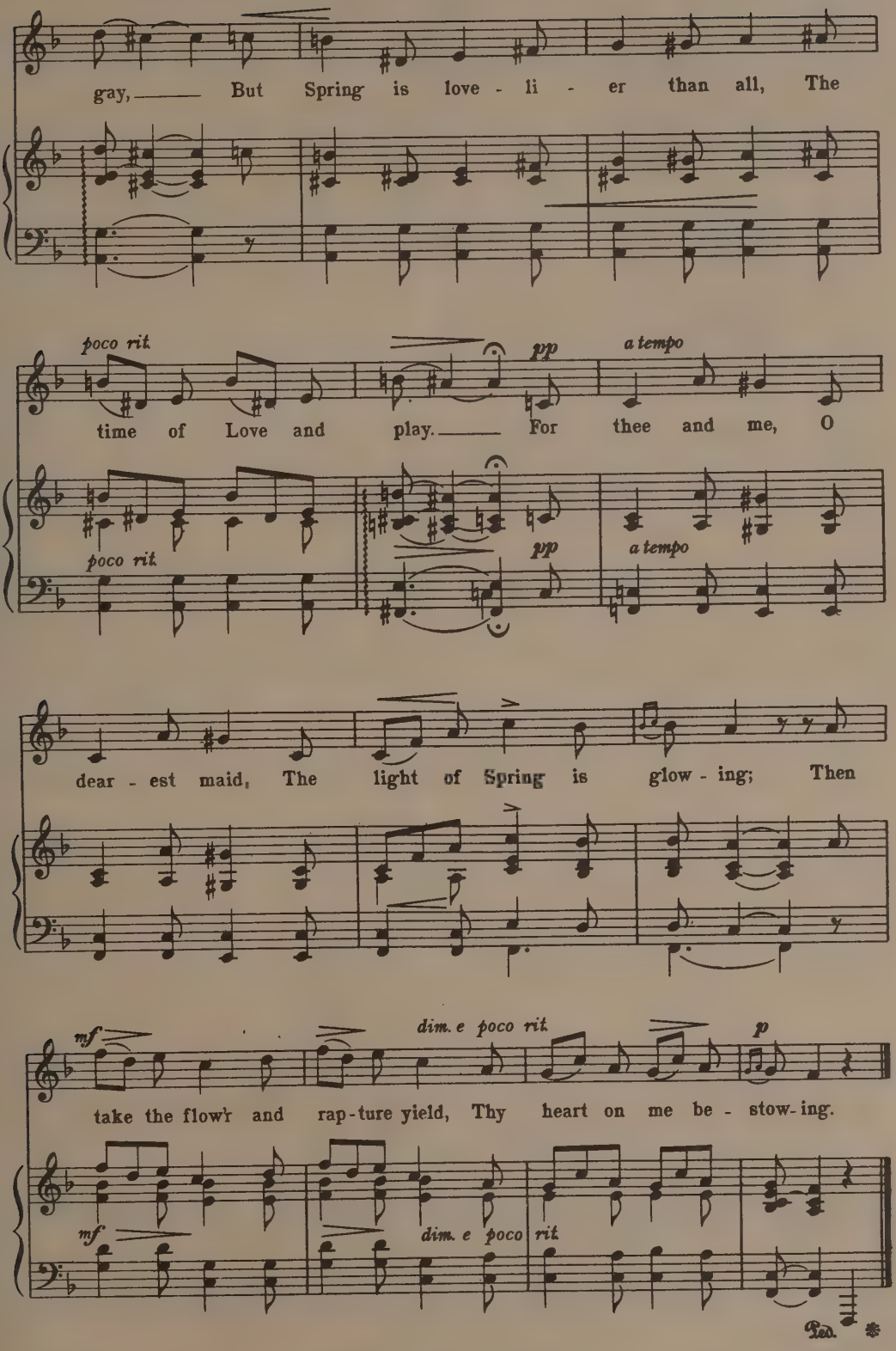
(Mit einer Primula veris)

(NORWEGIAN)

From the Norwegian of J. PAULSEN
*by F. Corder*

EDVARD GRIEG
(1843- )

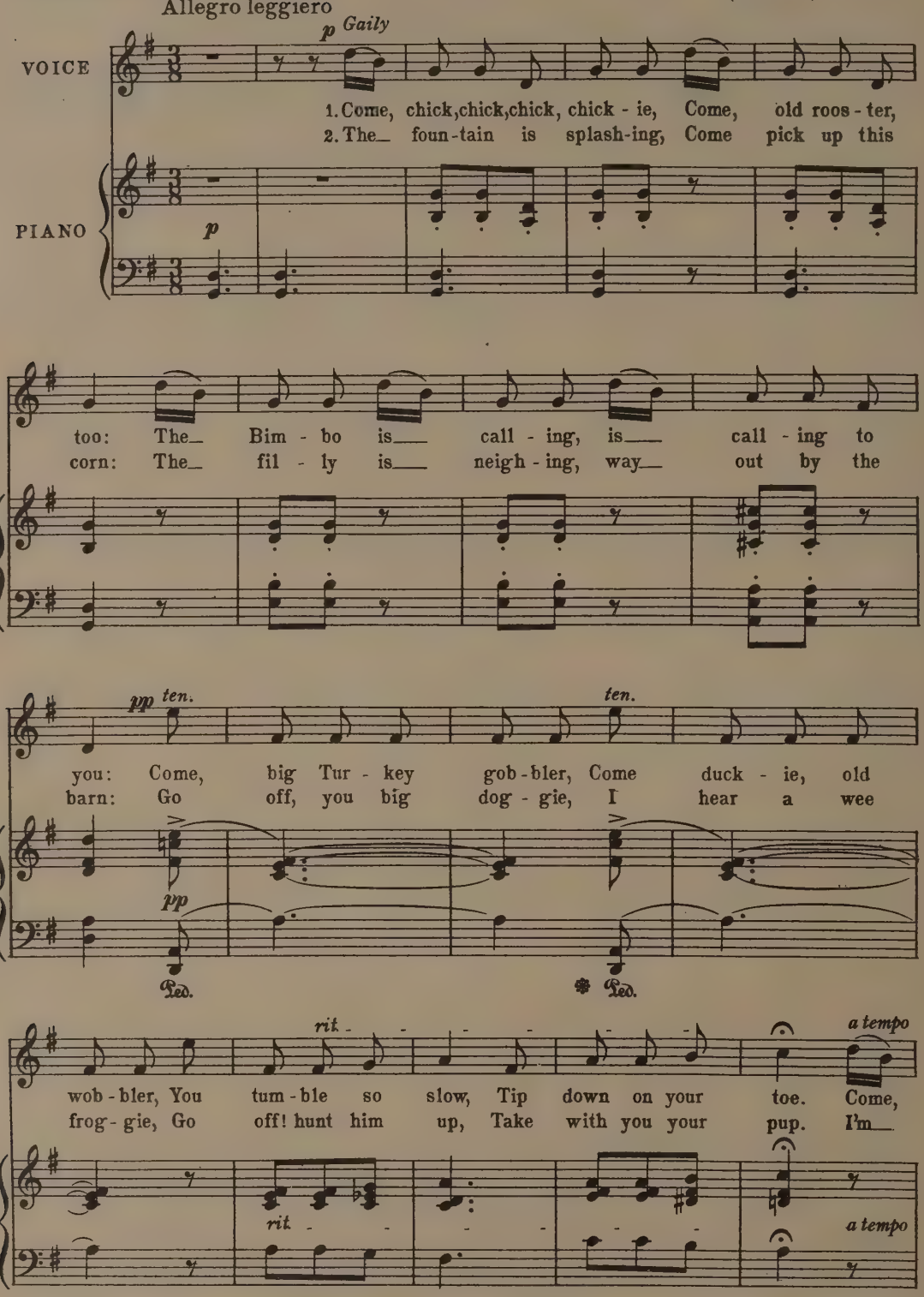

Allegretto dolcissimo (Not too fast)
VOICE
PIANO
p
O take, thou love - ly child of spring, This
Spring's first ten - der flow - er. De - spise it not, that
la - ter on Fair ro - ses June will show - er. The
sum - mer has its gold - en charm, In au - tumn hearts are


gay, But Spring is love - li - er than all, The
poco rit
pp
a tempo
time of Love and play. For thee and me, O
poco rit
pp
a tempo
dear - est maid, The light of Spring is glow - ing; Then
mf
dim. e poco rit
p
take the flow'r and rap - ture yield, Thy heart on me be - stow - ing.
mf
dim. e poco rit
Ped.

# FARMYARD SONG

(NORWEGIAN)

*English words adapted by*
HERVEY WHITE

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 61, No. 3
(1843- )

Allegro leggiero
p Gaily
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. Come, chick, chick, chick, chick - ie, Come, old roos - ter,
2. The_ foun - tain is splash - ing, Come pick up this
too: The_ Bim - bo is_ call - ing, is_ call - ing to
corn: The_ fil - ly is_ neigh - ing, way_ out by the
pp ten.
ten.
you: Come, big Tur - key gob - bler, Come duck - ie, old
barn: Go off, you big dog - gie, I hear a wee
pp
Ped.
Ped.
rit.
a tempo
wob - bler, You tum - ble so slow, Tip down on your toe. Come,
frog - gie, Go off! hunt him up, Take with you your pup. I'm_
rit.
a tempo

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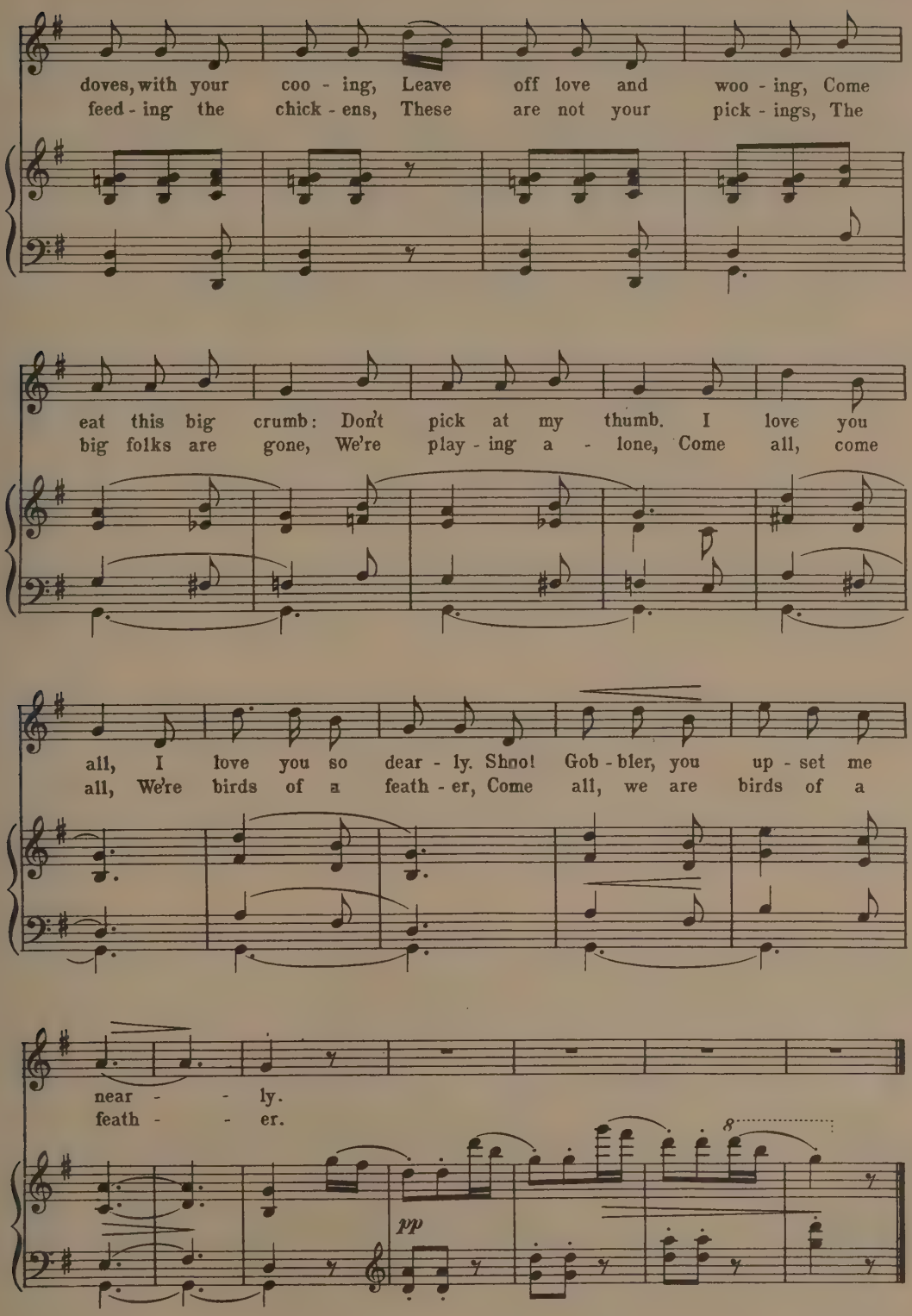
doves, with your coo - ing, Leave off love and woo - ing, Come
feed - ing the chick - ens, These are not your pick - ings, The
eat this big crumb: Don't pick at my thumb. I love you
big folks are gone, We're play - ing a - lone, Come all, come
all, I love you so dear - ly. Shoo! Gob - bler, you up - set me
all, We're birds of a feath - er, Come all, we are birds of a
near - - ly.
feath - - er.
8
pp

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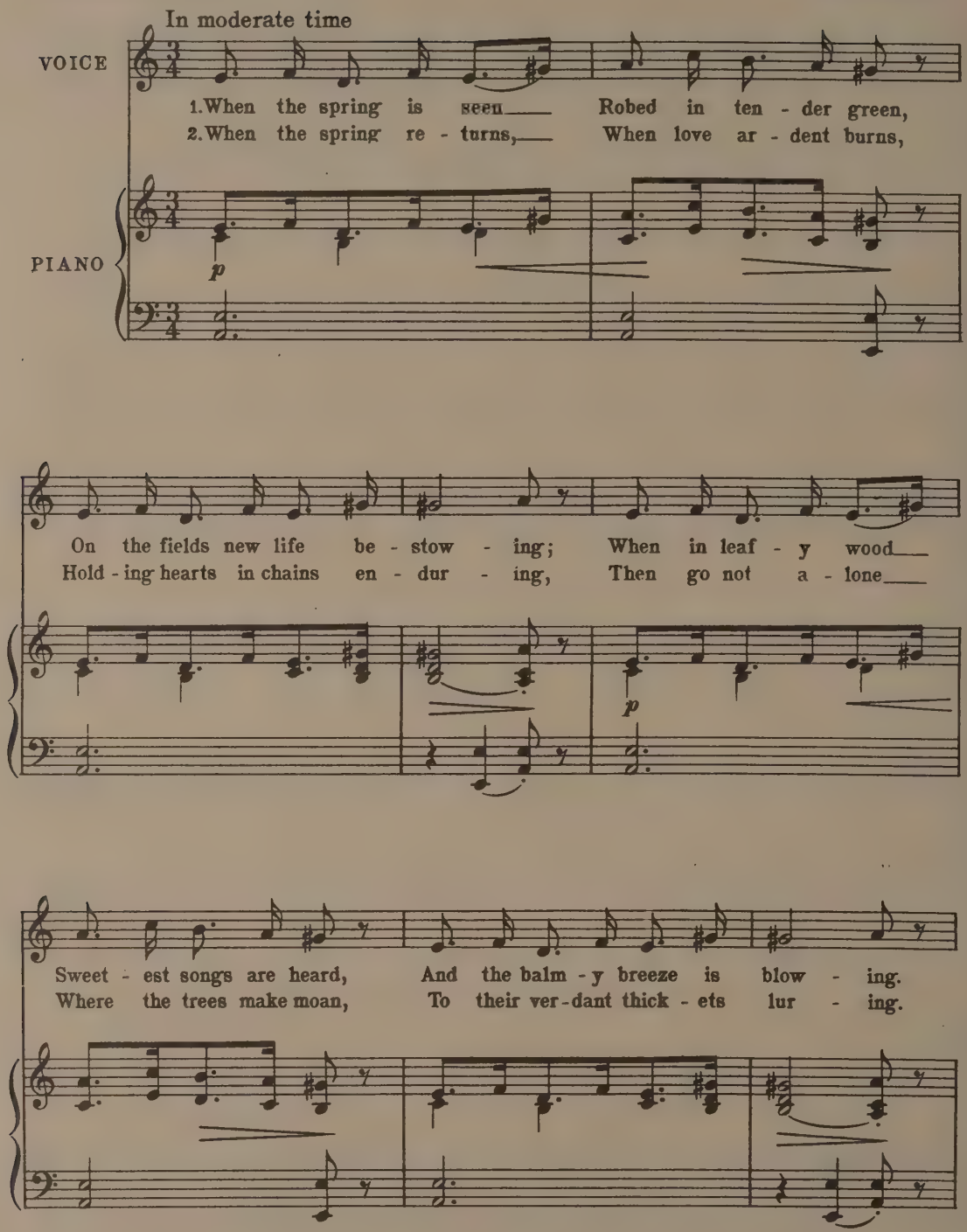
# SOUNDS OF SPRING

(NORWEGIAN)

*Translated by C.F.M.* FOLKSONG


In moderate time
VOICE
PIANO
1.When the spring is seen Robed in ten - der green,
2.When the spring re - turns, When love ar - dent burns,
p
On the fields new life be - stow - ing; When in leaf - y wood
Hold - ing hearts in chains en - dur - ing, Then go not a - lone
p
Sweet - est songs are heard, And the balm - y breeze is blow - ing.
Where the trees make moan, To their ver - dant thick - ets lur - ing.

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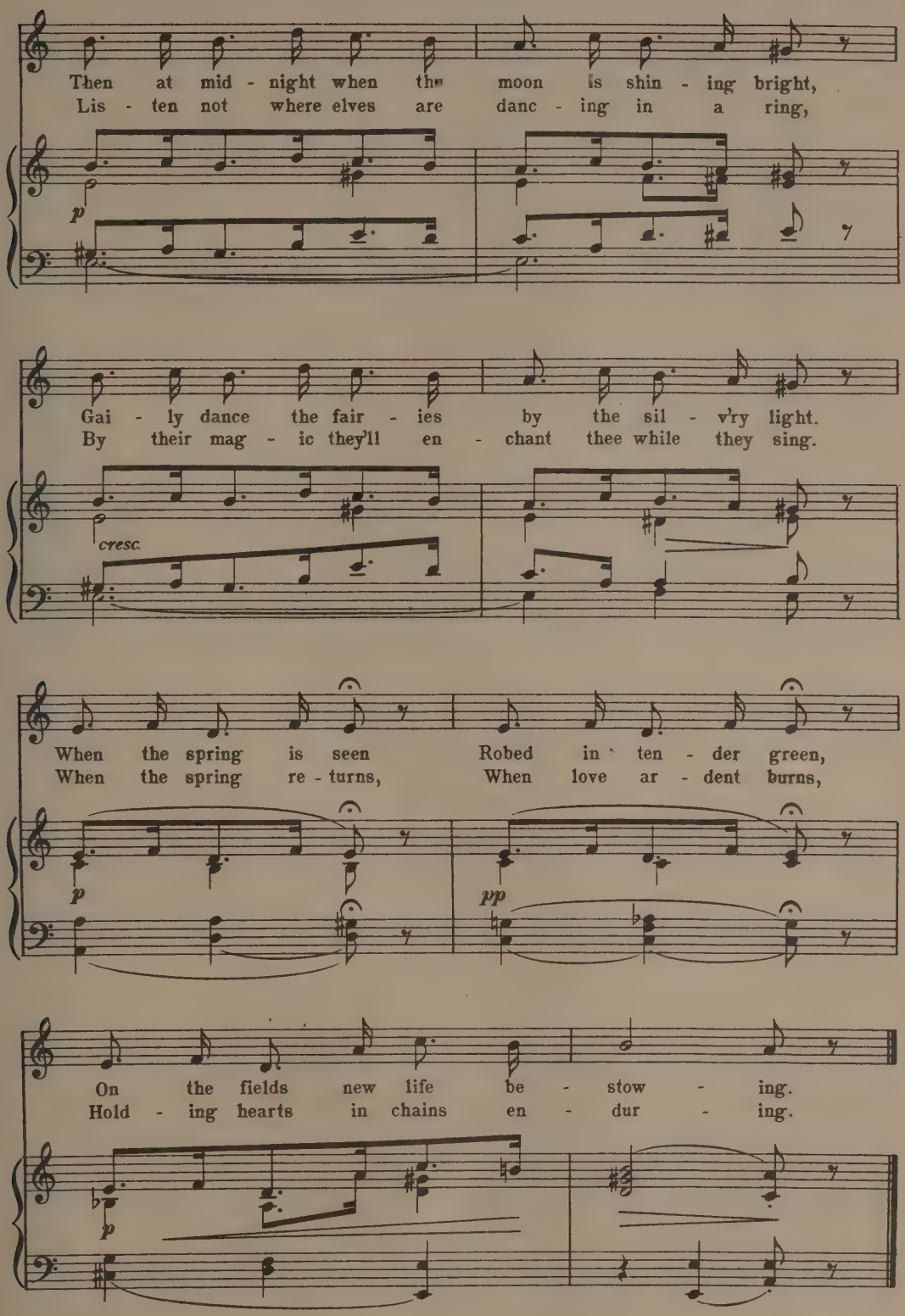
Then at mid - night when the moon is shin - ing bright,
Lis - ten not where elves are danc - ing in a ring,
p
Gai - ly dance the fair - ies by the sil - v'ry light.
By their mag - ic they'll en - chant thee while they sing.
cresc.
When the spring is seen Robed in ten - der green,
When the spring re - turns, When love ar - dent burns,
p
pp
On the fields new life be - stow - ing.
Hold - ing hearts in chains en - dur - ing.
p

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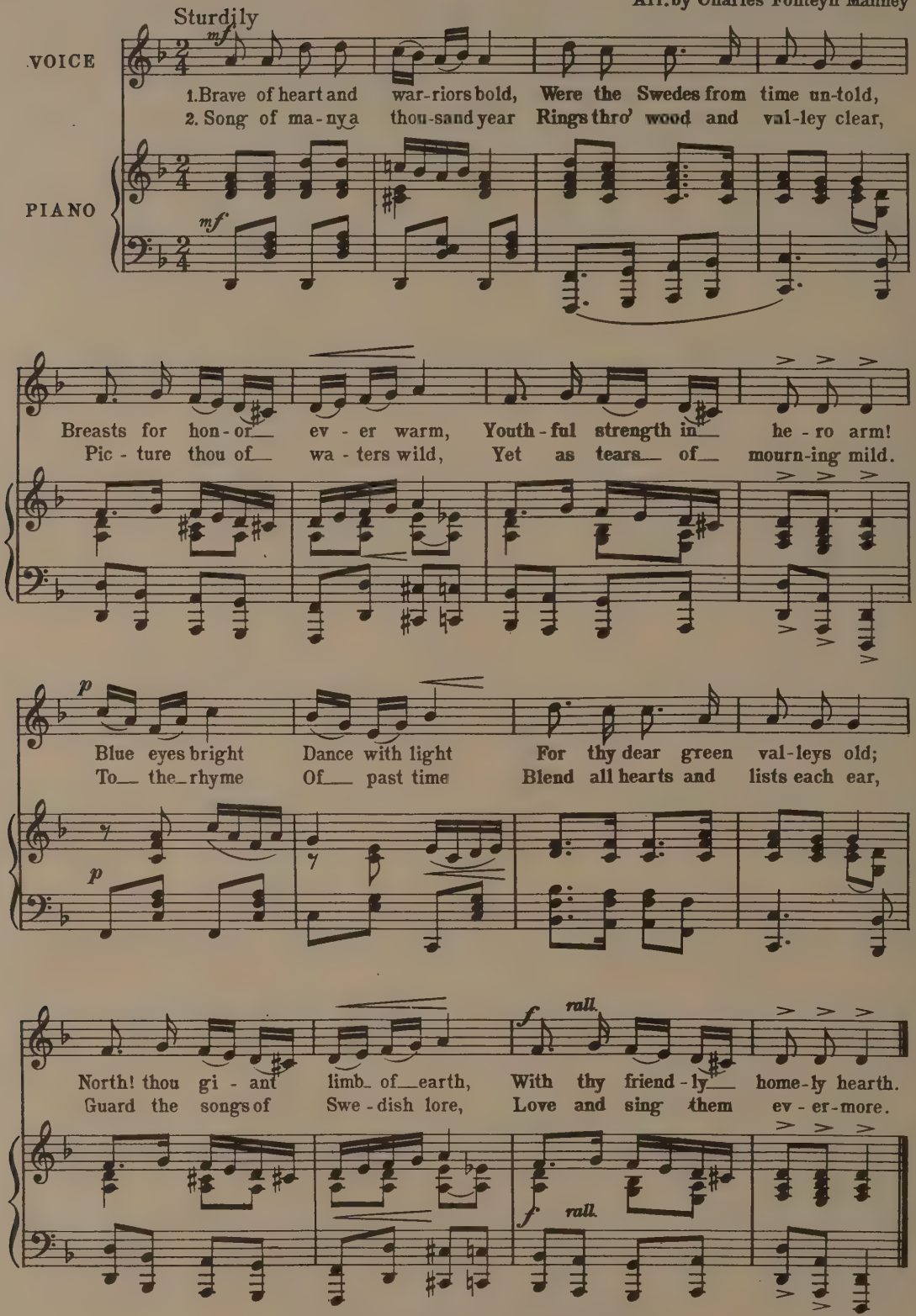
# BRAVE OF HEART

(SWEDISH)

FOLKSONG

Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Sturdily
mf
VOICE
PIANO
1. Brave of heart and war-riors bold, Were the Swedes from time un-told,
2. Song of ma-nya thou-sand year Rings thro' wood and val-ley clear,
Breasts for hon-or ev-er warm, Youth-ful strength in he-ro arm!
Pic-ture thou of wa-ters wild, Yet as tears of mourn-ing mild.
p
Blue eyes bright Dance with light For thy dear green val-leys old;
To the rhyme Of past time Blend all hearts and lists each ear,
f rall.
North! thou gi-ant limb of earth, With thy friend-ly home-ly hearth.
Guard the songs of Swe-dish lore, Love and sing them ev-er-more.

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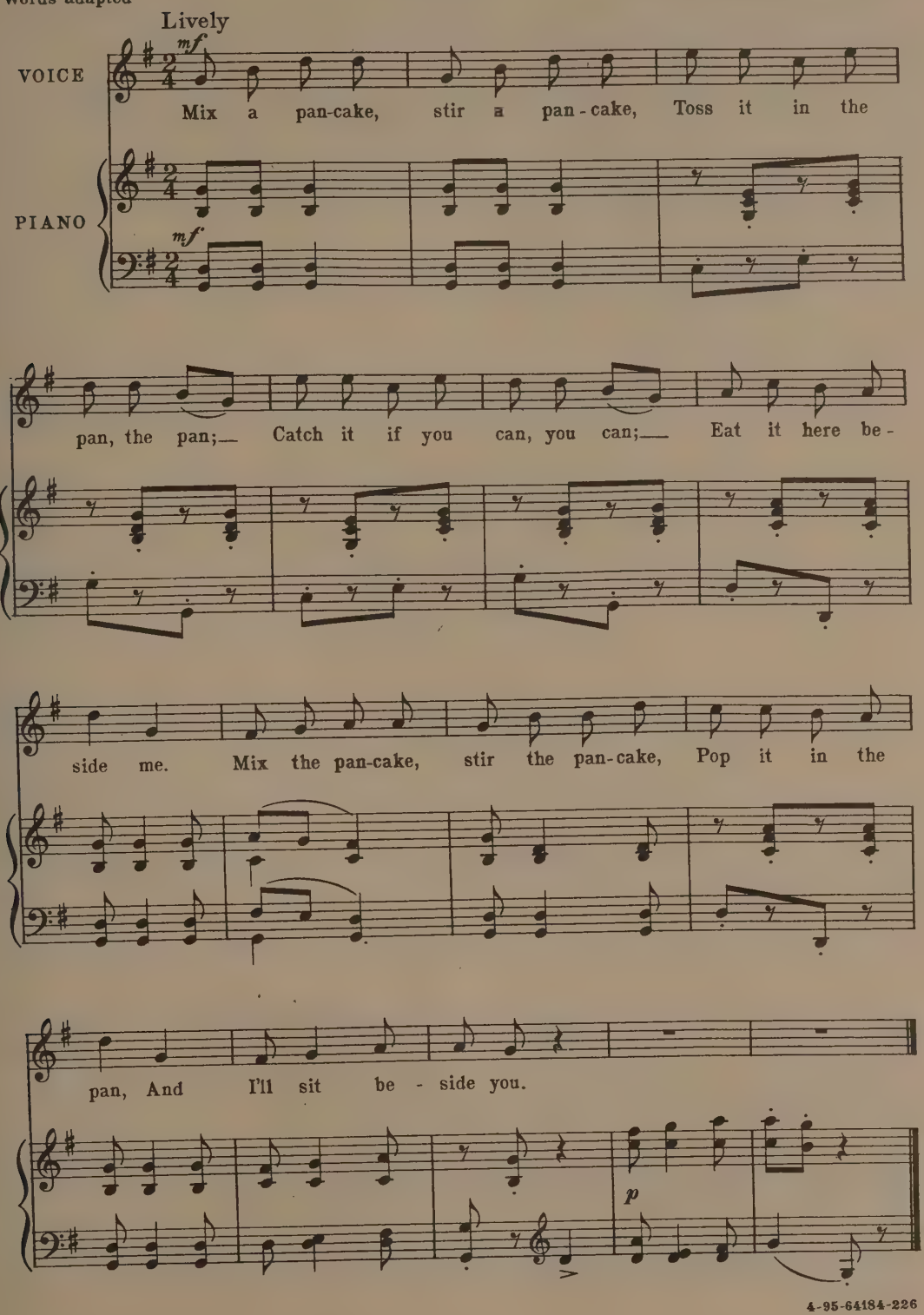
# KRAKOVIAK
(No. 1)

Words adapted

POLISH NATIONAL DANCE

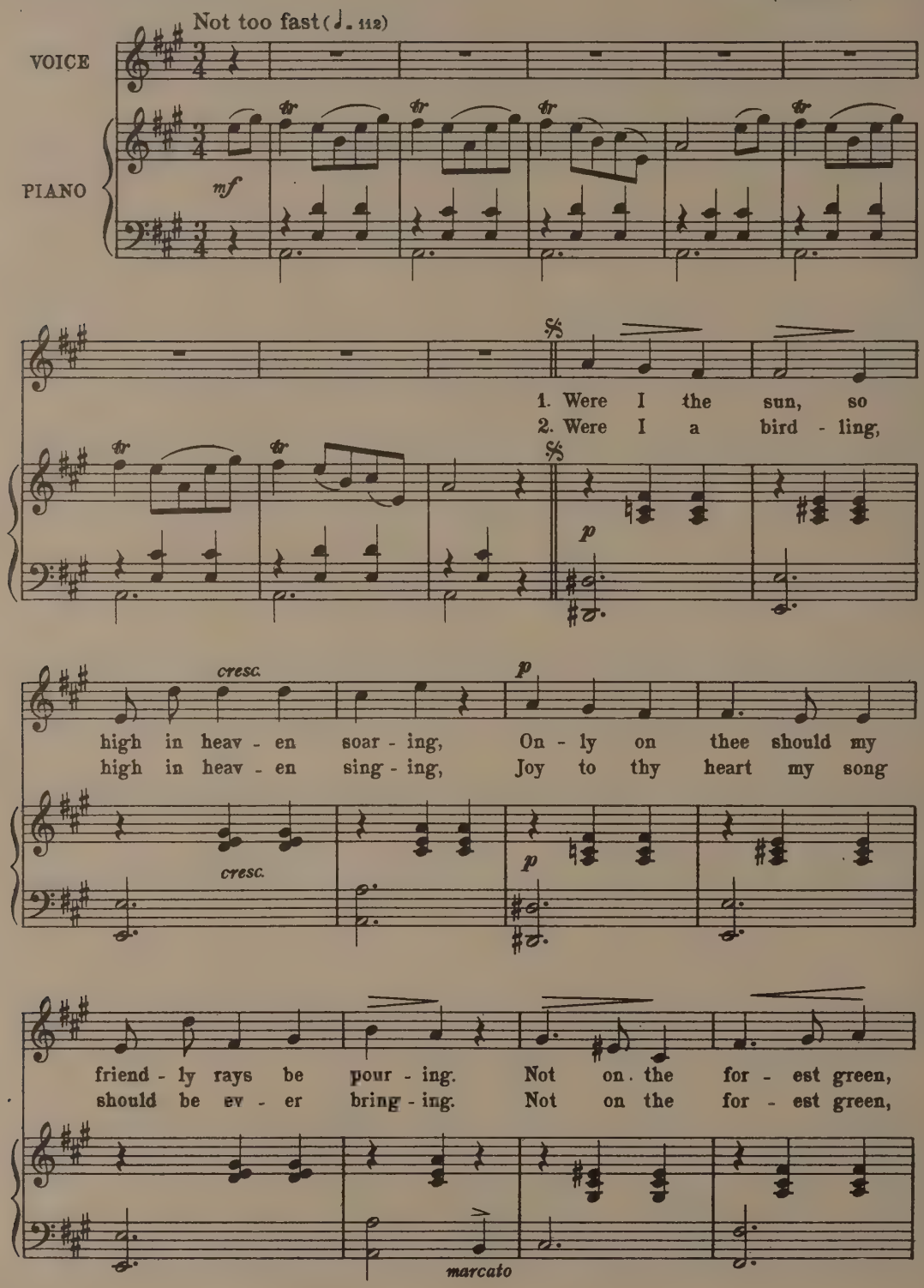

Lively
mf
VOICE
PIANO
Mix a pan-cake, stir a pan-cake, Toss it in the
pan, the pan;— Catch it if you can, you can;— Eat it here be-
side me. Mix the pan-cake, stir the pan-cake, Pop it in the
pan, And I'll sit be-side you.
p

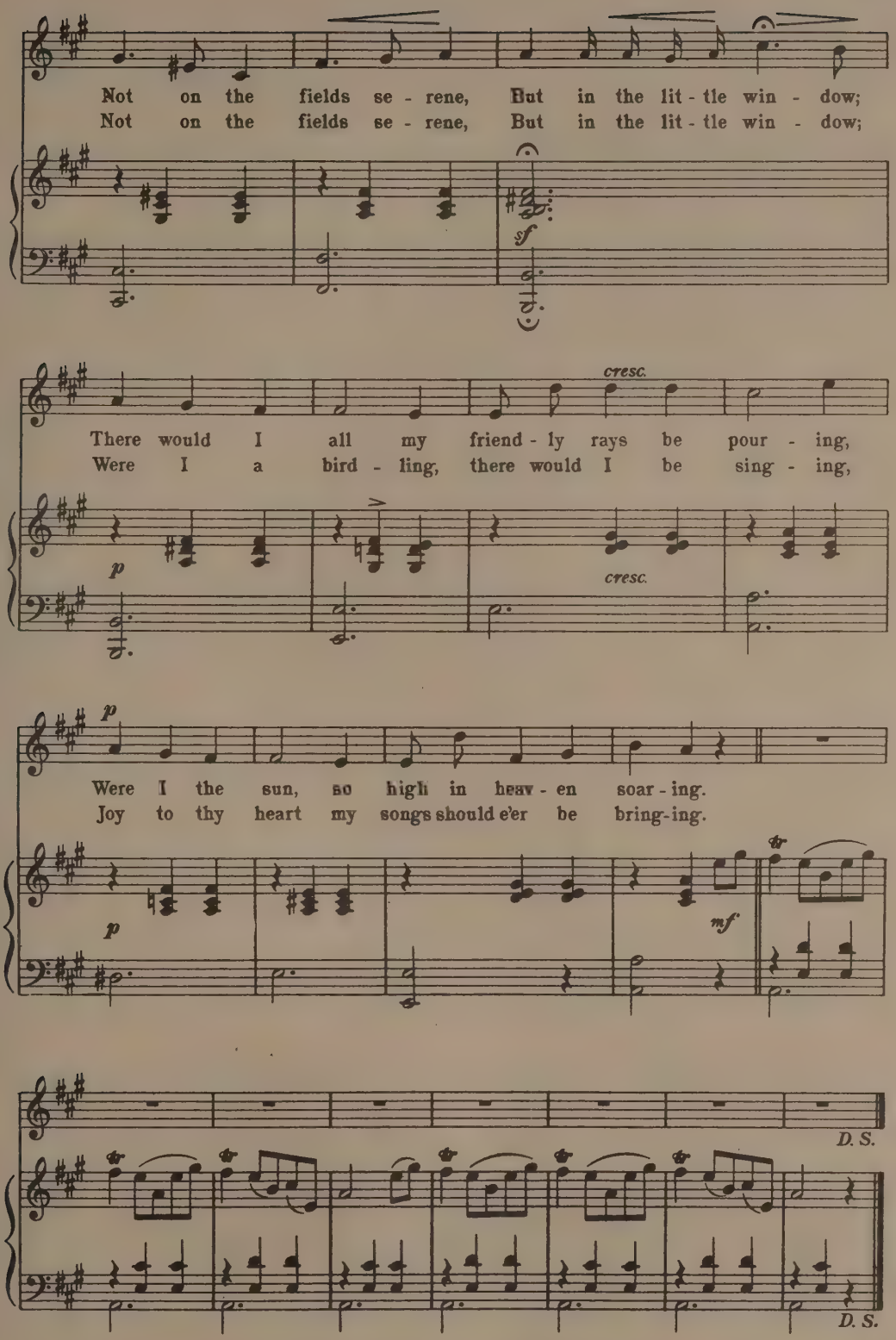
4-95-64184-226

# THE MAIDEN'S WISH

(POLISH)

*Translated by F. W. Rosier*

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN
(1810-1849)

Not too fast (♩. 112)
VOICE
PIANO
mf
1. Were I the sun, so
2. Were I a bird - ling,
p
cresc.
high in heav - en soar - ing, On - ly on thee should my
high in heav - en sing - ing, Joy to thy heart my song
cresc.
p
friend - ly rays be pour - ing. Not on the for - est green,
should be ev - er bring - ing. Not on the for - est green,
marcato


Not on the fields se - rene, But in the lit - tle win - dow;
Not on the fields se - rene, But in the lit - tle win - dow;
sf
cresc.
There would I all my friend - ly rays be pour - ing,
Were I a bird - ling, there would I be sing - ing,
p
cresc.
p
Were I the sun, so high in heav - en soar - ing.
Joy to thy heart my songs should e'er be bring-ing.
p
mf
D. S.
D. S.

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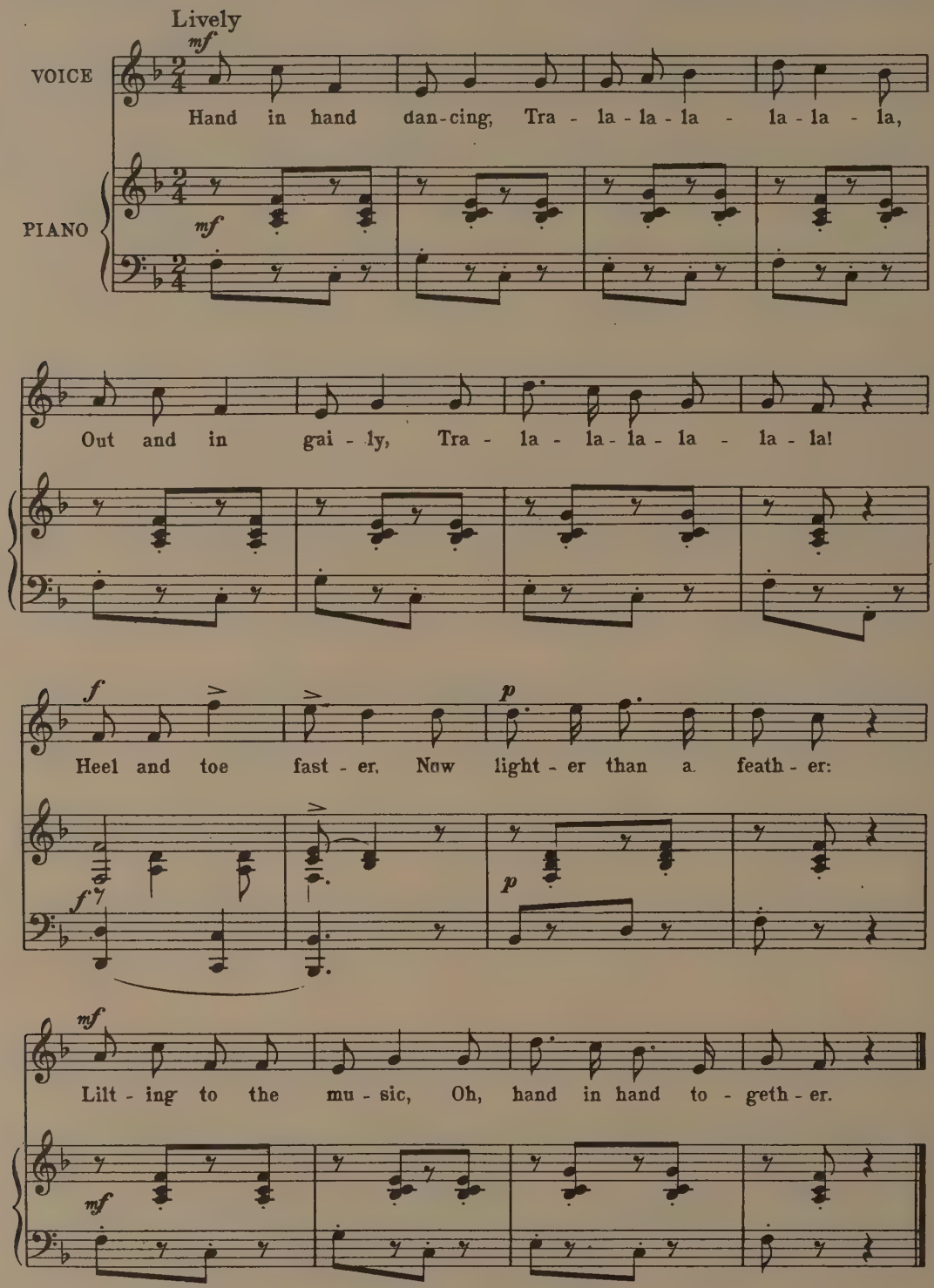
# KRAKOVIAK
## (№ 2)

Words adapted

POLISH NATIONAL DANCE
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Lively
mf
VOICE
PIANO
Hand in hand dan-cing, Tra - la - la - la - la - la - la,
Out and in gai - ly, Tra - la - la - la - la - la - la!
f
p
Heel and toe fast - er, Now light - er than a feath - er:
mf
Lilt - ing to the mu - sic, Oh, hand in hand to - geth - er.

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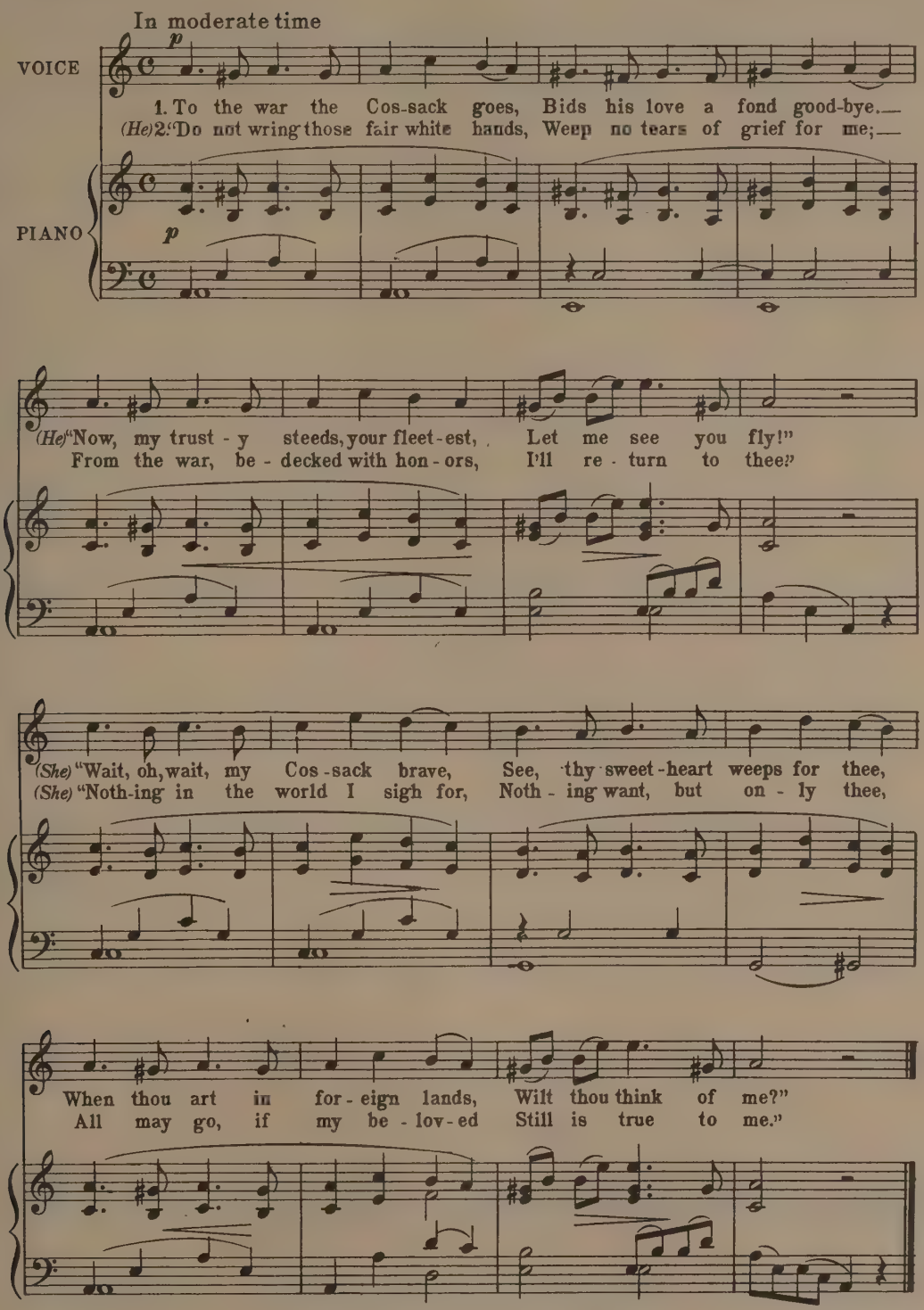
# LOVELY MINKA

(Schöne Minka)

*Translated by C. F. M.*

FOLKSONG *(Little Russia)*


In moderate time
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. To the war the Cos-sack goes, Bids his love a fond good-bye.—
(He) 2. "Do not wring those fair white hands, Weep no tears of grief for me;—
(He) "Now, my trust-y steeds, your fleet-est, Let me see you fly!"
From the war, be-decked with hon-ors, I'll re-turn to thee."
(She) "Wait, oh, wait, my Cos-sack brave, See, thy sweet-heart weeps for thee,
(She) "Noth-ing in the world I sigh for, Noth-ing want, but on-ly thee,
When thou art in for-eign lands, Wilt thou think of me?"
All may go, if my be-lov-ed Still is true to me."

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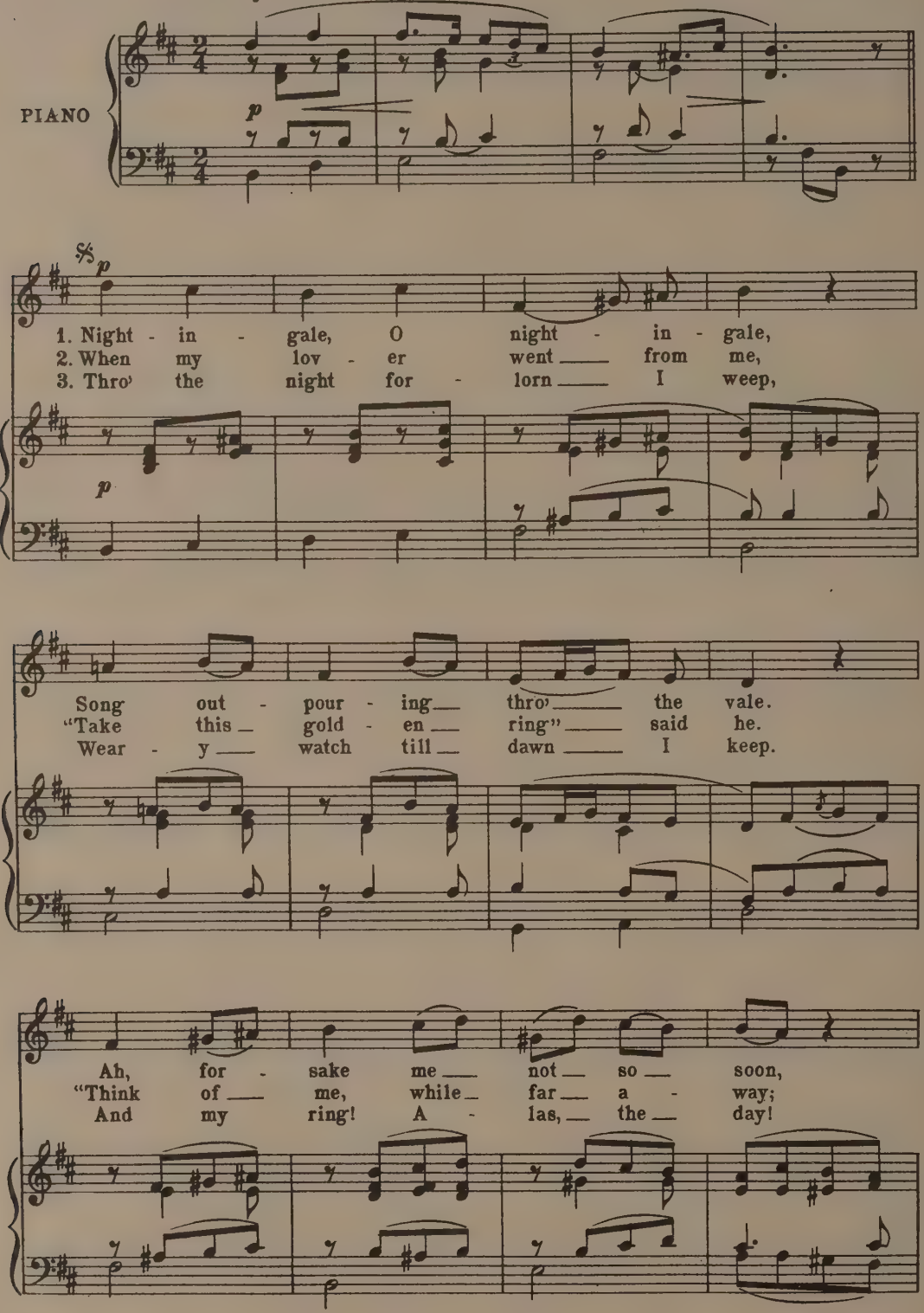
# THE NIGHTINGALE

(RUSSIAN)

*Translated by C. F. M.*

A. ALABIEFF
(1802-1852)

Slowly and with expression


PIANO
p
1. Night - in - gale, O night - in - gale,
2. When my lov - er went from me,
3. Thro' the night for - lorn I weep,
Song out - pour - ing thro' the vale.
"Take this gold - en ring" said he.
Wear - y watch till dawn I keep.
Ah, for - sake me not so soon,
"Think of me, while far a - way;
And my ring! A - las, the day!

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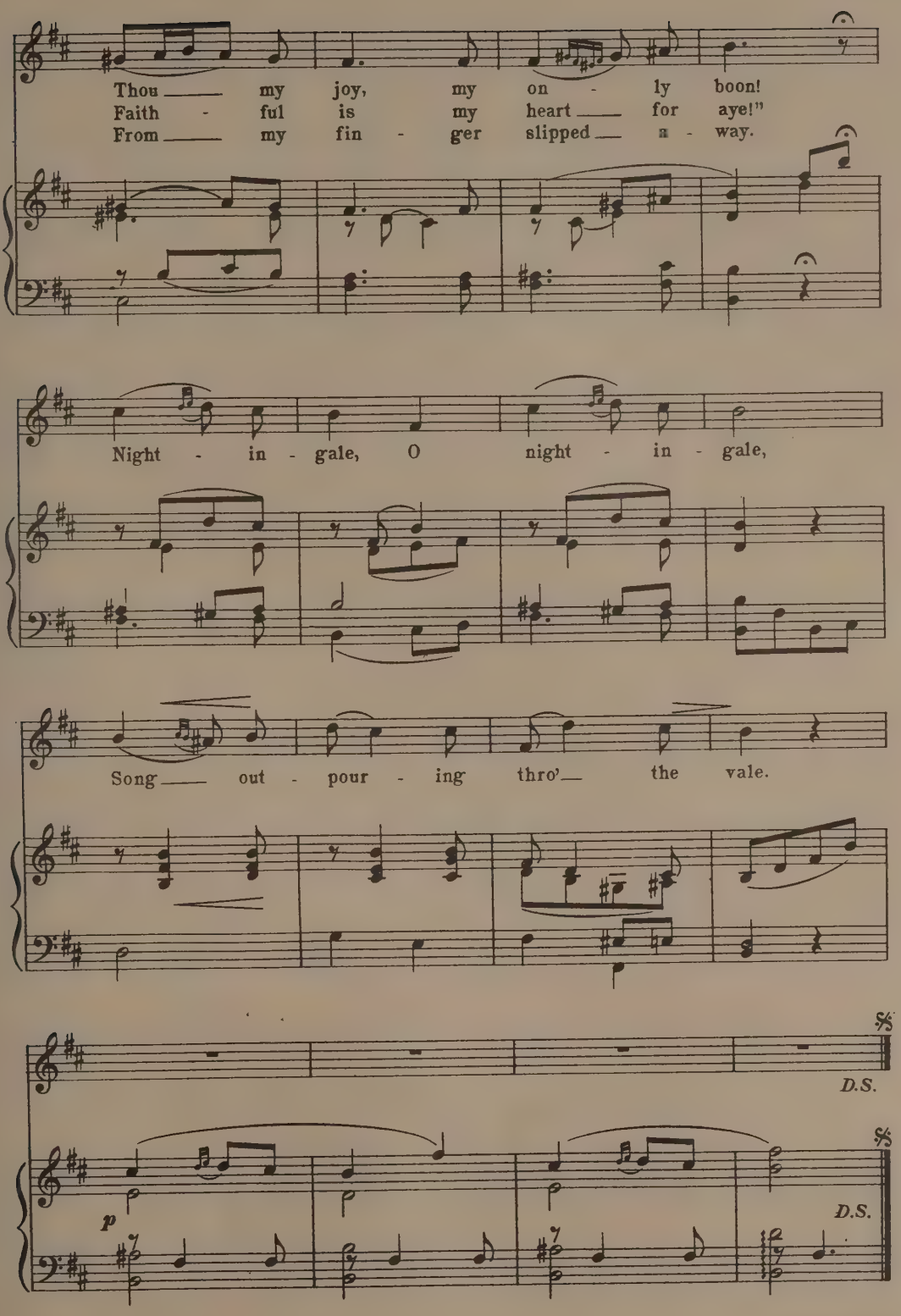

Thou my joy, my on - ly boon!
Faith - ful is my heart for aye!"
From my fin - ger slipped a - way.
Night - in - gale, O night - in - gale,
Song out - pour - ing thro' the vale.
D.S.
p
D.S.

4-95-64184-226

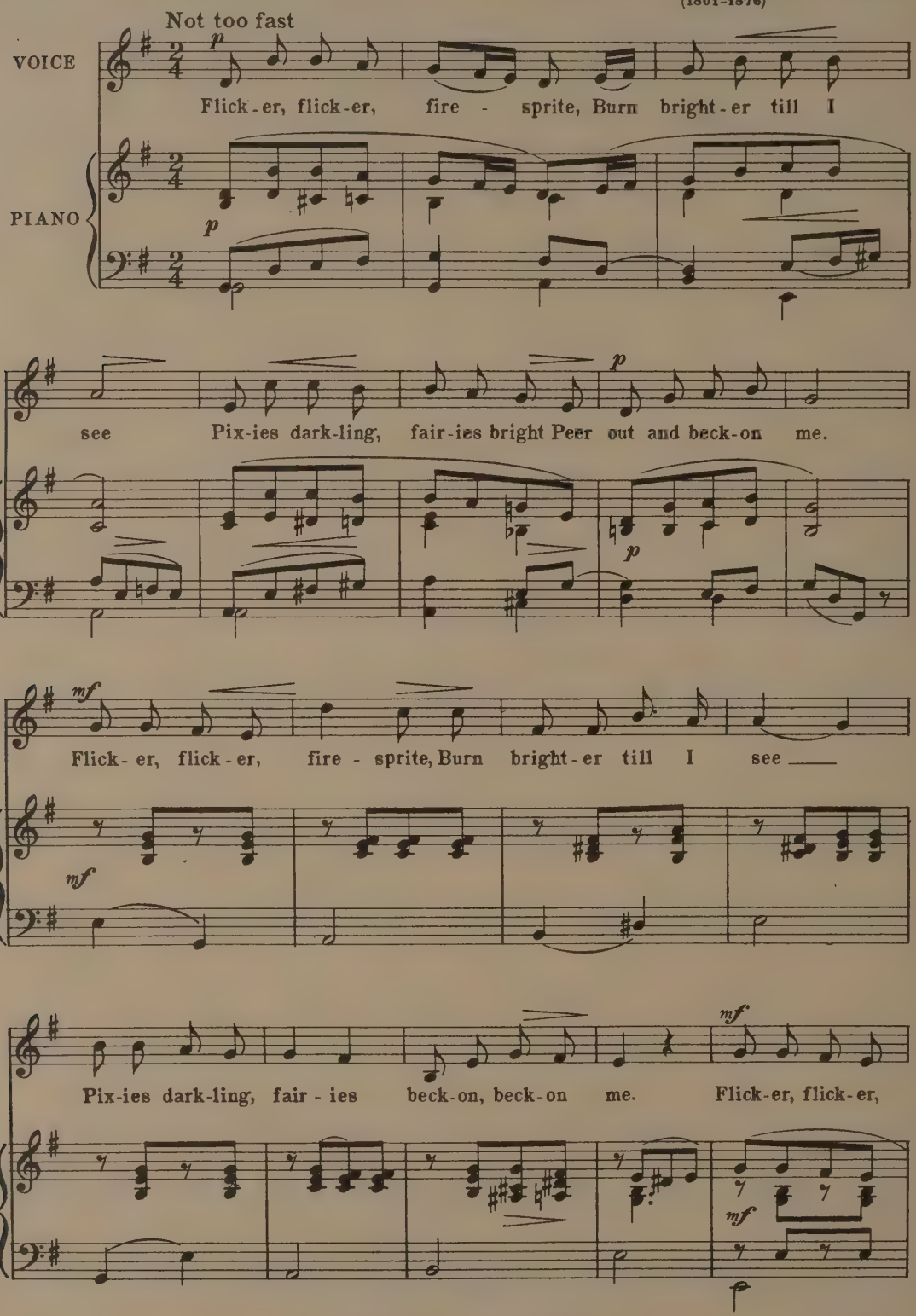
# FLICKER, FLICKER, FIRE-SPRITE

(Der rothe Sarafan)

(RUSSIAN)

English words by HERVEY WHITE

NICOLAI ALEXEJEWITCH TITOFF
(1801-1876)


Not too fast
VOICE
PIANO
p
Flick-er, flick-er, fire - sprite, Burn bright-er till I
see Pix-ies dark-ling, fair-ies bright Peer out and beck-on me.
mf
Flick-er, flick-er, fire - sprite, Burn bright-er till I see
Pix-ies dark-ling, fair-ies beck-on, beck-on me. Flick-er, flick-er,

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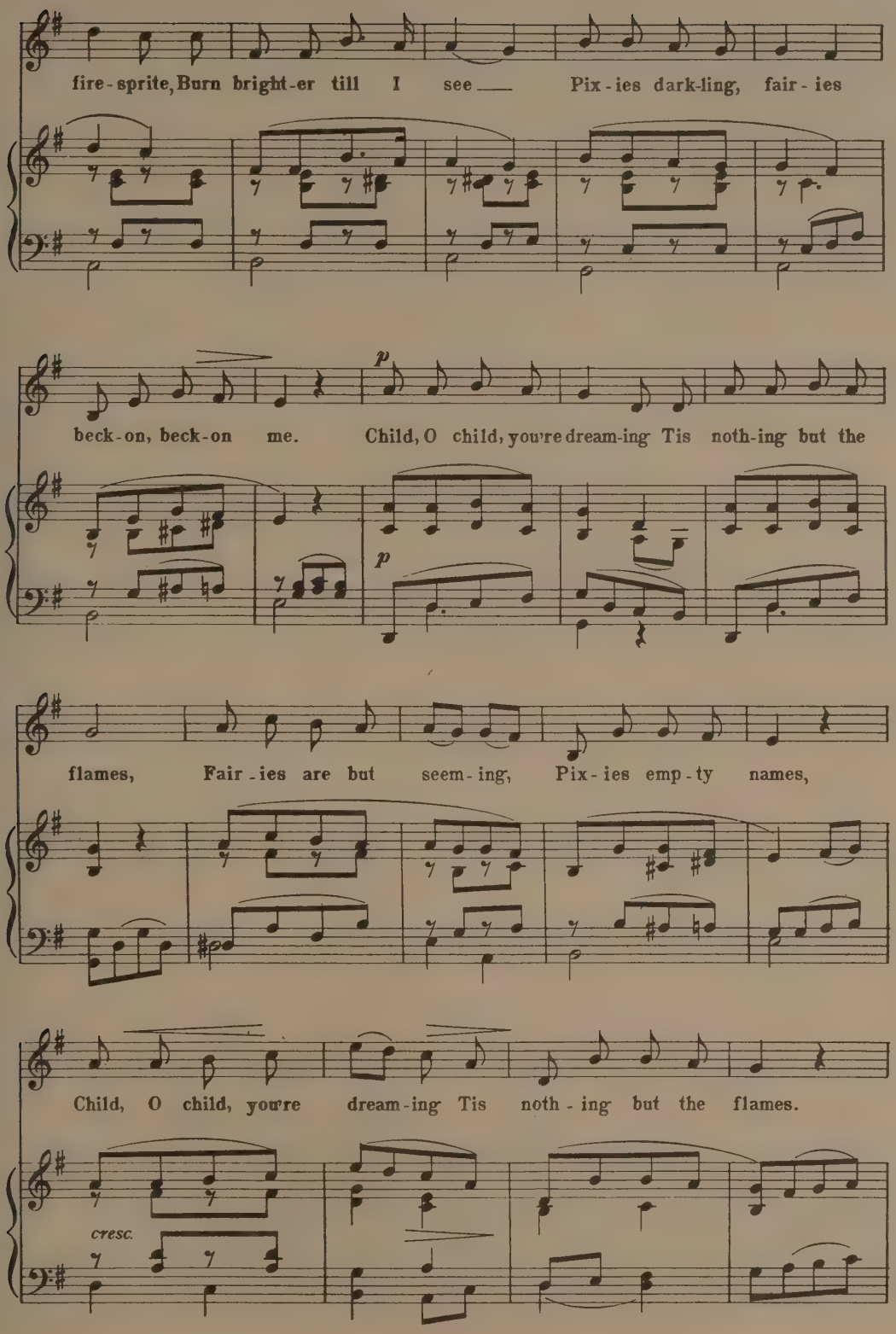
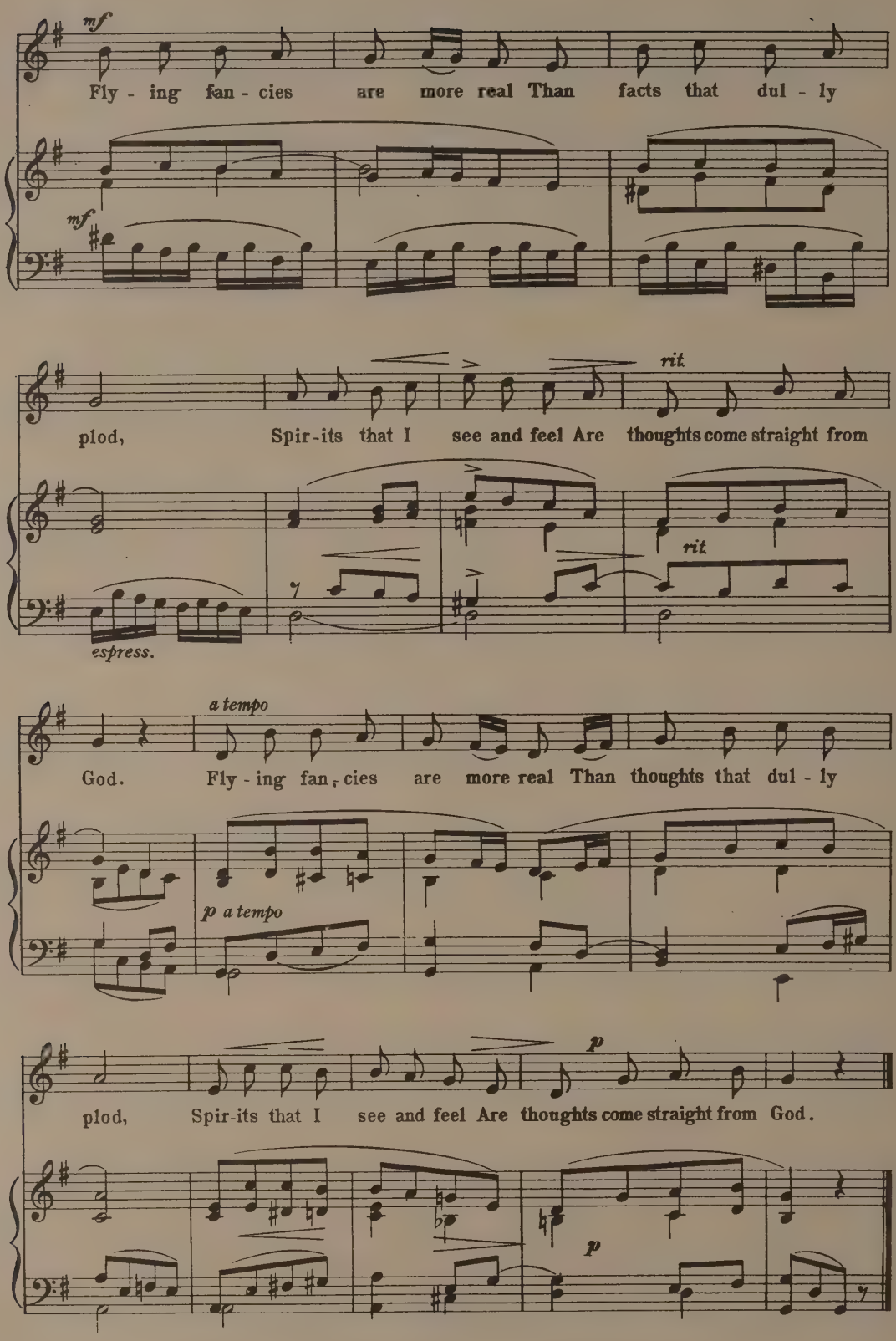
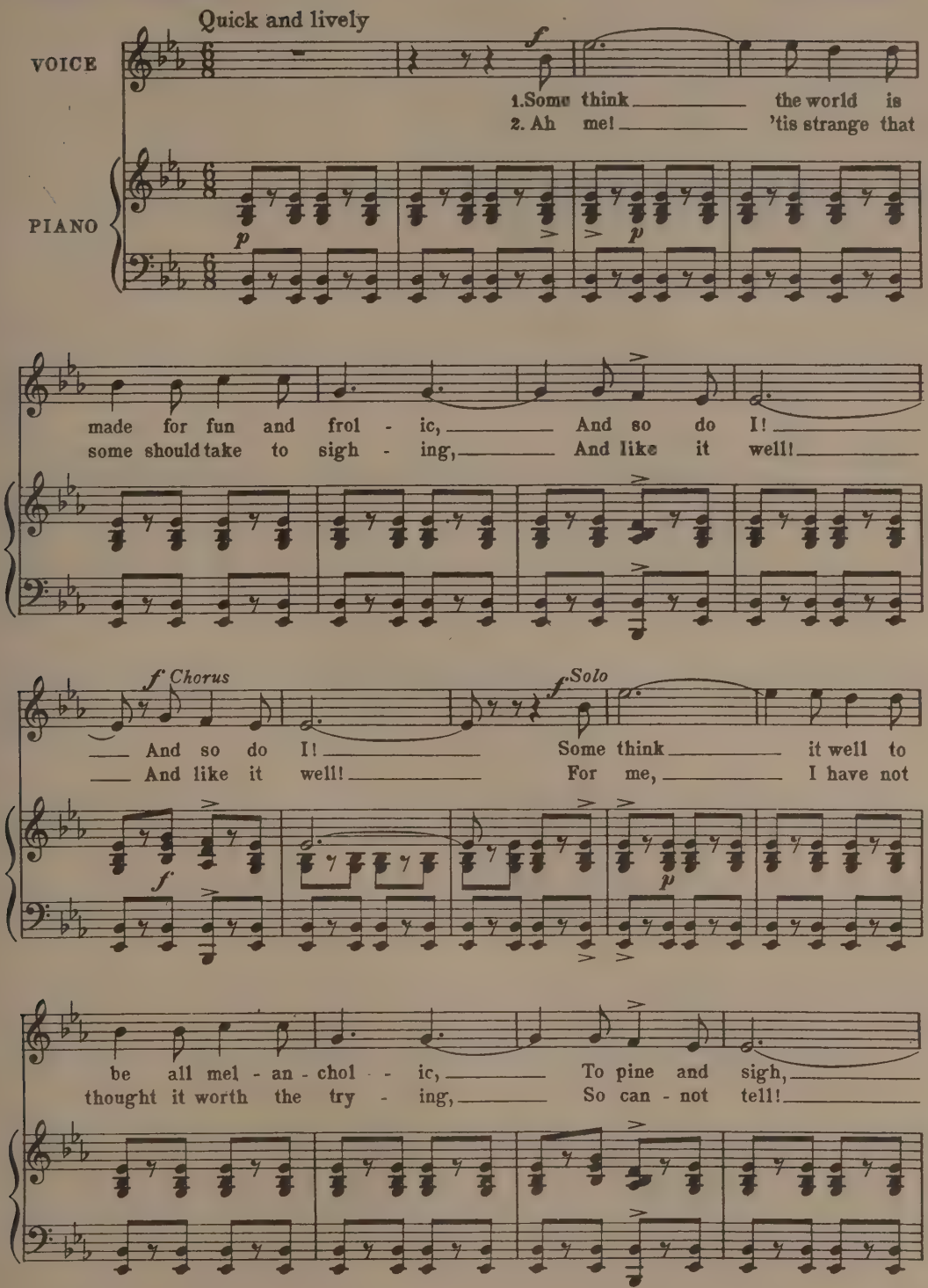
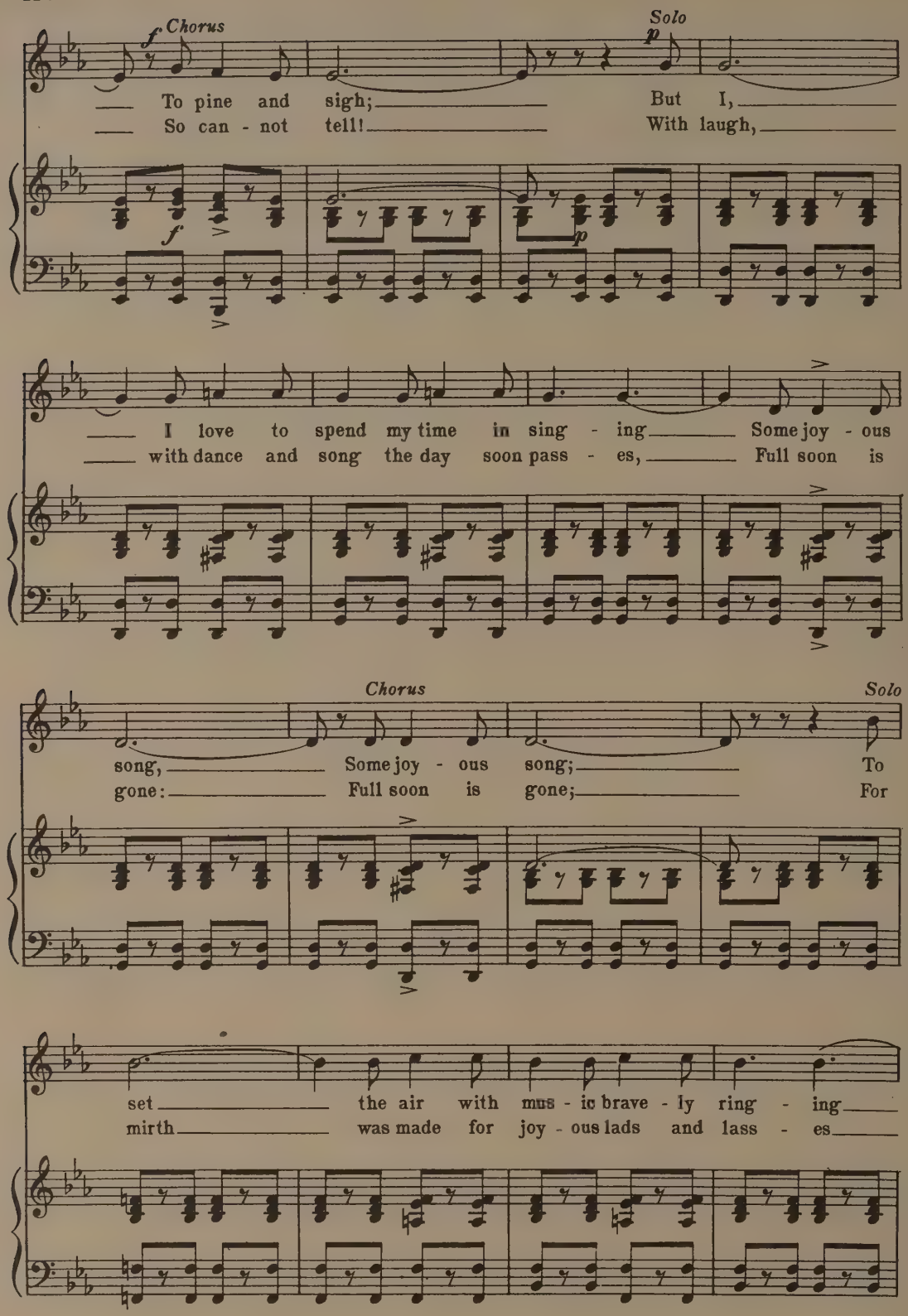

fire-sprite, Burn bright-er till I see Pix-ies dark-ling, fair-ies
beck-on, beck-on me. Child, O child, you're dream-ing Tis noth-ing but the
p
p
flames, Fair-ies are but seem-ing, Pix-ies emp-ty names,
Child, O child, you're dream-ing Tis noth-ing but the flames.
cresc.

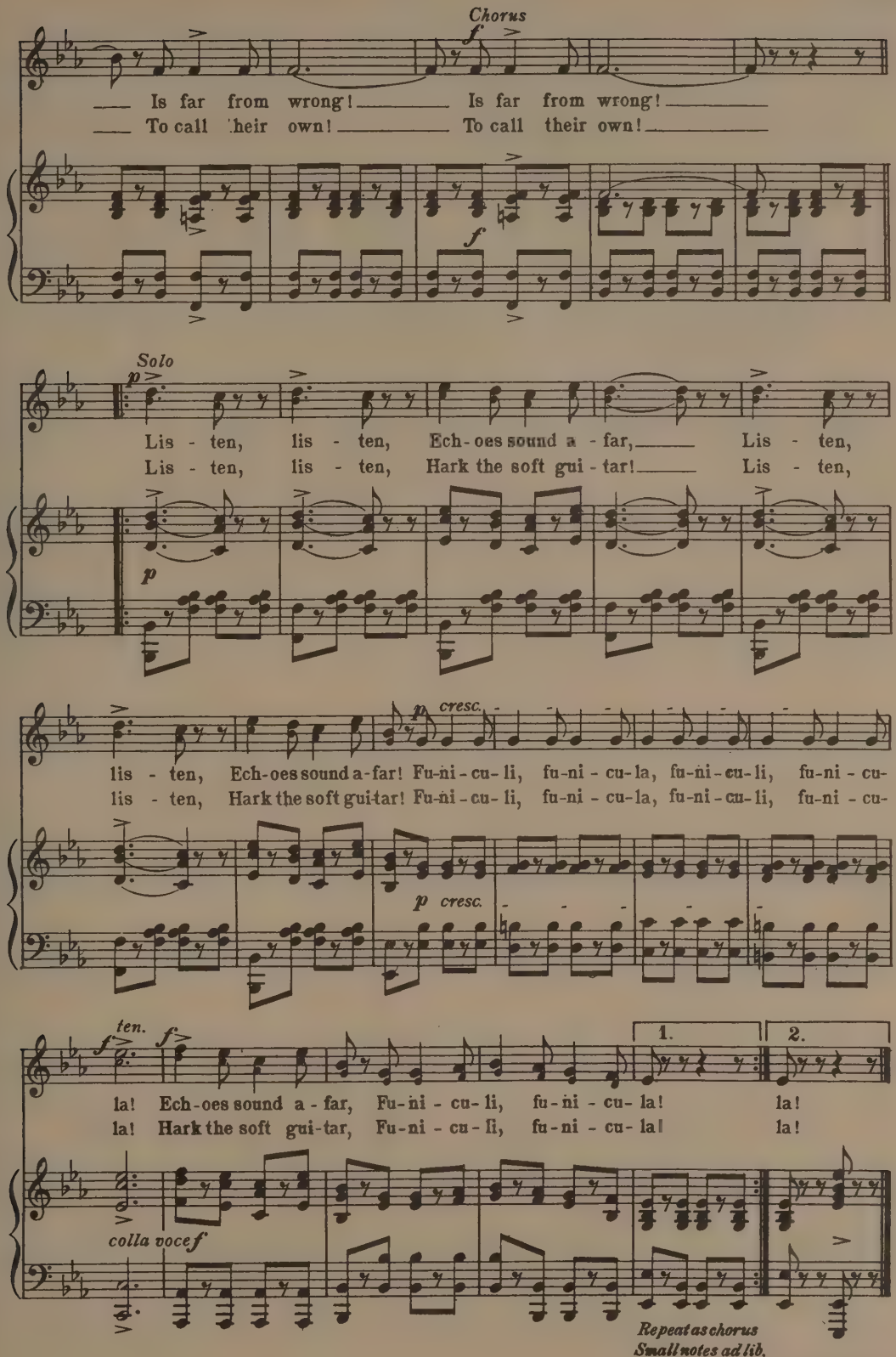

mf
Fly - ing fan - cies are more real Than facts that dul - ly
mf
plod, Spir-its that I see and feel Are thoughts come straight from
rit.
rit.
espress.
a tempo
God. Fly - ing fan - cies are more real Than thoughts that dul - ly
p a tempo
plod, Spir-its that I see and feel Are thoughts come straight from God.
p
p

# FUNICULI, FUNICULA

EDWARD OXENFORD LUIGI DENZA


Quick and lively
VOICE
PIANO
1.Some think the world is
2. Ah me! 'tis strange that
made for fun and frol - ic, And so do I!
some should take to sigh - ing, And like it well!
f Chorus
f Solo
And so do I! Some think it well to
And like it well! For me, I have not
be all mel - an - chol - ic, To pine and sigh,
thought it worth the try - ing, So can - not tell!


f Chorus
Solo
p
To pine and sigh;
So can - not tell!
But I,
With laugh,
I love to spend my time in sing - ing
with dance and song the day soon pass - es,
Some joy - ous
Full soon is
Chorus
Solo
song;
gone:
Some joy - ous
Full soon is
song;
gone;
To
For
set
mirth
the air with mus - ic brave - ly ring - ing
was made for joy - ous lads and lass - es


Chorus
f
Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!
To call their own! To call their own!
f
Solo
p
Lis - ten, lis - ten, Ech-oes sound a - far, Lis - ten,
Lis - ten, lis - ten, Hark the soft gui - tar! Lis - ten,
p
p cresc.
lis - ten, Ech-oes sound a-far! Fu-ni-cu-li, fu-ni-cu-la, fu-ni-cu-li, fu-ni-cu-
lis - ten, Hark the soft gui-tar! Fu-ni-cu-li, fu-ni-cu-la, fu-ni-cu-li, fu-ni-cu-
p cresc.
ten.
f
f
1.
2.
la! Ech-oes sound a - far, Fu-ni - cu-li, fu-ni - cu-la! la!
la! Hark the soft gui-tar, Fu-ni - cu - li, fu-ni - cu-la! la!
colla voce f
Repeat as chorus
Small notes ad lib.

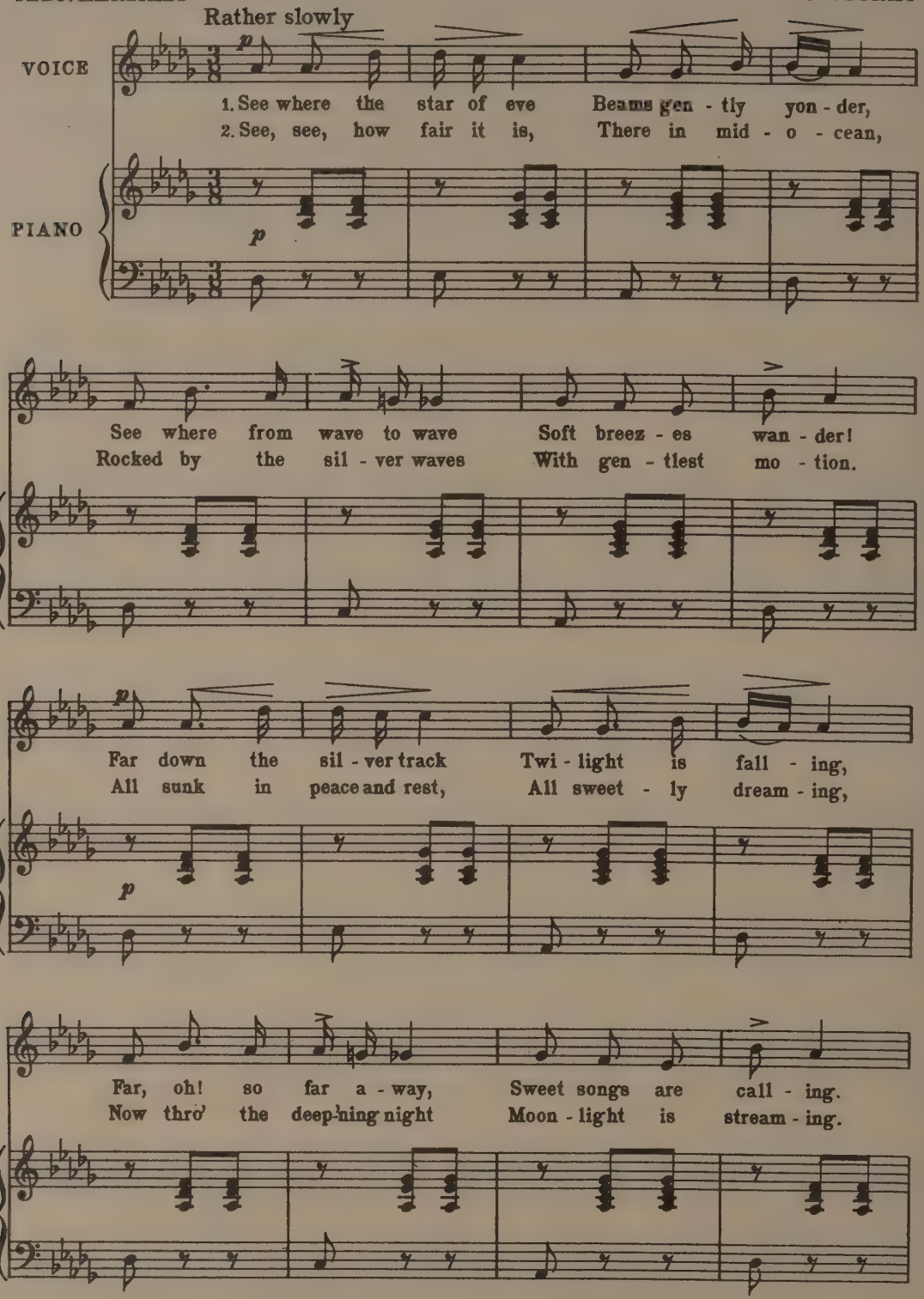
4-95-64184-226

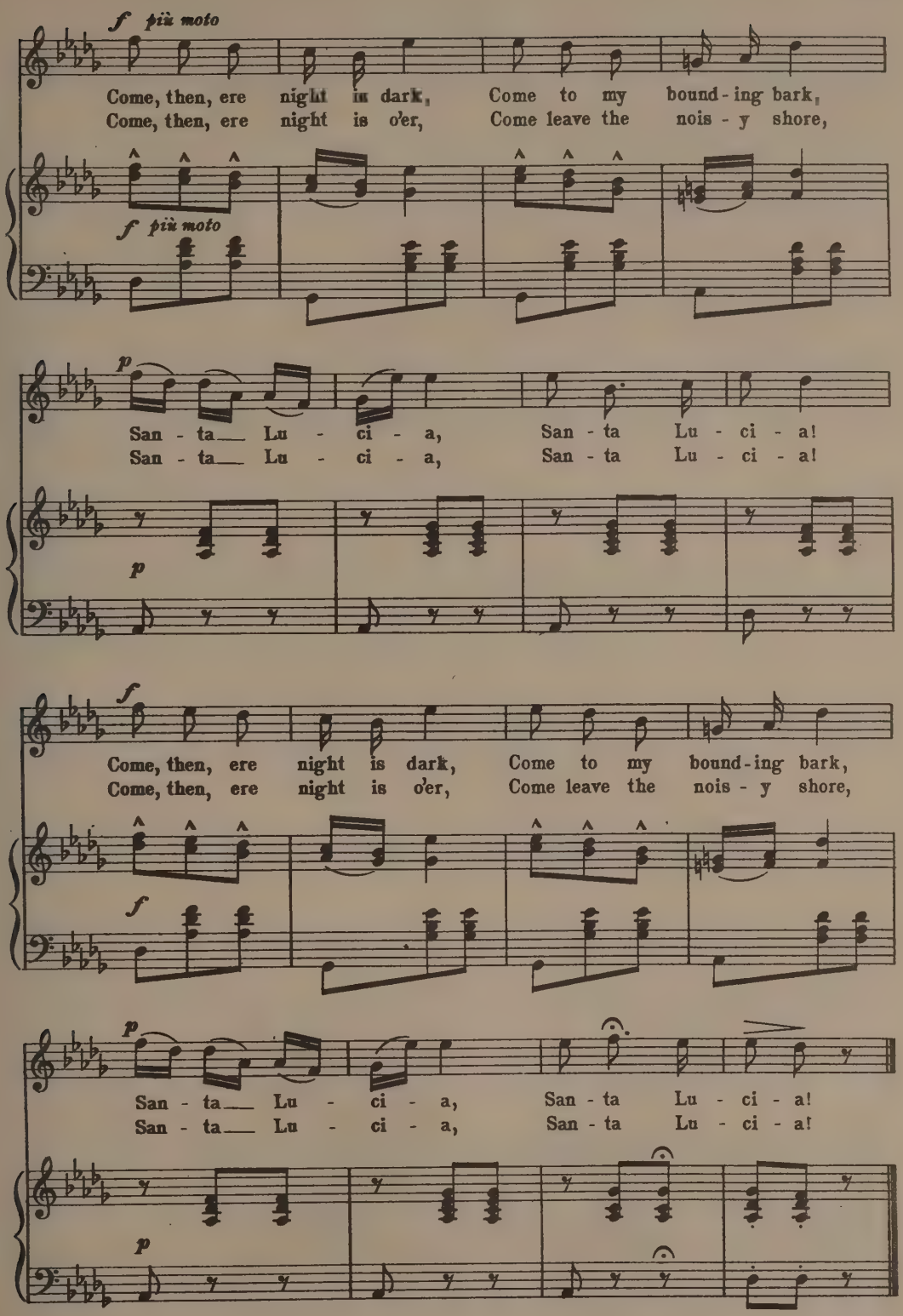
# SANTA LUCIA

(NEAPOLITAN)

*English words by*
THEO. MARZIALS

T. COTTRAU


Rather slowly
VOICE
PIANO
1. See where the star of eve Beams gen - tly yon - der,
2. See, see, how fair it is, There in mid - o - cean,
See where from wave to wave Soft breez - es wan - der!
Rocked by the sil - ver waves With gen - tlest mo - tion.
Far down the sil - ver track Twi - light is fall - ing,
All sunk in peace and rest, All sweet - ly dream - ing,
Far, oh! so far a - way, Sweet songs are call - ing.
Now thro' the deep'ning night Moon - light is stream - ing.

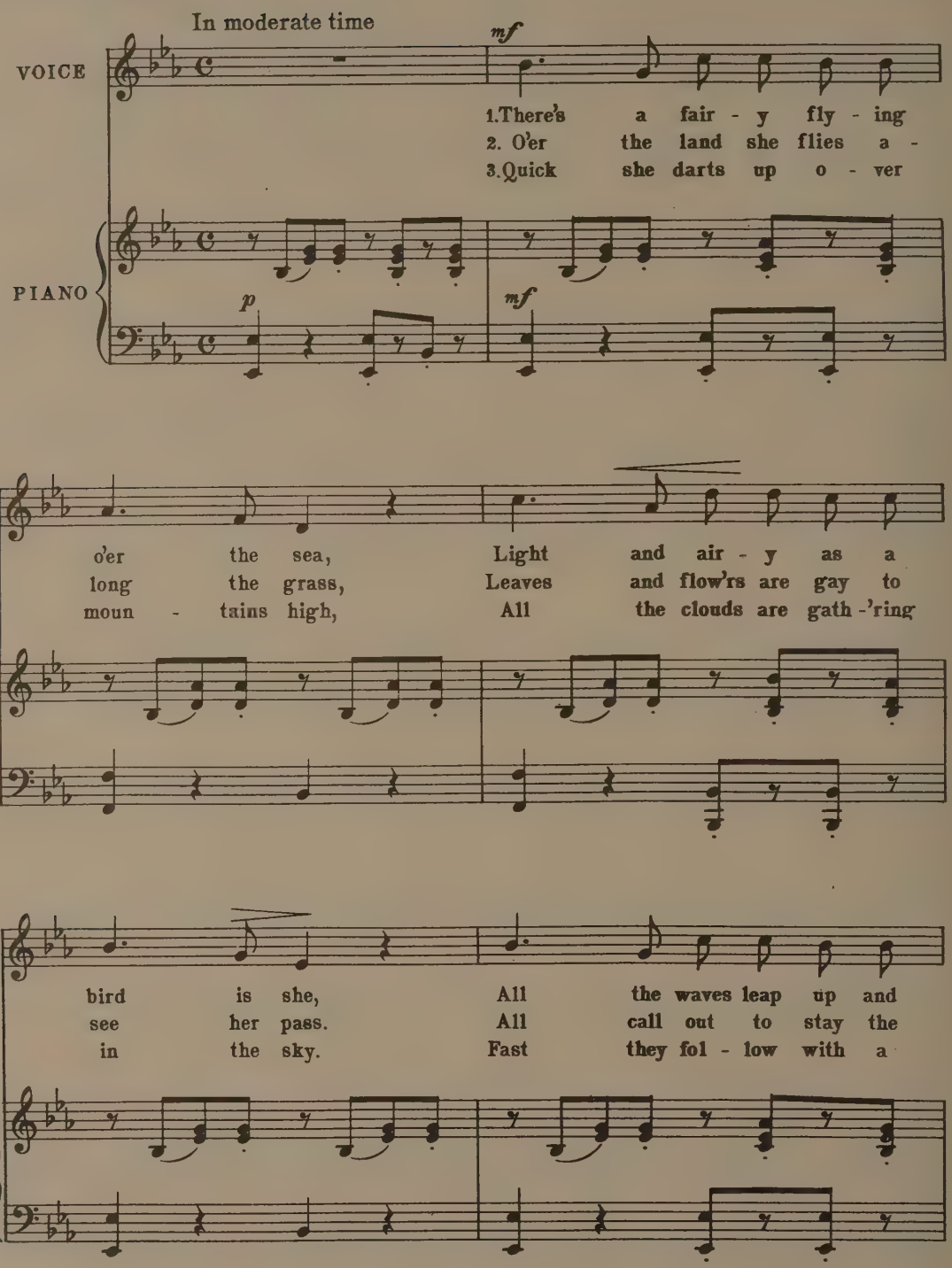

f più moto
Come, then, ere night is dark, Come to my bound-ing bark,
Come, then, ere night is o'er, Come leave the nois-y shore,
f più moto
p
San-ta Lu-ci-a, San-ta Lu-ci-a!
San-ta Lu-ci-a, San-ta Lu-ci-a!
p
f
Come, then, ere night is dark, Come to my bound-ing bark,
Come, then, ere night is o'er, Come leave the nois-y shore,
f
p
San-ta Lu-ci-a, San-ta Lu-ci-a!
San-ta Lu-ci-a, San-ta Lu-ci-a!
p

# THE SEA BREEZE

(Marianina)

*English words by*
HERVEY WHITE

FOLKSONG


In moderate time
VOICE
PIANO
mf
p
mf
1.There's a fair - y fly - ing
2. O'er the land she flies a -
3.Quick she darts up o - ver
o'er the sea, Light and air - y as a
long the grass, Leaves and flow'rs are gay to
moun - tains high, All the clouds are gath -'ring
bird is she, All the waves leap up and
see her pass. All call out to stay the
in the sky. Fast they fol - low with a

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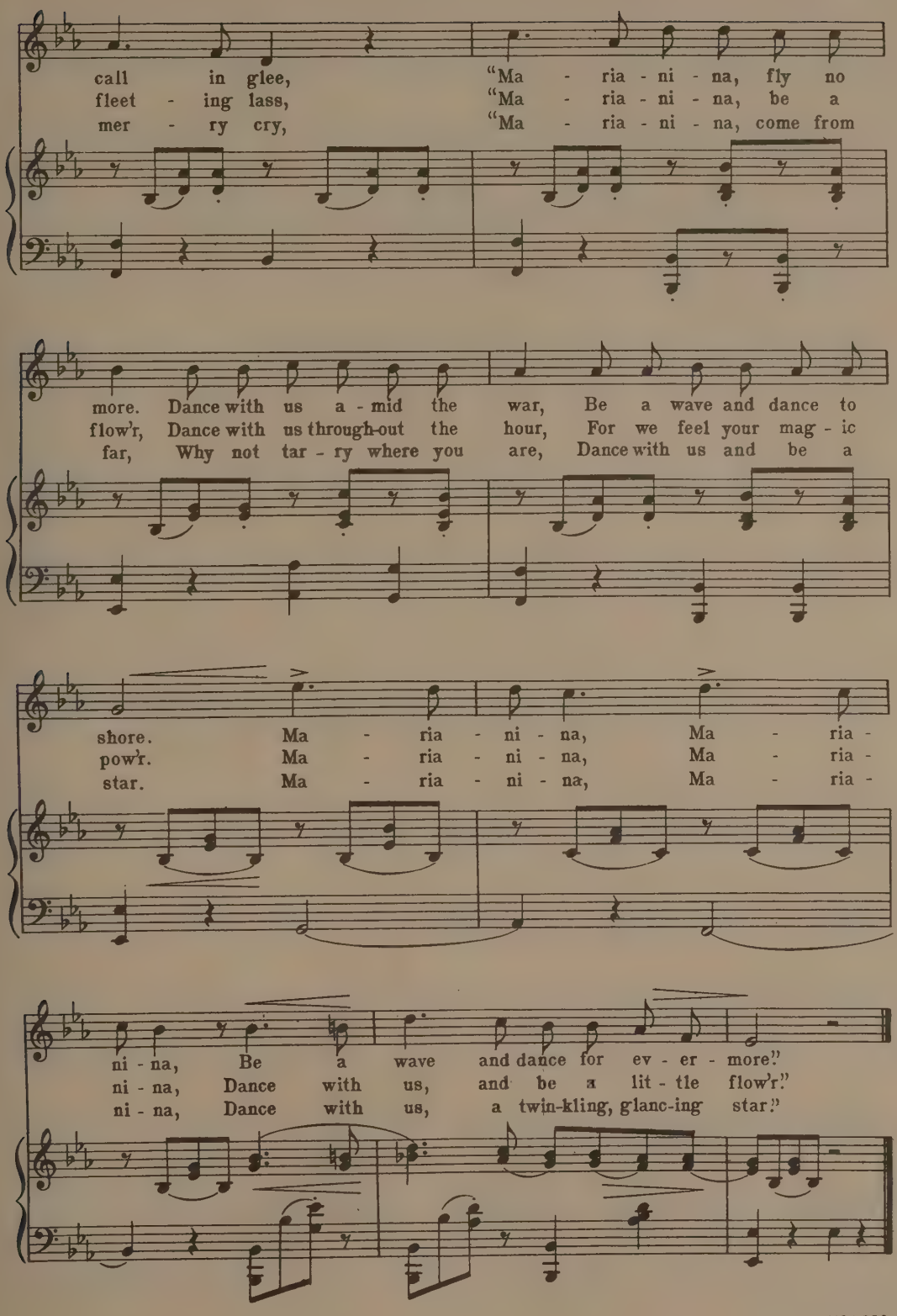
call in glee, "Ma - ria - ni - na, fly no
fleet - ing lass, "Ma - ria - ni - na, be a
mer - ry cry, "Ma - ria - ni - na, come from
more. Dance with us a - mid the war, Be a wave and dance to
flow'r, Dance with us through-out the hour, For we feel your mag - ic
far, Why not tar - ry where you are, Dance with us and be a
shore. Ma - ria - ni - na, Ma - ria -
pow'r. Ma - ria - ni - na, Ma - ria -
star. Ma - ria - ni - na, Ma - ria -
ni - na, Be a wave and dance for ev - er - more."
ni - na, Dance with us, and be a lit - tle flow'r."
ni - na, Dance with us, a twin-kling, glanc-ing star."

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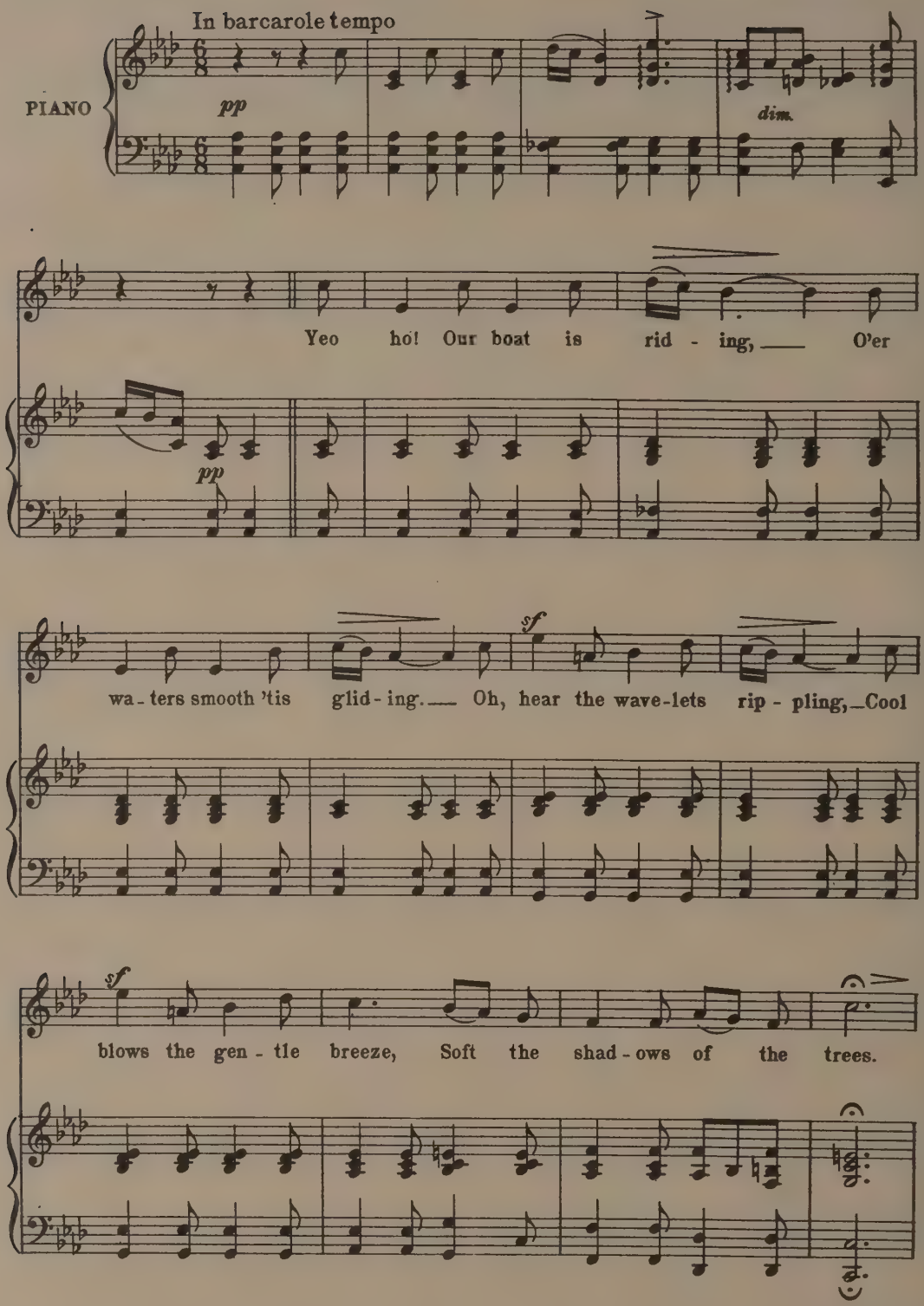
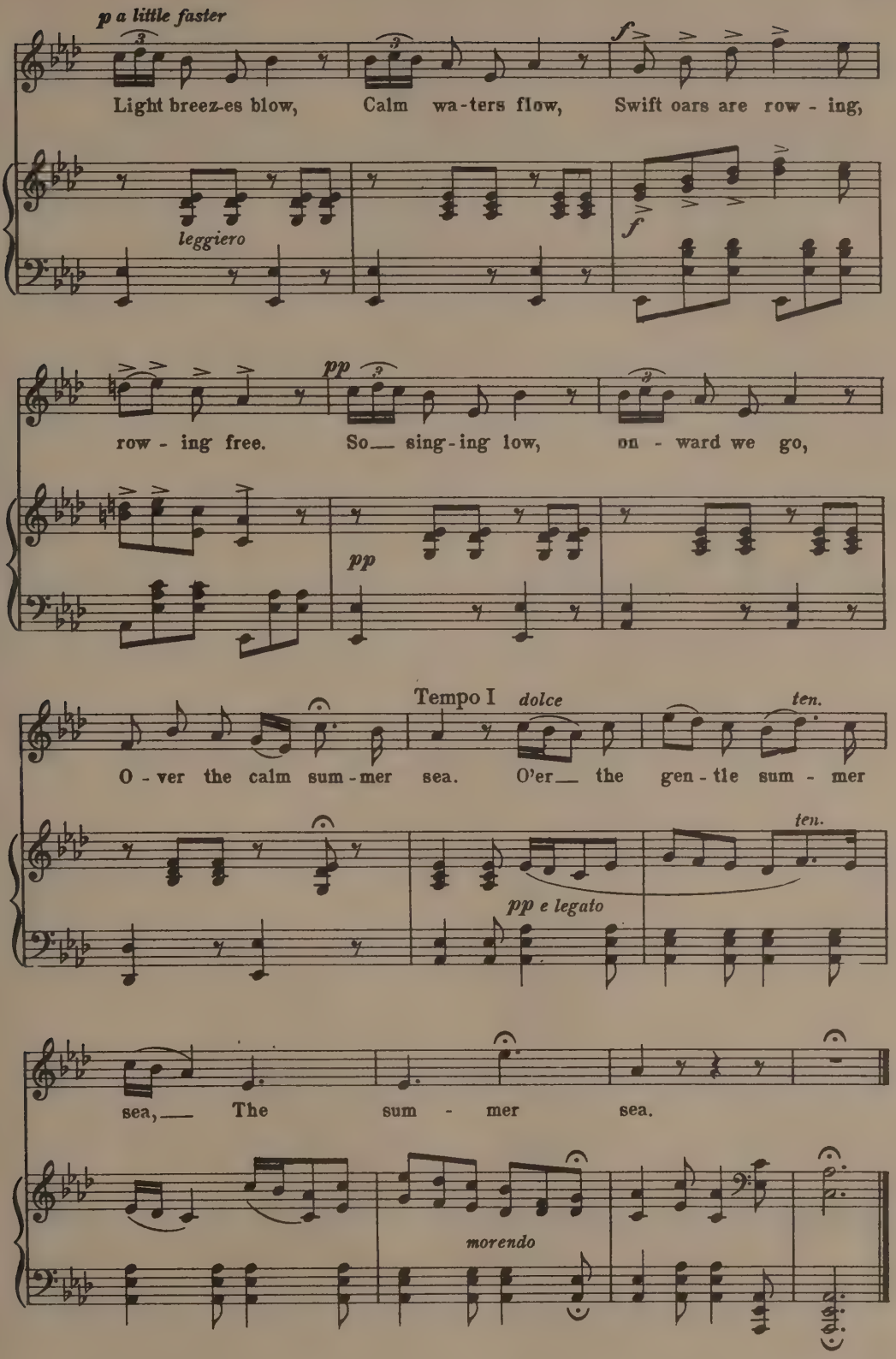
# ROWING

(La notte è bella)

P. GUGLIELMO


In barcarole tempo
PIANO
pp
dim.
Yeo ho! Our boat is rid - ing, O'er
pp
wa - ters smooth 'tis glid - ing. Oh, hear the wave-lets rip - pling, Cool
sf
sf
blows the gen - tle breeze, Soft the shad - ows of the trees.

4-95-64184-226

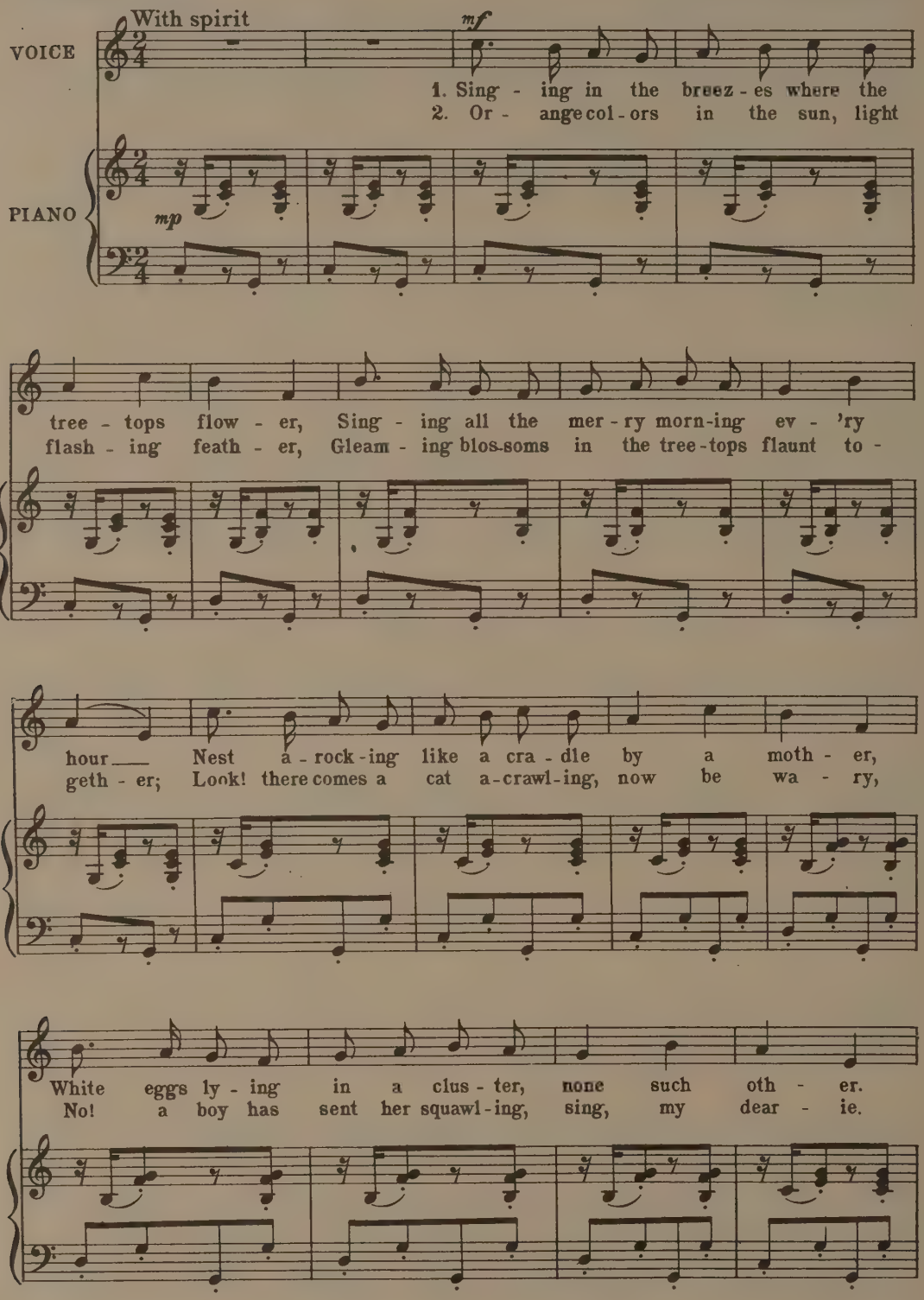

p a little faster
Light breez-es blow, Calm wa-ters flow, Swift oars are row - ing,
leggiero
f
pp
row - ing free. So__ sing-ing low, on - ward we go,
pp
Tempo I
dolce
ten.
O - ver the calm sum-mer sea. O'er__ the gen - tle sum - mer
ten.
pp e legato
sea,__ The sum - mer sea.
morendo

# ORIOLES

(O yi caroli)

English words adapted by
HERVEY WHITE

FOLKSONG
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


With spirit
mf
VOICE
PIANO
mp
1. Sing - ing in the breez - es where the
2. Or - ange col - ors in the sun, light
tree - tops flow - er, Sing - ing all the mer - ry morn-ing ev - 'ry
flash - ing feath - er, Gleam - ing blos-soms in the tree-tops flaunt to -
hour Nest a - rock - ing like a cra - dle by a moth - er,
geth - er; Look! there comes a cat a-crawl-ing, now be wa - ry,
White eggs ly - ing in a clus - ter, none such oth - er.
No! a boy has sent her squawl - ing, sing, my dear - ie.

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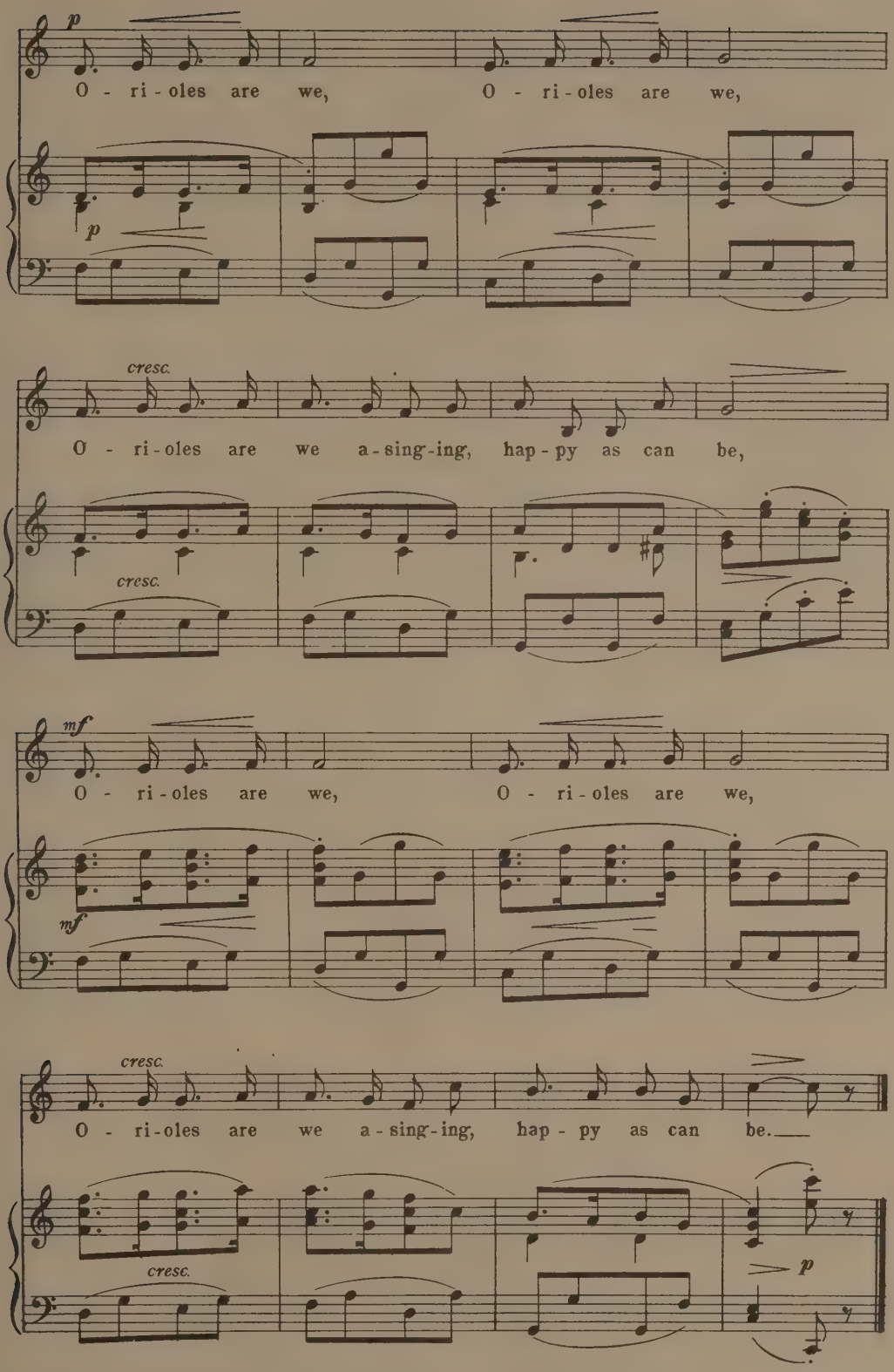
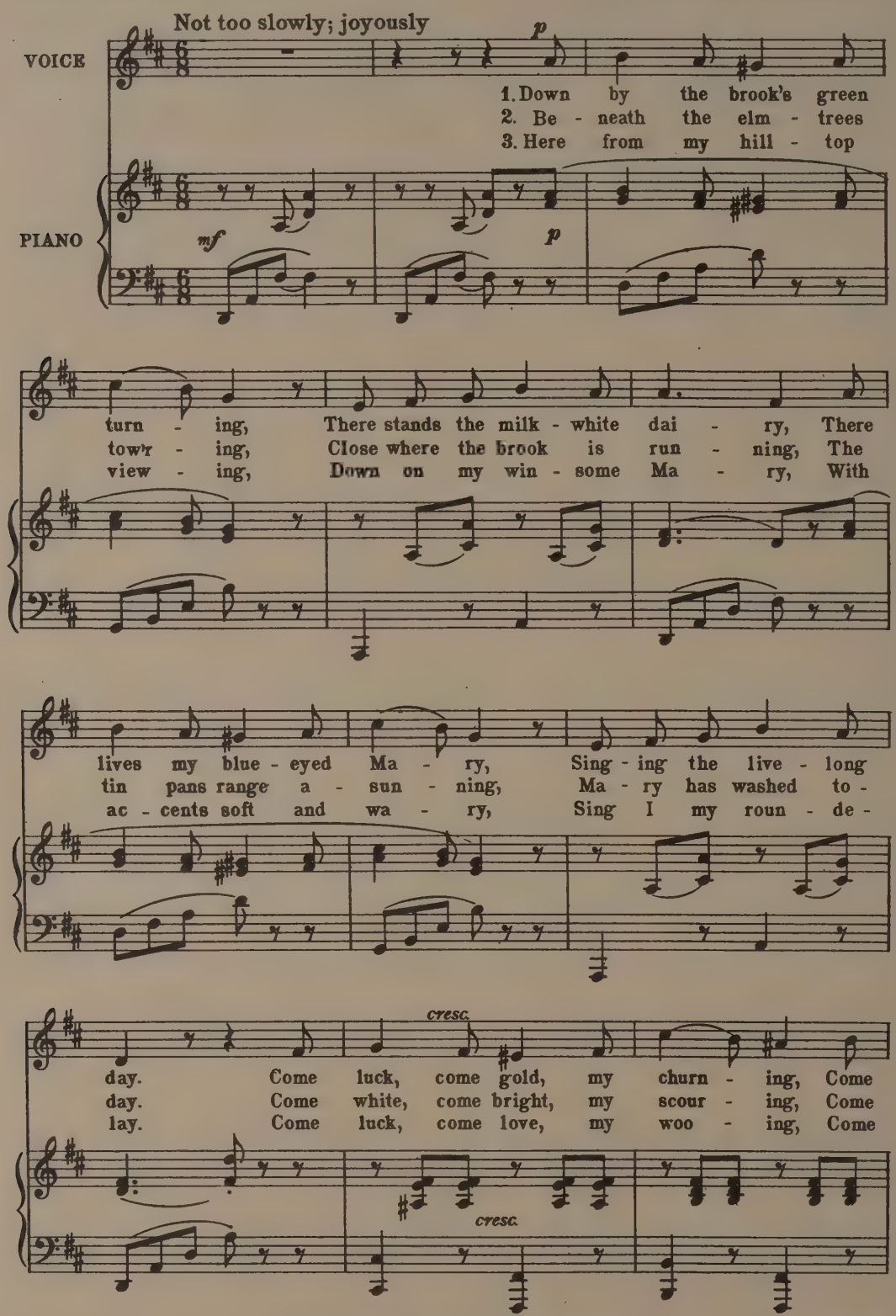

p
O - ri - oles are we, O - ri - oles are we,
p
cresc.
O - ri - oles are we a - sing - ing, hap - py as can be,
cresc.
mf
O - ri - oles are we, O - ri - oles are we,
mf
cresc.
O - ri - oles are we a - sing - ing, hap - py as can be.
cresc.
p

# THE DAIRY
## (La Luisella)

*English words adapted by Hervey White*

FOLKSONG
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Not too slowly; joyously
VOICE
PIANO
p
mf
p
1. Down by the brook's green
2. Be - neath the elm - trees
3. Here from my hill - top
turn - ing, There stands the milk - white dai - ry, There
tow'r - ing, Close where the brook is run - ning, The
view - ing, Down on my win - some Ma - ry, With
lives my blue - eyed Ma - ry, Sing - ing the live - long
tin pans range a - sun - ning, Ma - ry has washed to -
ac - cents soft and wa - ry, Sing I my roun - de -
cresc.
day. Come luck, come gold, my churn - ing, Come
day. Come white, come bright, my scour - ing, Come
lay. Come luck, come love, my woo - ing, Come
cresc.

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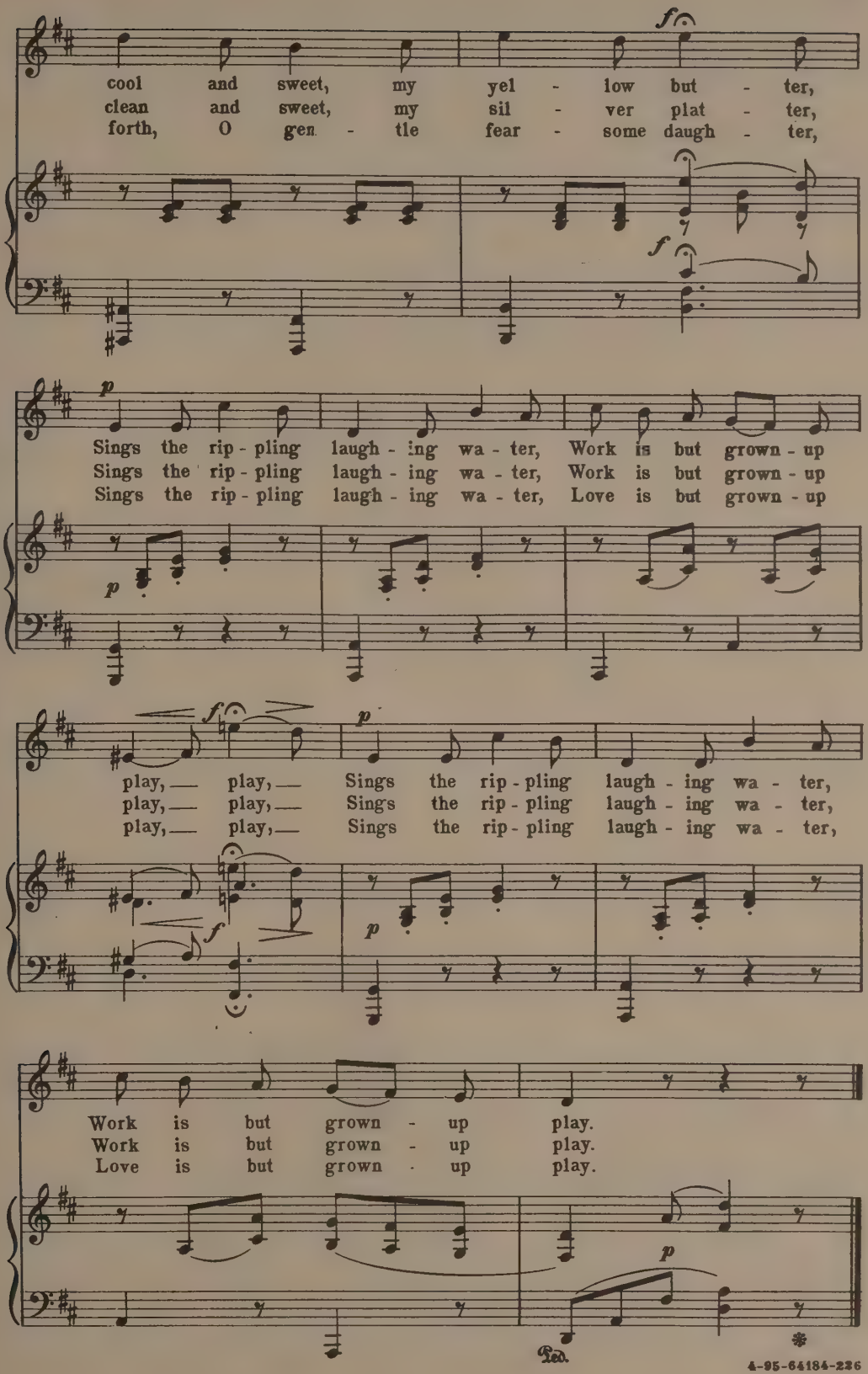
cool and sweet, my yel - low but - ter,
clean and sweet, my sil - ver plat - ter,
forth, O gen - tle fear - some daugh - ter,
Sings the rip - pling laugh - ing wa - ter, Work is but grown - up
Sings the rip - pling laugh - ing wa - ter, Work is but grown - up
Sings the rip - pling laugh - ing wa - ter, Love is but grown - up
play, play, Sings the rip - pling laugh - ing wa - ter,
play, play, Sings the rip - pling laugh - ing wa - ter,
play, play, Sings the rip - pling laugh - ing wa - ter,
Work is but grown - up play.
Work is but grown - up play.
Love is but grown - up play.
Ped.

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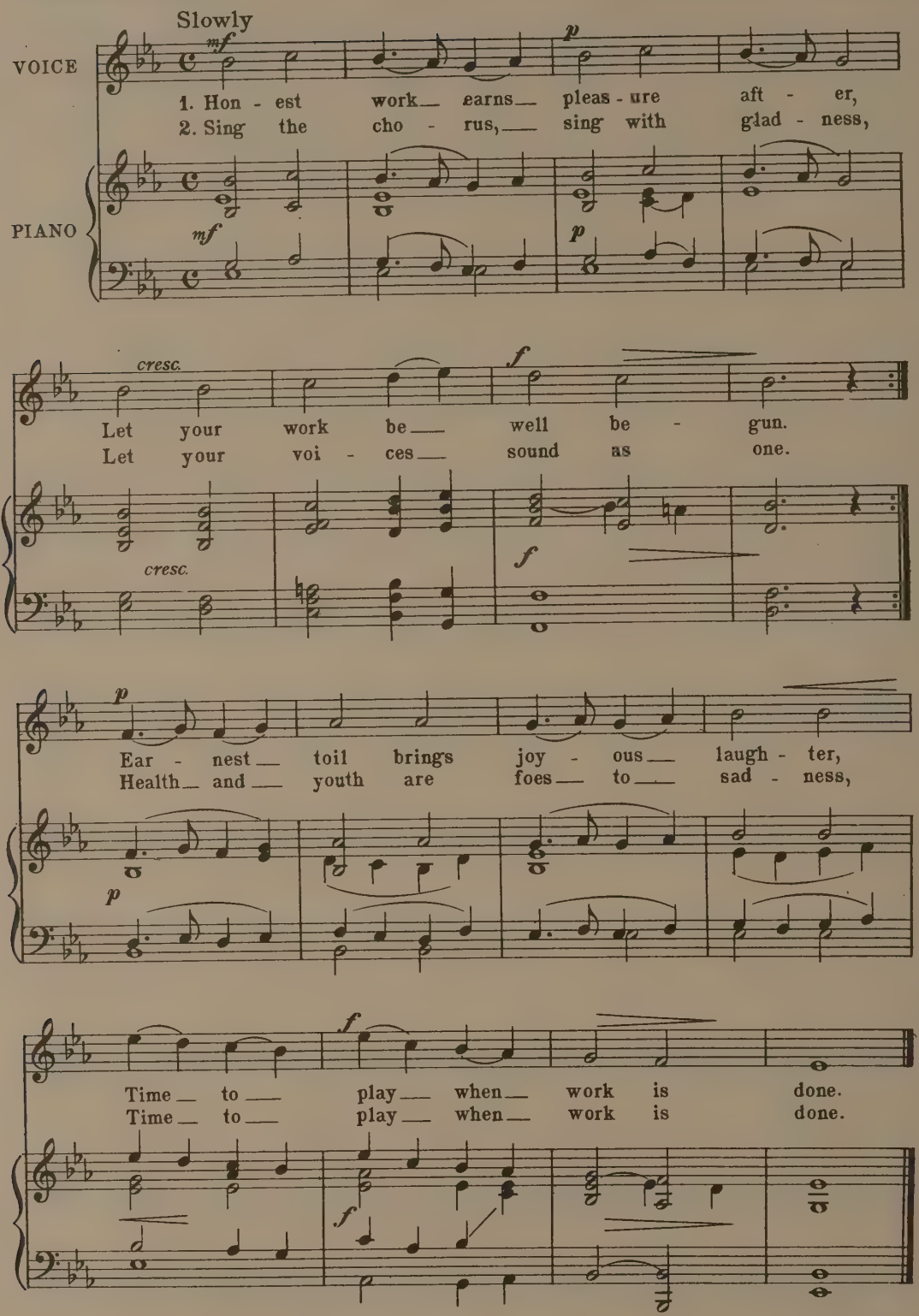
# WORK

(O sanctissima)

English words adapted by
GEORGE GOULD

SICILIAN FOLKSONG
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Slowly
VOICE
PIANO
mf
p
1. Hon - est work earns pleas - ure aft - er,
2. Sing the cho - rus, sing with glad - ness,
cresc.
f
Let your work be well be - gun.
Let your voi - ces sound as one.
Ear - nest toil brings joy - ous laugh - ter,
Health and youth are foes to sad - ness,
Time to play when work is done.
Time to play when work is done.

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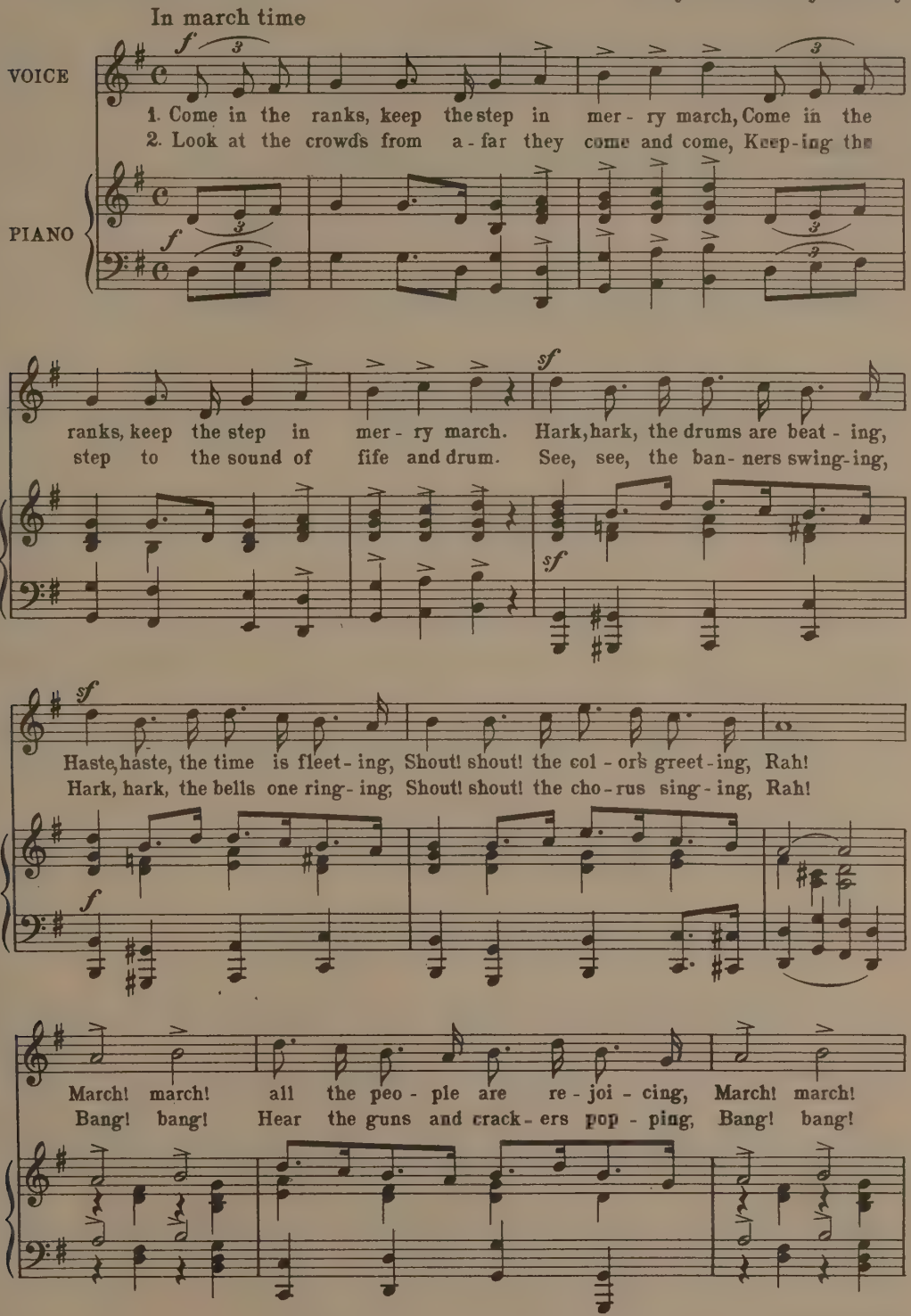
# REGIMENTAL MARCH

Words adapted by HERVEY WHITE

SPANISH MILITARY MARCH
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


In march time
VOICE
PIANO
1. Come in the ranks, keep the step in mer - ry march, Come in the
2. Look at the crowds from a - far they come and come, Keep - ing the
ranks, keep the step in mer - ry march. Hark, hark, the drums are beat - ing,
step to the sound of fife and drum. See, see, the ban - ners swing - ing,
Haste, haste, the time is fleet - ing, Shout! shout! the col - or's greet - ing, Rah!
Hark, hark, the bells one ring - ing, Shout! shout! the cho - rus sing - ing, Rah!
March! march! all the peo - ple are re - joi - cing, March! march!
Bang! bang! Hear the guns and crack - ers pop - ping, Bang! bang!

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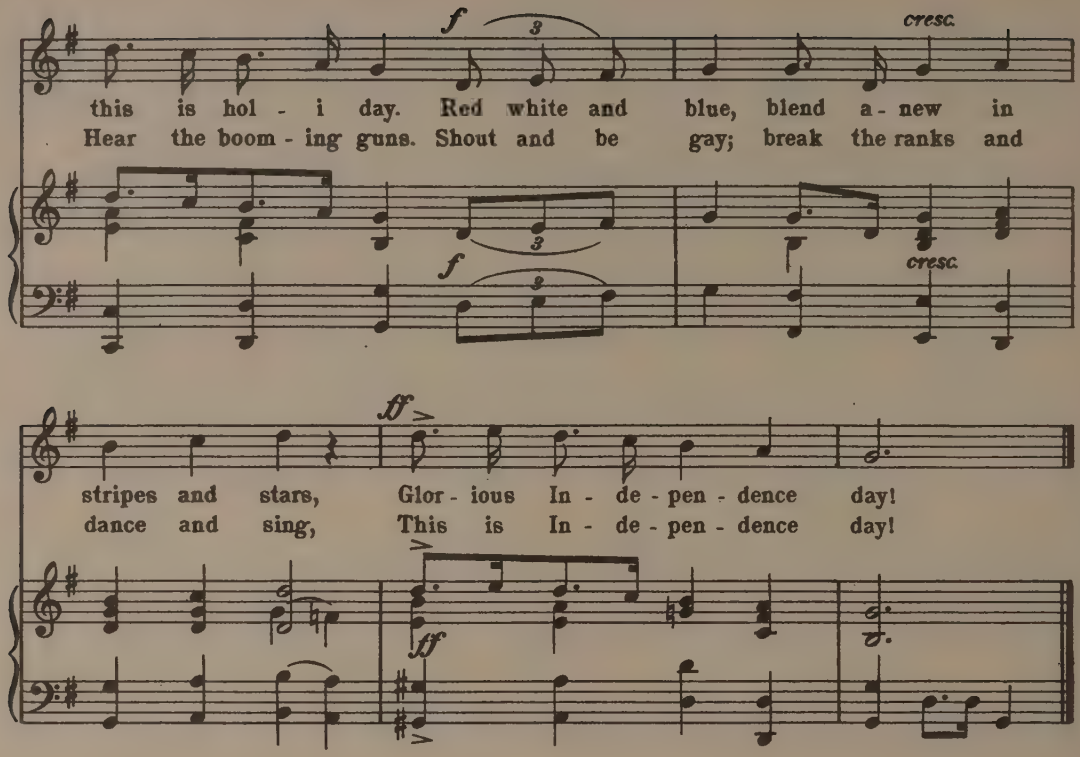
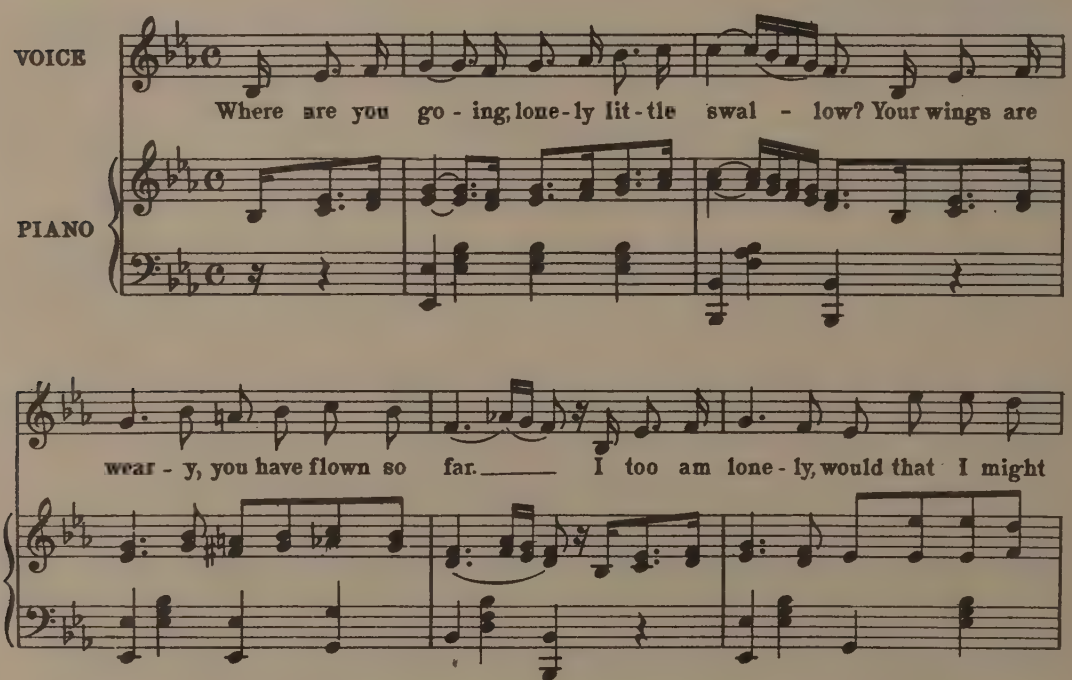

f
cresc.
this is hol - i day. Red white and blue, blend a - new in
Hear the boom - ing guns. Shout and be gay; break the ranks and
ff
stripes and stars, Glor - ious In - de - pen - dence day!
dance and sing, This is In - de - pen - dence day!

## THE SWALLOW

Words adapted by HERVEY WHITE

MEXICAN FOLKSONG
Arr. by Gerard Barton


VOICE
PIANO
Where are you go - ing, lone - ly lit - tle swal - low? Your wings are
wear - y, you have flown so far. I too am lone - ly, would that I might

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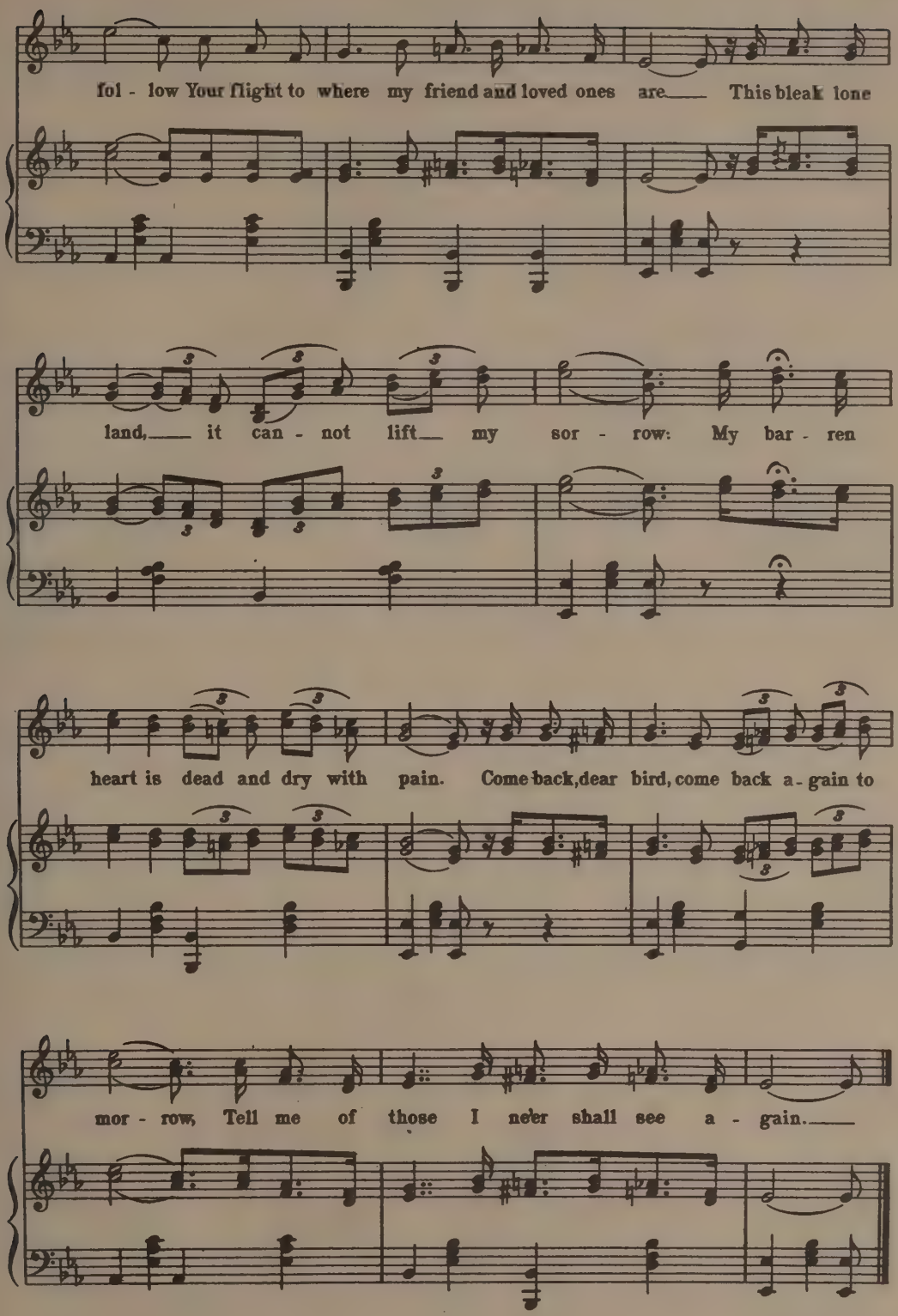
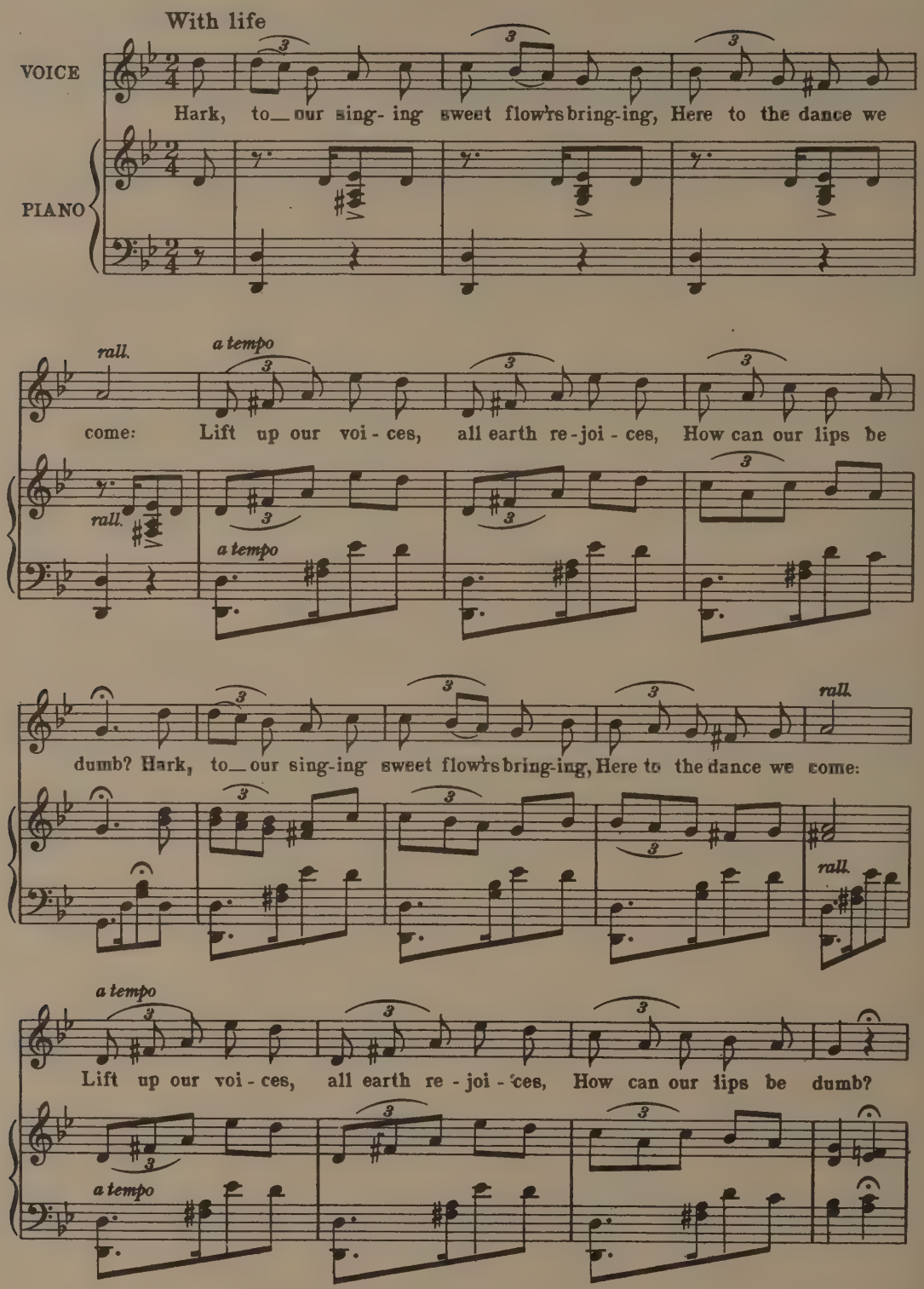

fol - low Your flight to where my friend and loved ones are This bleak lone
land, it can - not lift my sor - row: My bar - ren
heart is dead and dry with pain. Come back, dear bird, come back a - gain to
mor - row, Tell me of those I ne'er shall see a - gain.

# POMONA

Words adapted by HERVEY WHITE

SPANISH DANCE


With life
VOICE
PIANO
Hark, to our sing- ing sweet flow'rs bring-ing, Here to the dance we
rall.
a tempo
come: Lift up our voi - ces, all earth re - joi - ces, How can our lips be
dumb? Hark, to our sing-ing sweet flow'rs bring-ing, Here to the dance we come:
Lift up our voi - ces, all earth re - joi - ces, How can our lips be dumb?

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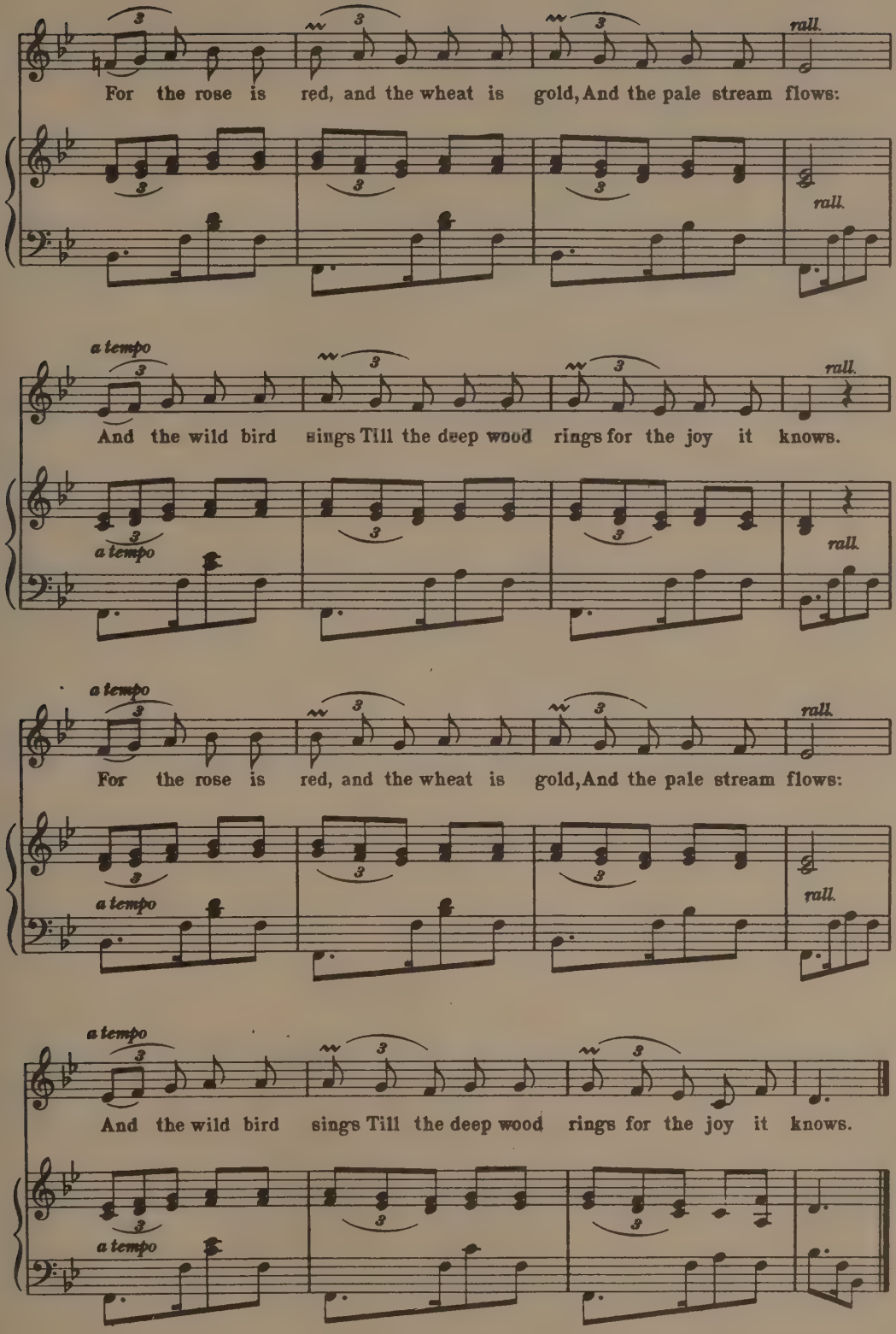
For the rose is red, and the wheat is gold, And the pale stream flows:
rall.
a tempo
And the wild bird sings Till the deep wood rings for the joy it knows.
rall.
a tempo
For the rose is red, and the wheat is gold, And the pale stream flows:
rall.
a tempo
And the wild bird sings Till the deep wood rings for the joy it knows.
rall.
a tempo

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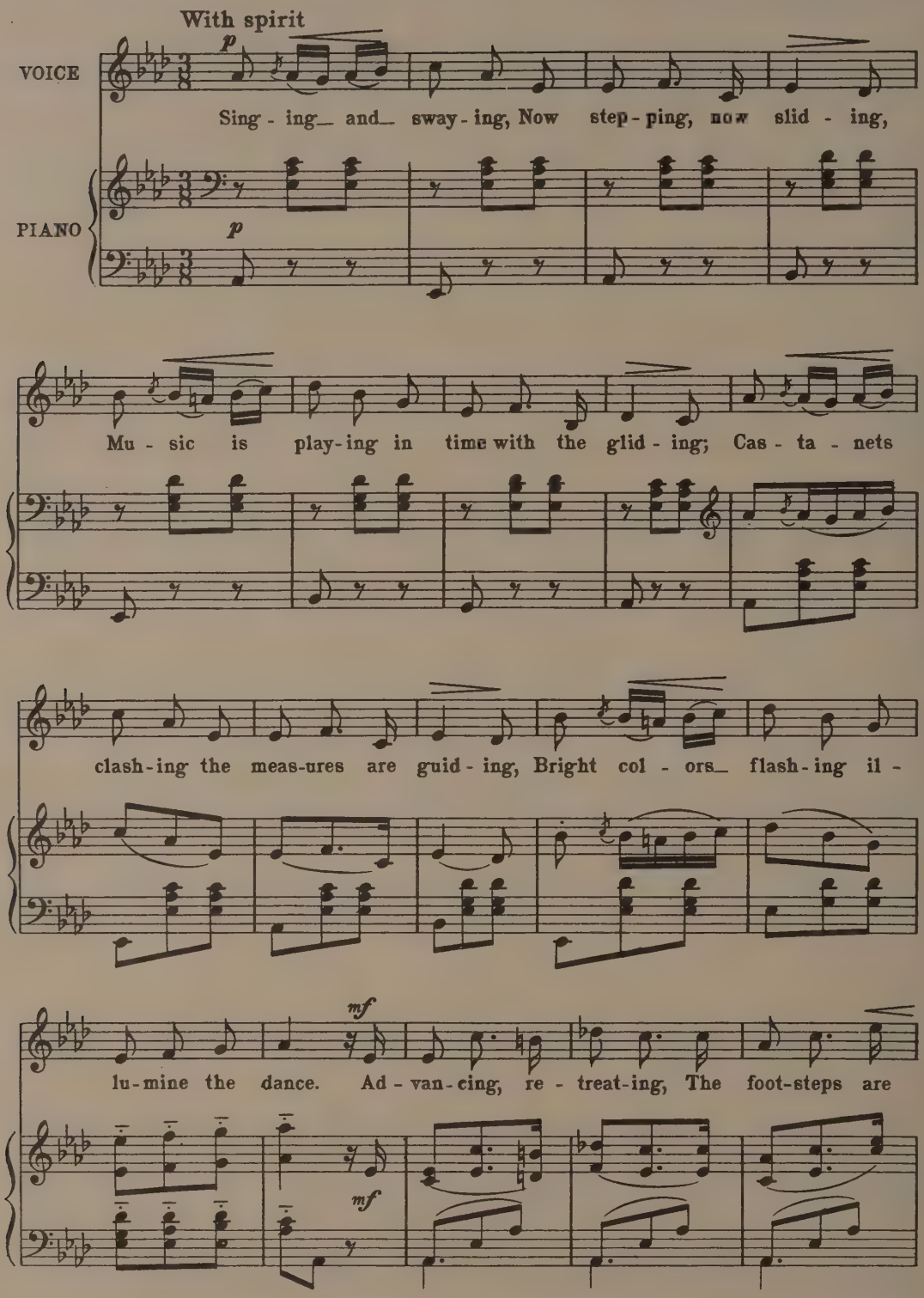
# LA CACHUCHA

Words adapted by GEORGE GOULD

SPANISH DANCE
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

With spirit
p
VOICE
Sing - ing and sway - ing, Now step - ping, now slid - ing,
PIANO
p
Mu - sic is play - ing in time with the glid - ing; Cas - ta - nets
clash - ing the meas - ures are guid - ing, Bright col - ors flash - ing il -
mf
lu - mine the dance. Ad - van - cing, re - treat - ing, The foot - steps are
mf

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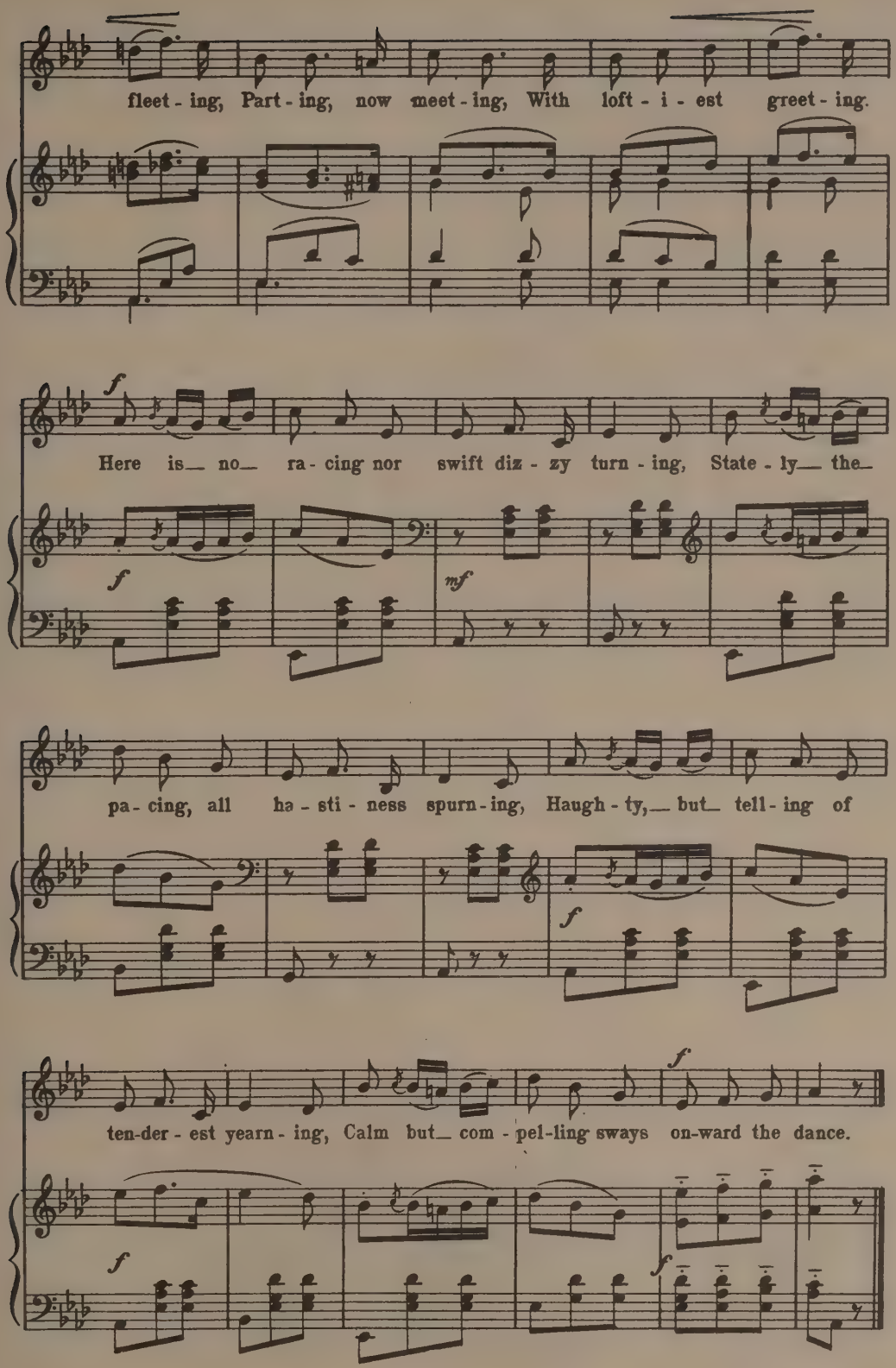
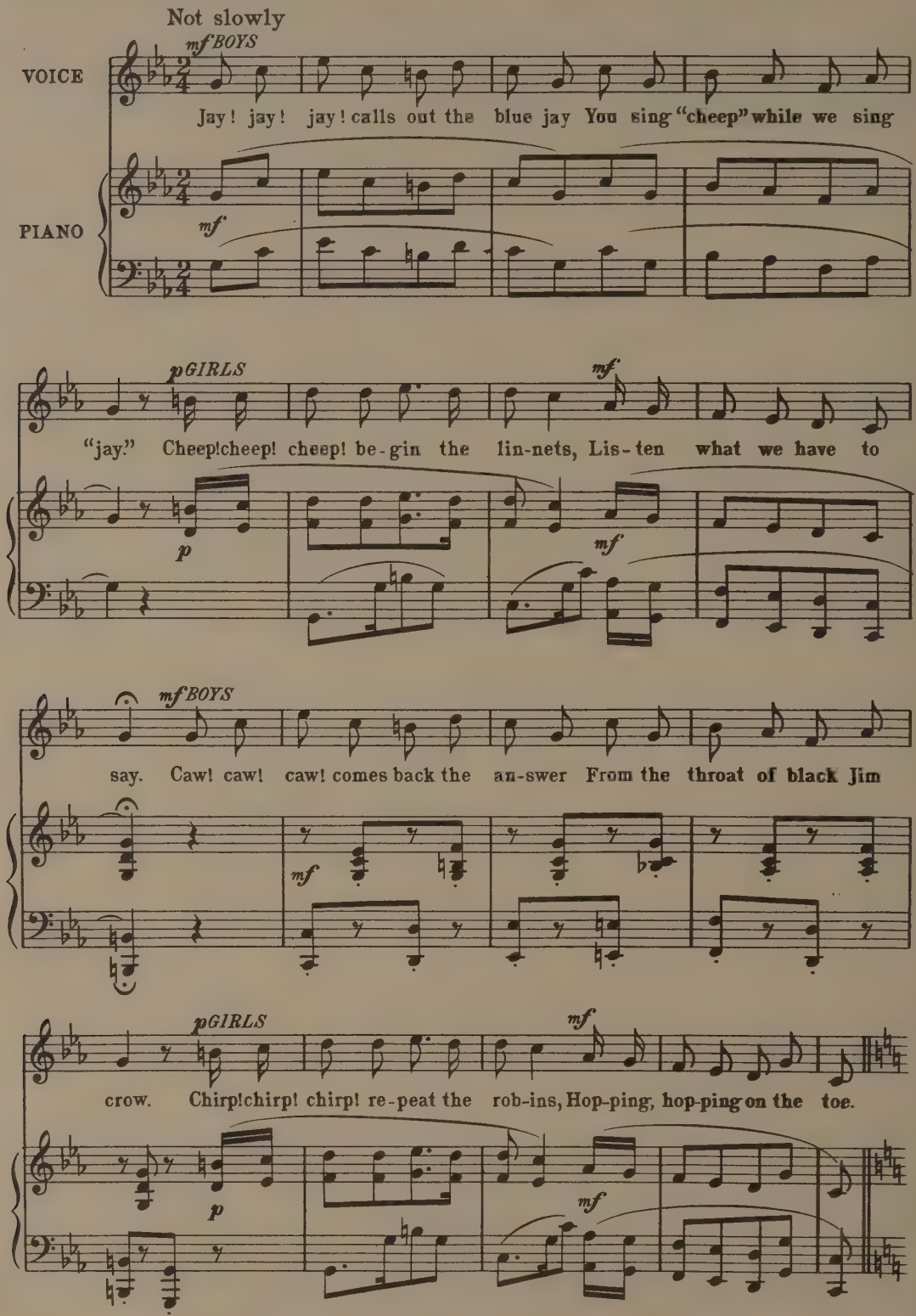

fleet - ing, Part - ing, now meet - ing, With loft - i - est greet - ing.
Here is no ra - cing nor swift diz - zy turn - ing, State - ly the
pa - cing, all ha - sti - ness spurn - ing, Haugh - ty, but tell - ing of
ten-der - est yearn - ing, Calm but com - pel-ling sways on-ward the dance.

# BIRDS' DUET

English words by HERVEY WHITE

SPANISH SONG

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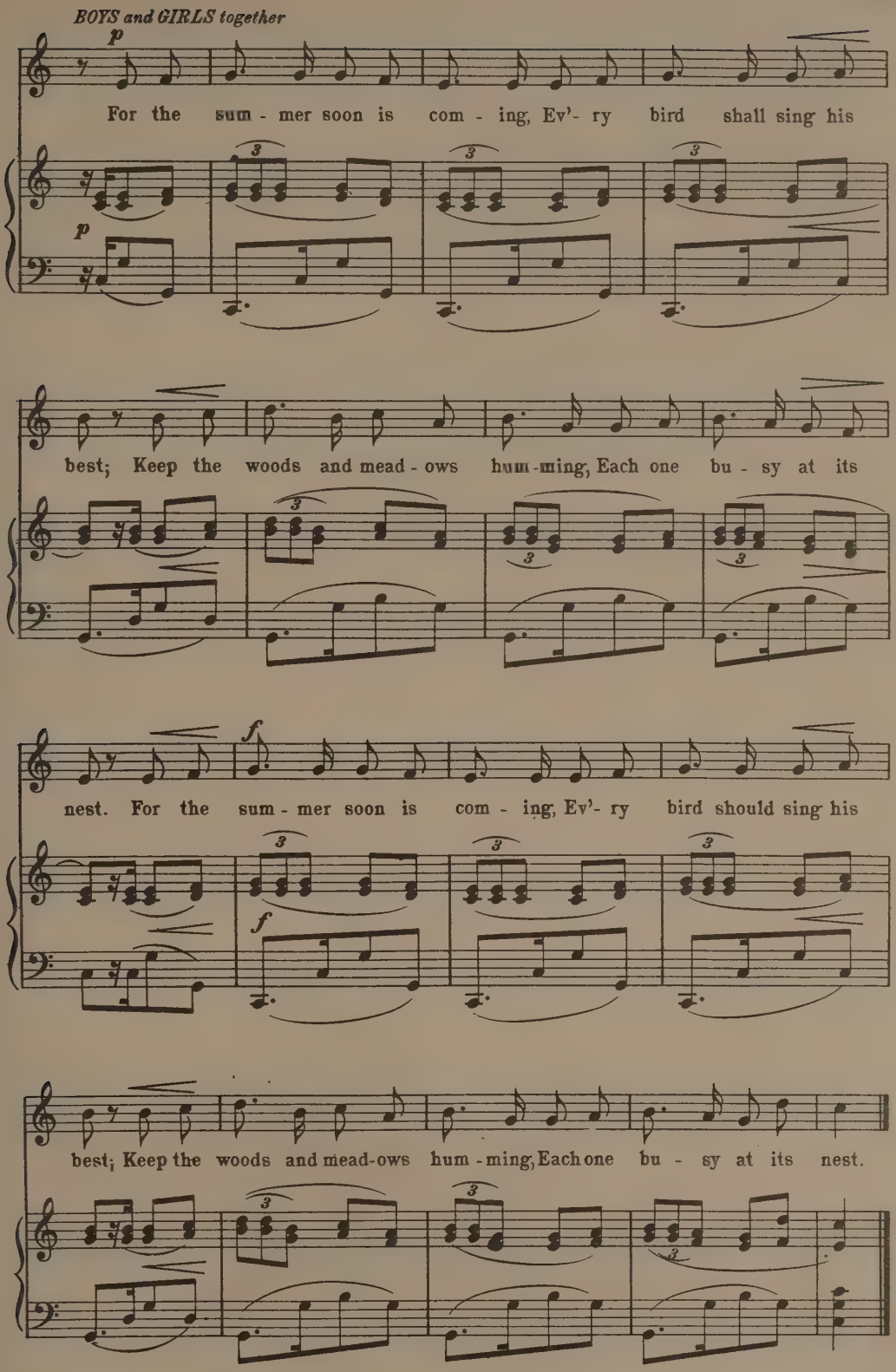
BOYS and GIRLS together
p
For the sum - mer soon is com - ing, Ev'- ry bird shall sing his
p
best; Keep the woods and mead - ows hum - ming, Each one bu - sy at its
f
nest. For the sum - mer soon is com - ing, Ev'- ry bird should sing his
f
best; Keep the woods and mead-ows hum - ming, Each one bu - sy at its nest.

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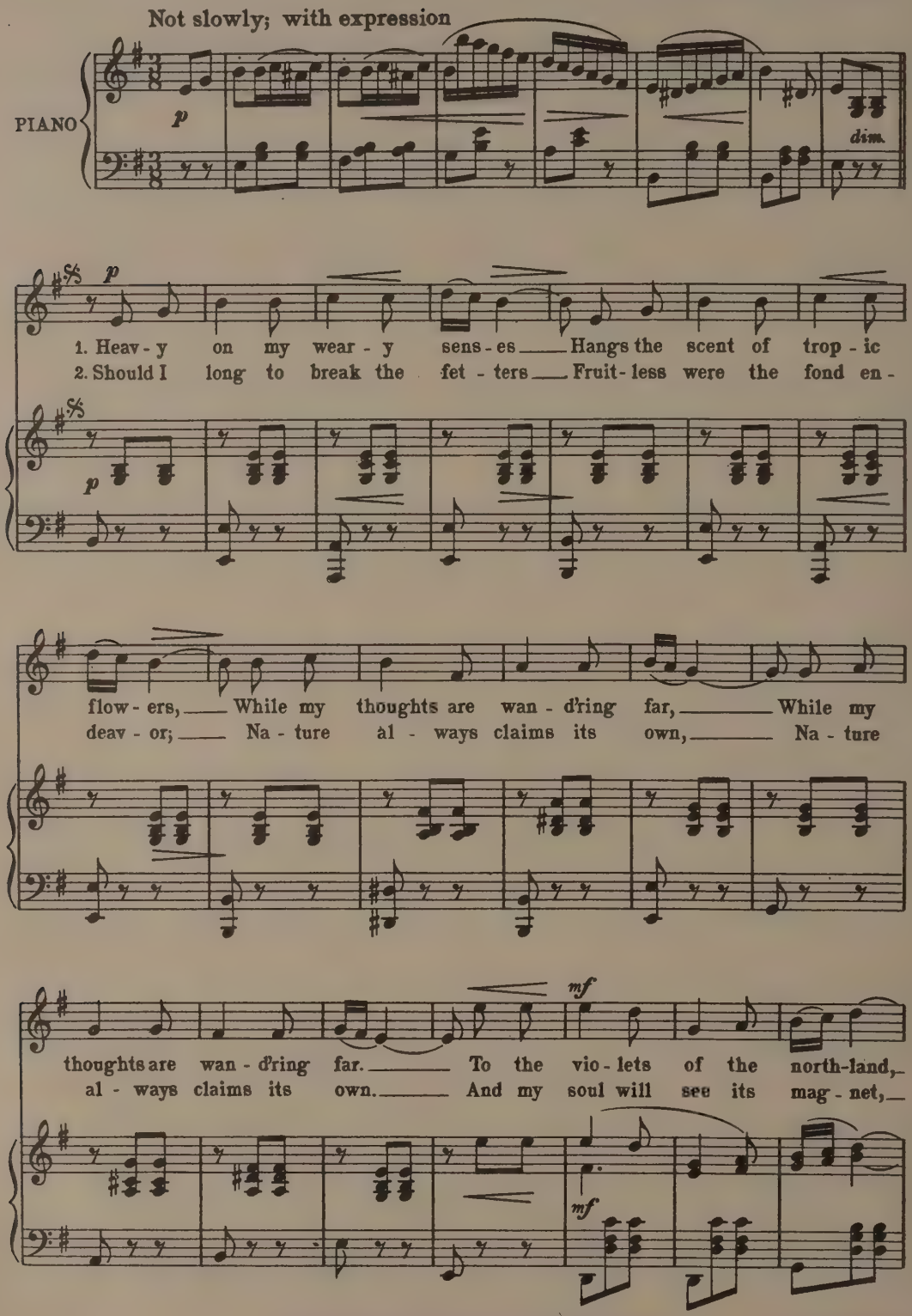
# REMEMBRANCE

English words by GEORGE GOULD

A. SALEZA
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Not slowly; with expression
PIANO
p
dim.
1. Heav - y on my wear - y sens - es Hangs the scent of trop - ic
2. Should I long to break the fet - ters Fruit - less were the fond en -
flow - ers, While my thoughts are wan - d'ring far, While my
deav - or; Na - ture al - ways claims its own, Na - ture
mf
thoughts are wan - d'ring far. To the vio - lets of the north-land,
al - ways claims its own. And my soul will see its mag - net,

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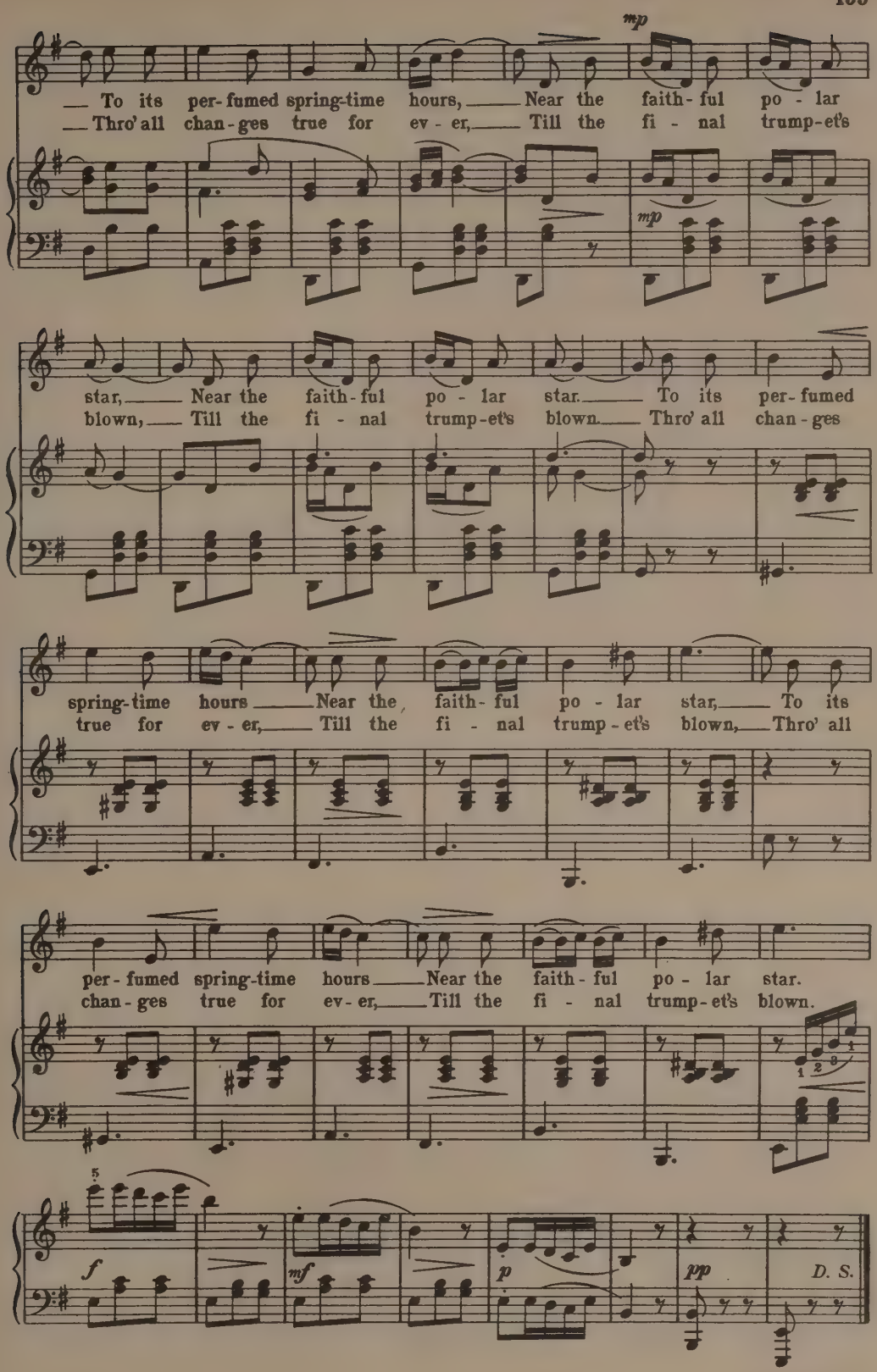
mp
To its per-fumed spring-time hours, Near the faith-ful po-lar
Thro' all chan-ges true for ev-er, Till the fi-nal trump-et's
mp
star, Near the faith-ful po-lar star. To its per-fumed
blown, Till the fi-nal trump-et's blown. Thro' all chan-ges
spring-time hours Near the faith-ful po-lar star, To its
true for ev-er, Till the fi-nal trump-et's blown, Thro' all
per-fumed spring-time hours Near the faith-ful po-lar star.
chan-ges true for ev-er, Till the fi-nal trump-et's blown.
1 2 3
5
f
mf
p
pp
D. S.

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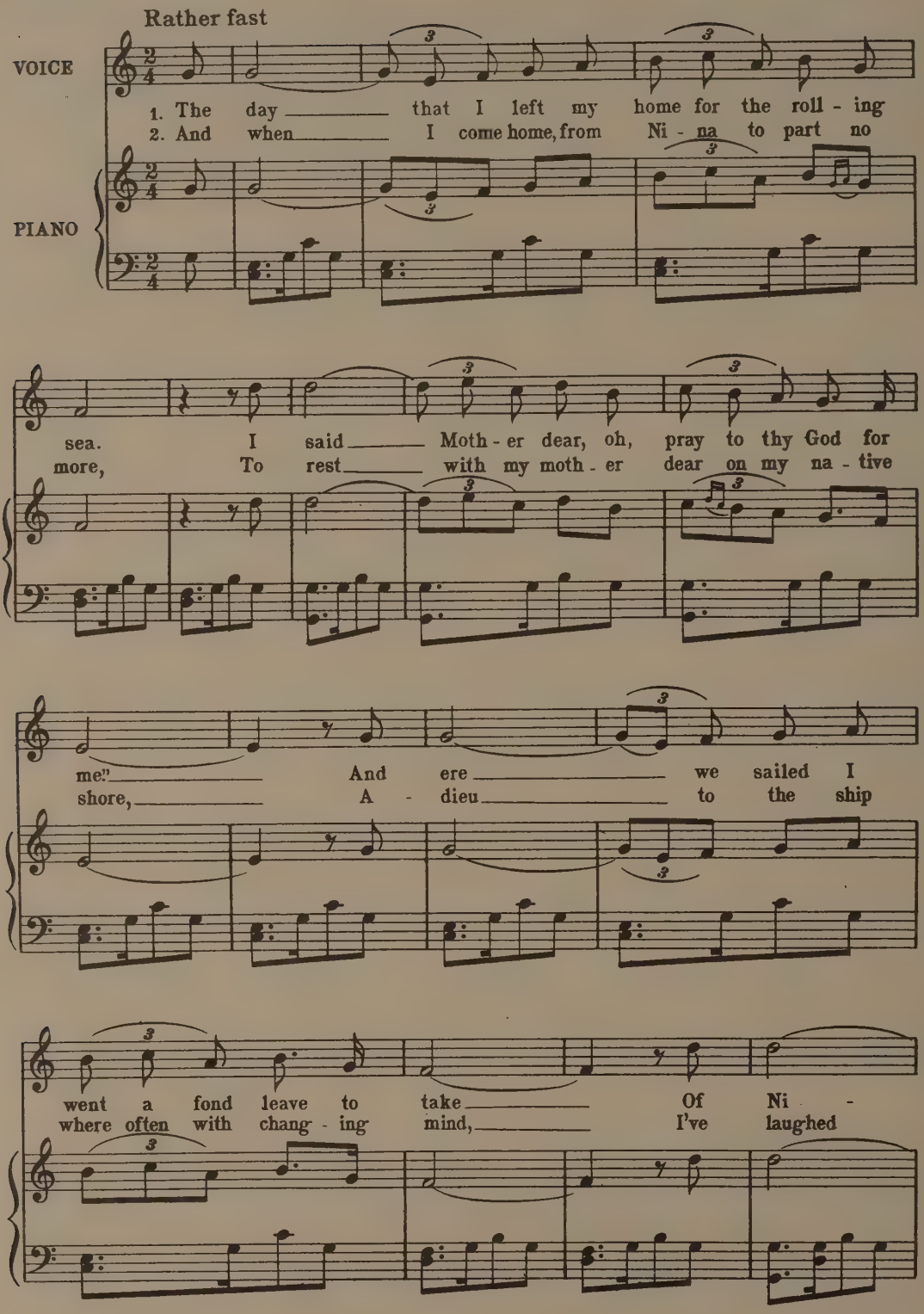
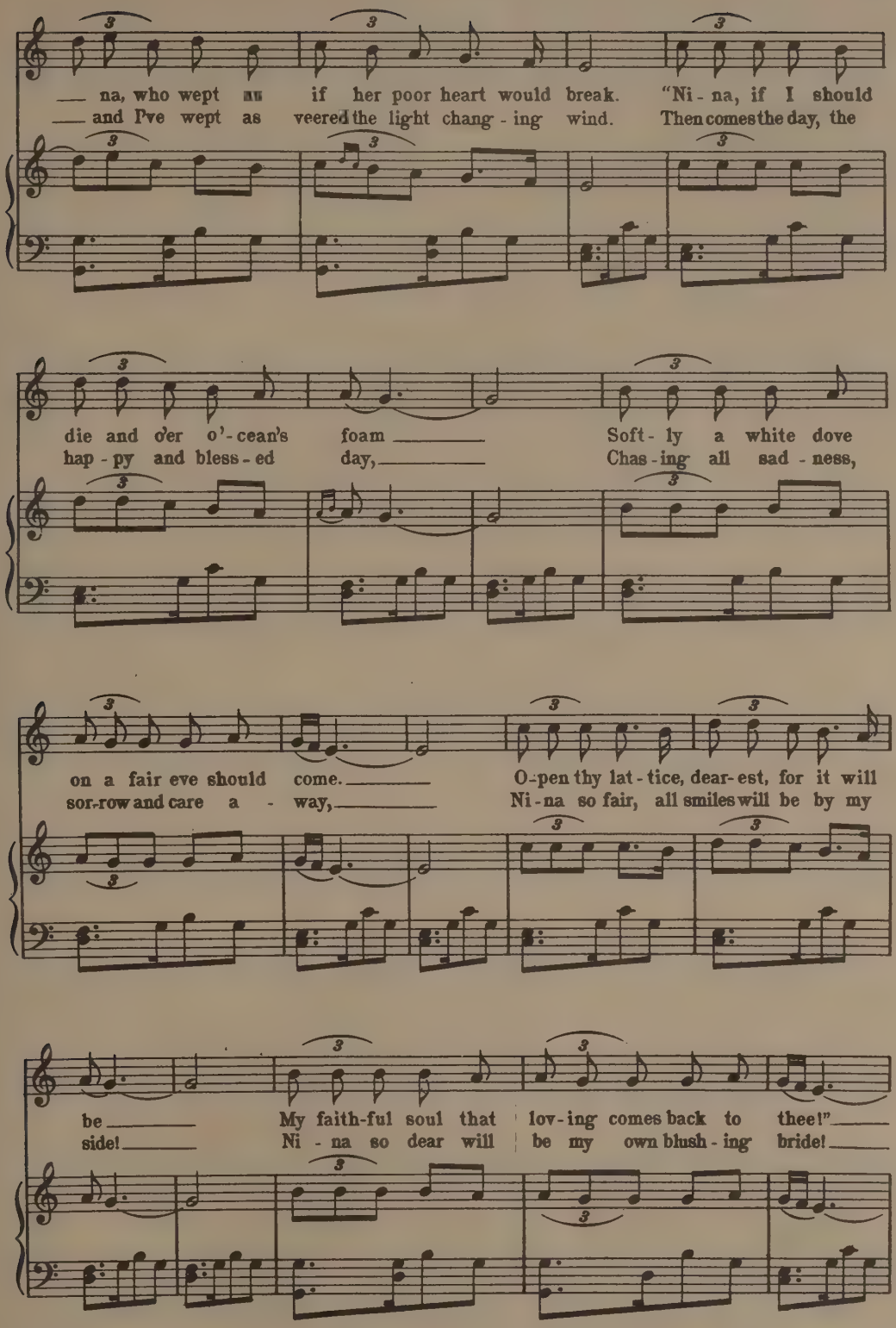
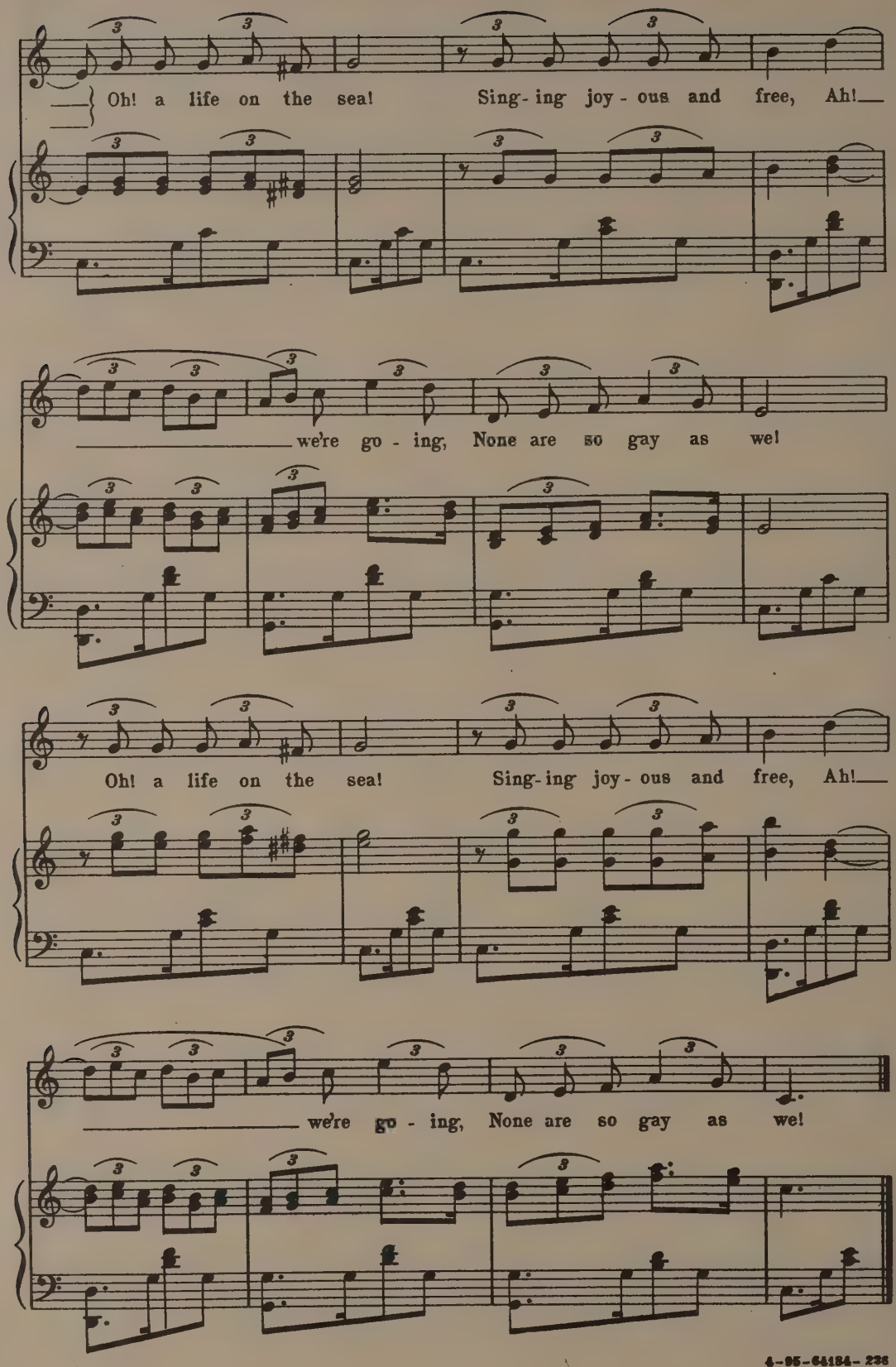
# THE DOVE
## (La Paloma)

*English words anonymous*

SEBASTIAN YRADIER


Rather fast
VOICE
PIANO
1. The day that I left my home for the roll - ing
2. And when I come home, from Ni - na to part no
sea. I said Moth - er dear, oh, pray to thy God for
more, To rest with my moth - er dear on my na - tive
me." And ere we sailed I
shore, A - dieu to the ship
went a fond leave to take Of Ni -
where often with chang - ing mind, I've laughed


— na, who wept as if her poor heart would break. "Ni - na, if I should
— and I've wept as veered the light chang - ing wind. Then comes the day, the
die and o'er o'-cean's foam — Soft - ly a white dove
hap - py and bless - ed day, — Chas - ing all sad - ness,
on a fair eve should come. — O-pen thy lat - tice, dear-est, for it will
sor-row and care a - way, — Ni - na so fair, all smiles will be by my
be — My faith-ful soul that lov - ing comes back to thee!"
side! — Ni - na so dear will be my own blush - ing bride!


Oh! a life on the sea! Sing-ing joy-ous and free, Ah!
we're go-ing, None are so gay as we!
Oh! a life on the sea! Sing-ing joy-ous and free, Ah!
we're go-ing, None are so gay as we!

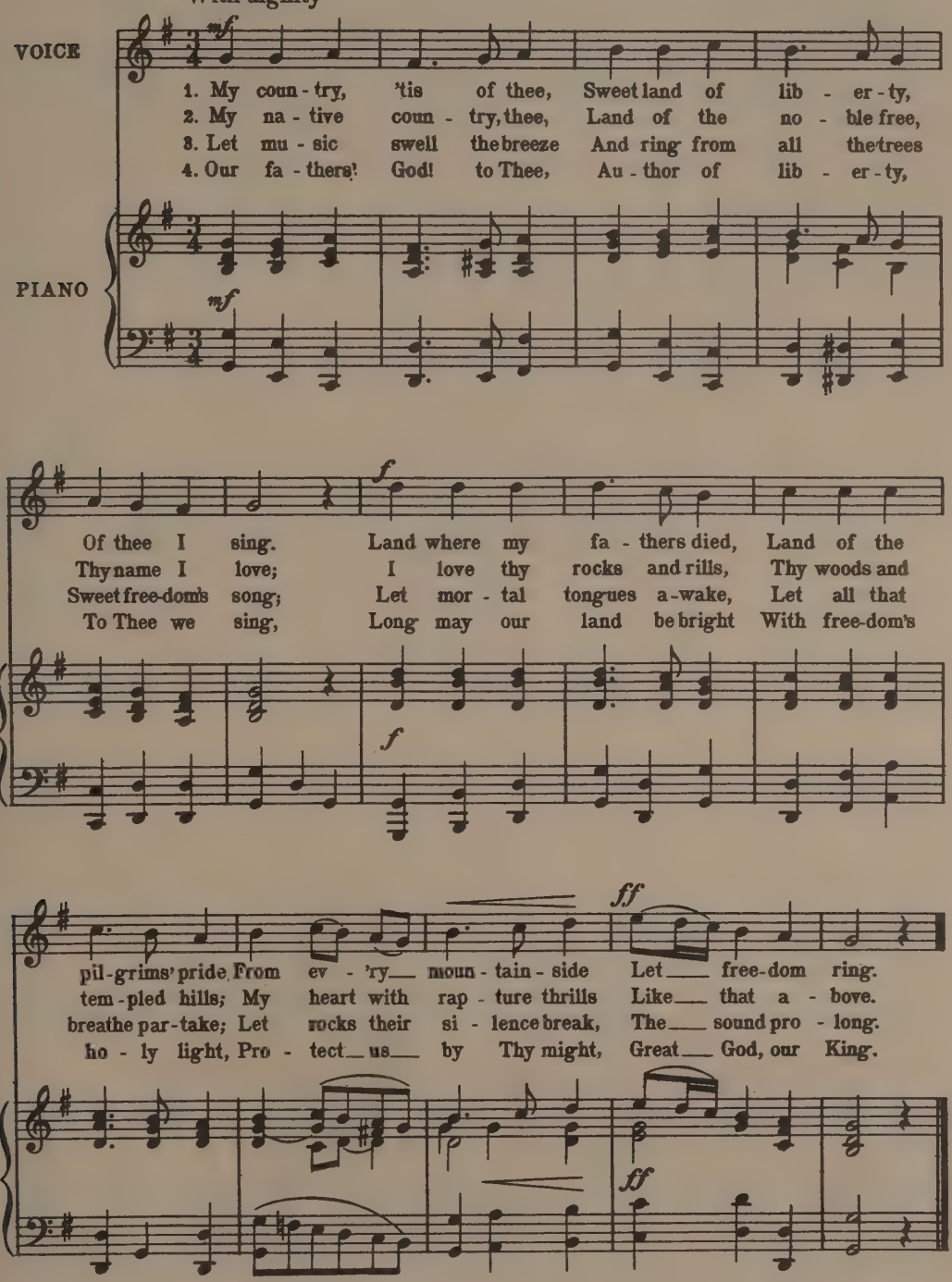
# AMERICA

(God save the King)

*Words adapted by SAMUEL F. SMITH* (1808 1895) (ENGLISH)

HENRY CAREY (1685-1743)

With dignity

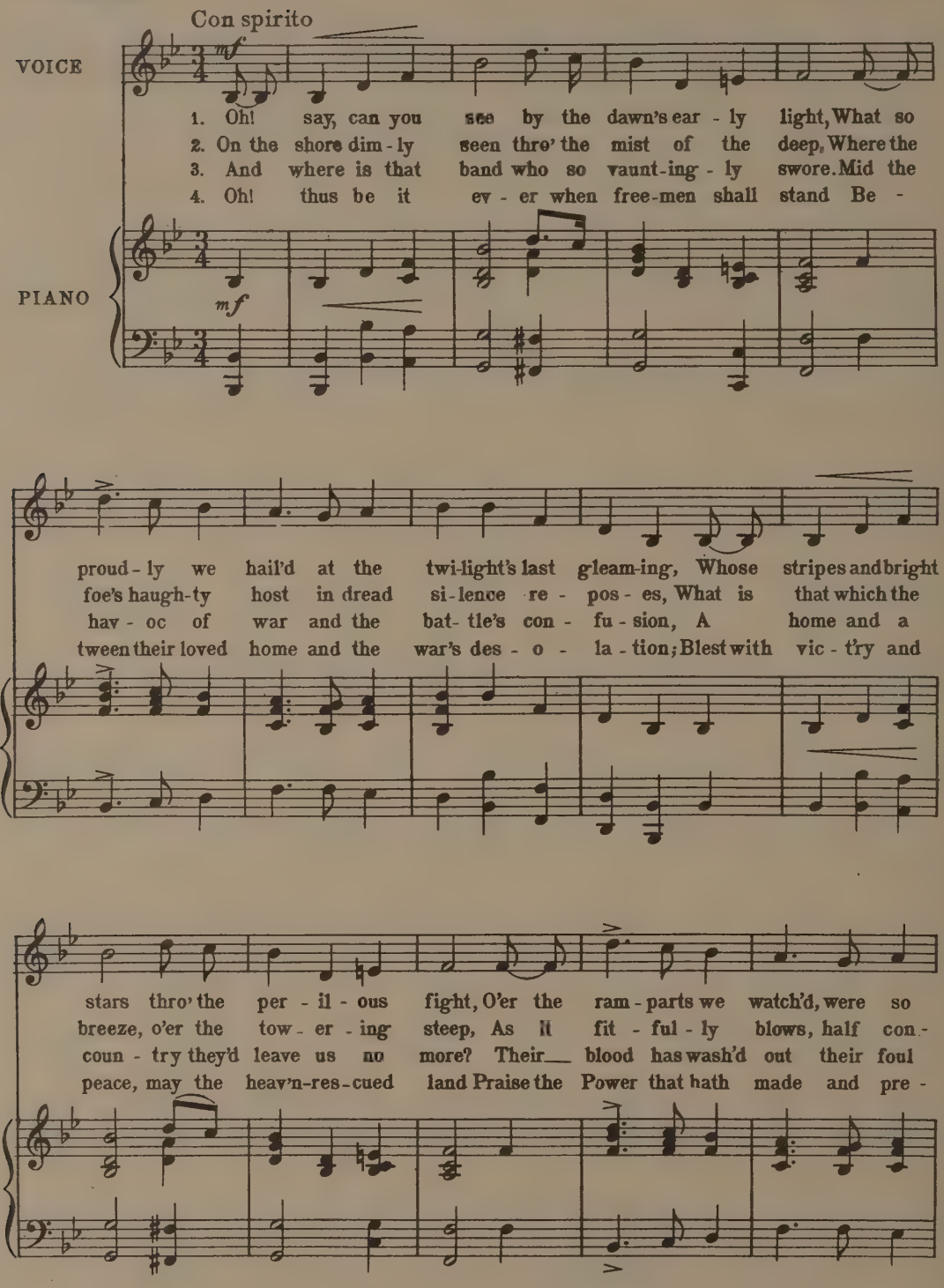

VOICE
PIANO
mf
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing. Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a-wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing, Long may our land be bright With free-dom's
f
pil-grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain - side Let free-dom ring.
tem-pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.
ff

# THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

(AMERICAN)

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY
(1779-1843)

SAMUEL ARNOLD
(1740-1802)


Con spirito
VOICE
PIANO
mf
1. Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the
3. And where is that band who so vaunt-ing - ly swore. Mid the
4. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Be -
proud - ly we hail'd at the twi-light's last gleam-ing, Whose stripes and bright
foe's haugh-ty host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the
hav - oc of war and the bat- tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a
tween their loved home and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and
stars thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd, were so
breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con -
coun - try they'd leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul
peace, may the heav'n-res-cued land Praise the Power that hath made and pre -

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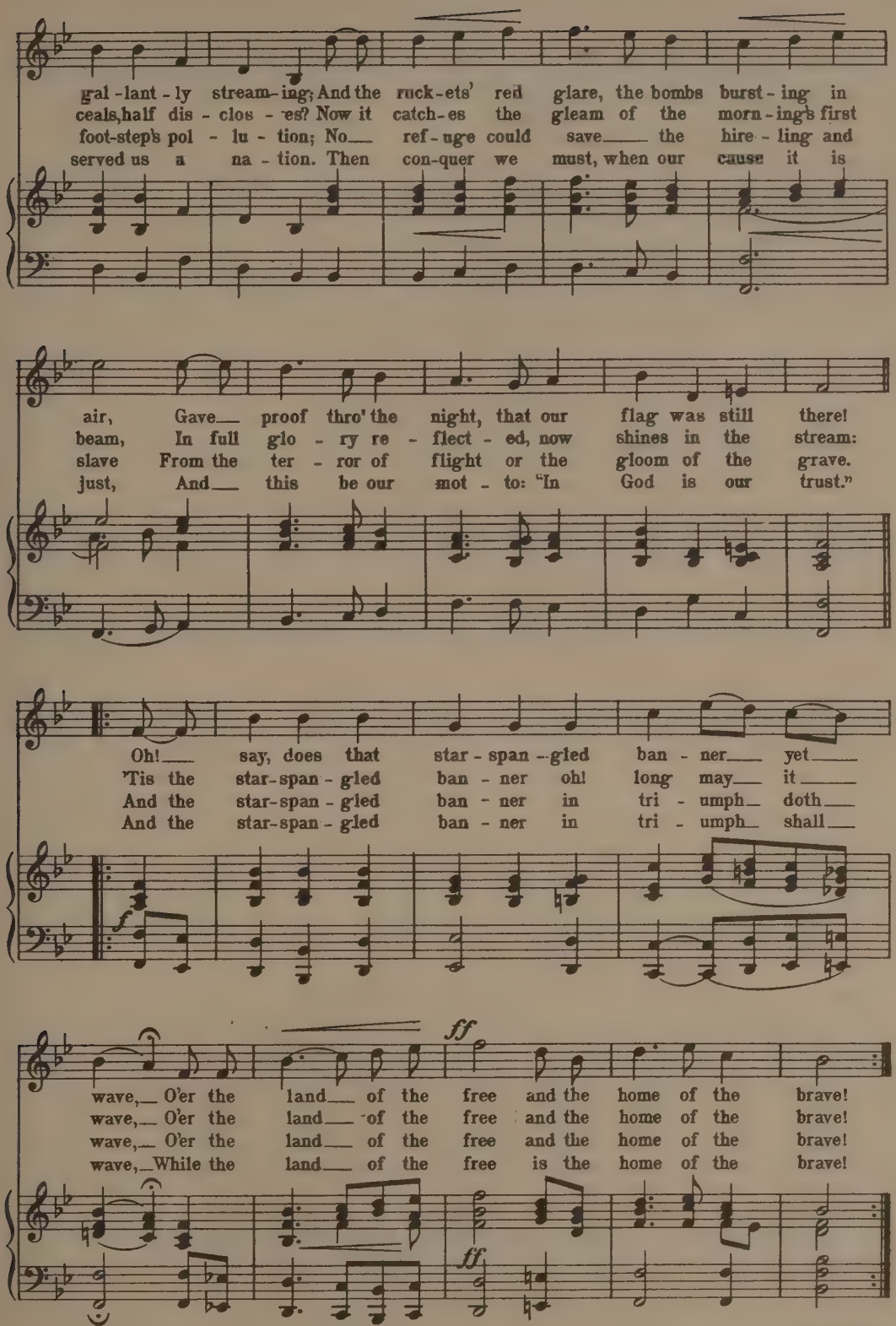
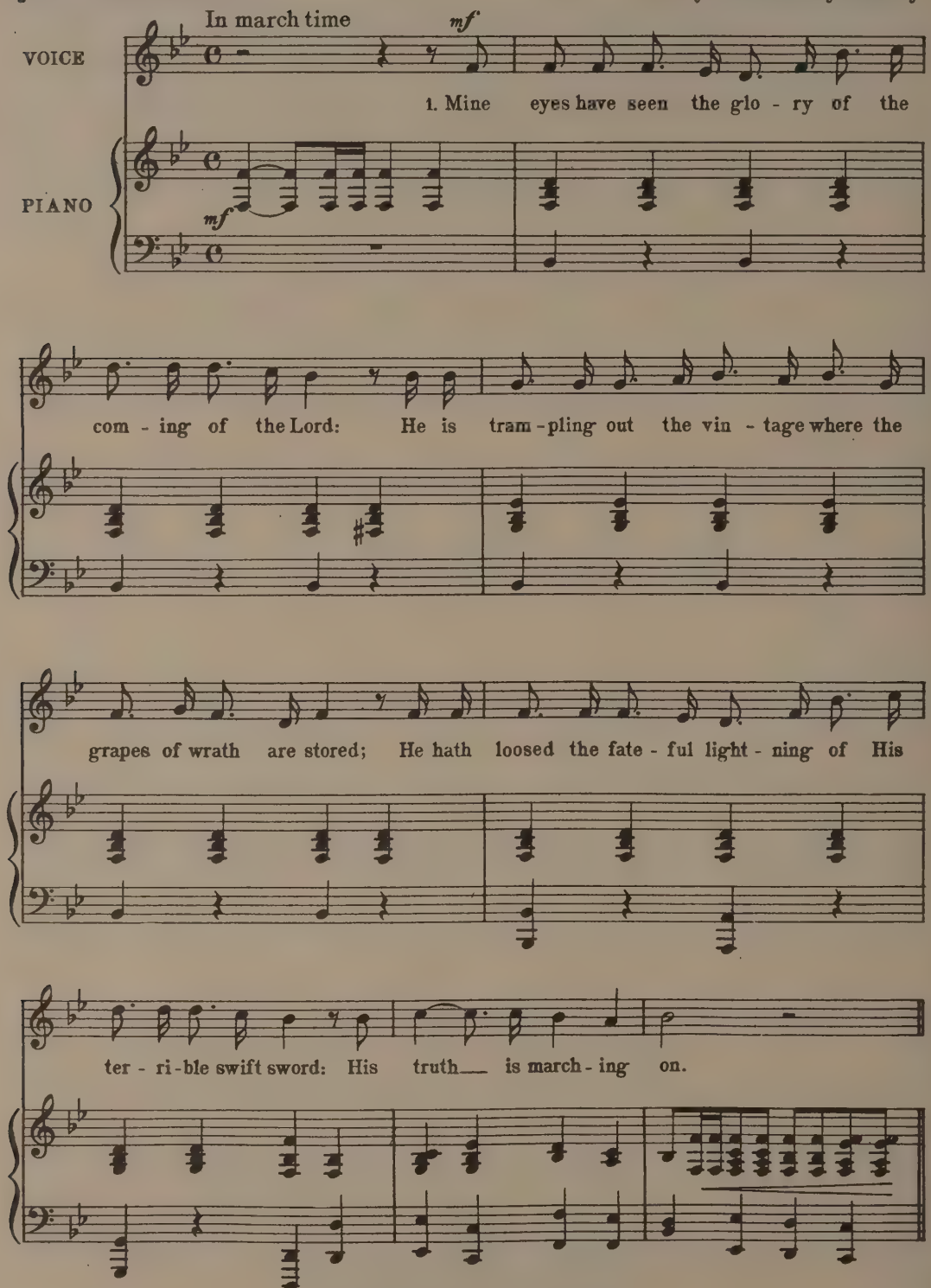

gal - lant - ly stream - ing; And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in
ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first
foot-step's pol - lu - tion; No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and
served us a na - tion. Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is
air, Gave proof thro' the night, that our flag was still there!
beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines in the stream:
slave From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
just, And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust."
Oh! say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet
'Tis the star-span - gled ban - ner oh! long may it
And the star-span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth
And the star-span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall
f
ff
wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
wave, While the land of the free is the home of the brave!
ff

E-95-64184-226

# BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

(AMERICAN)

JULIA WARD HOWE (1819-

AIR, "JOHN BROWN'S BODY"
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

In march time
mf
VOICE
PIANO
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the
com - ing of the Lord: He is tram - pling out the vin - tage where the
grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His
ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is march - ing on.

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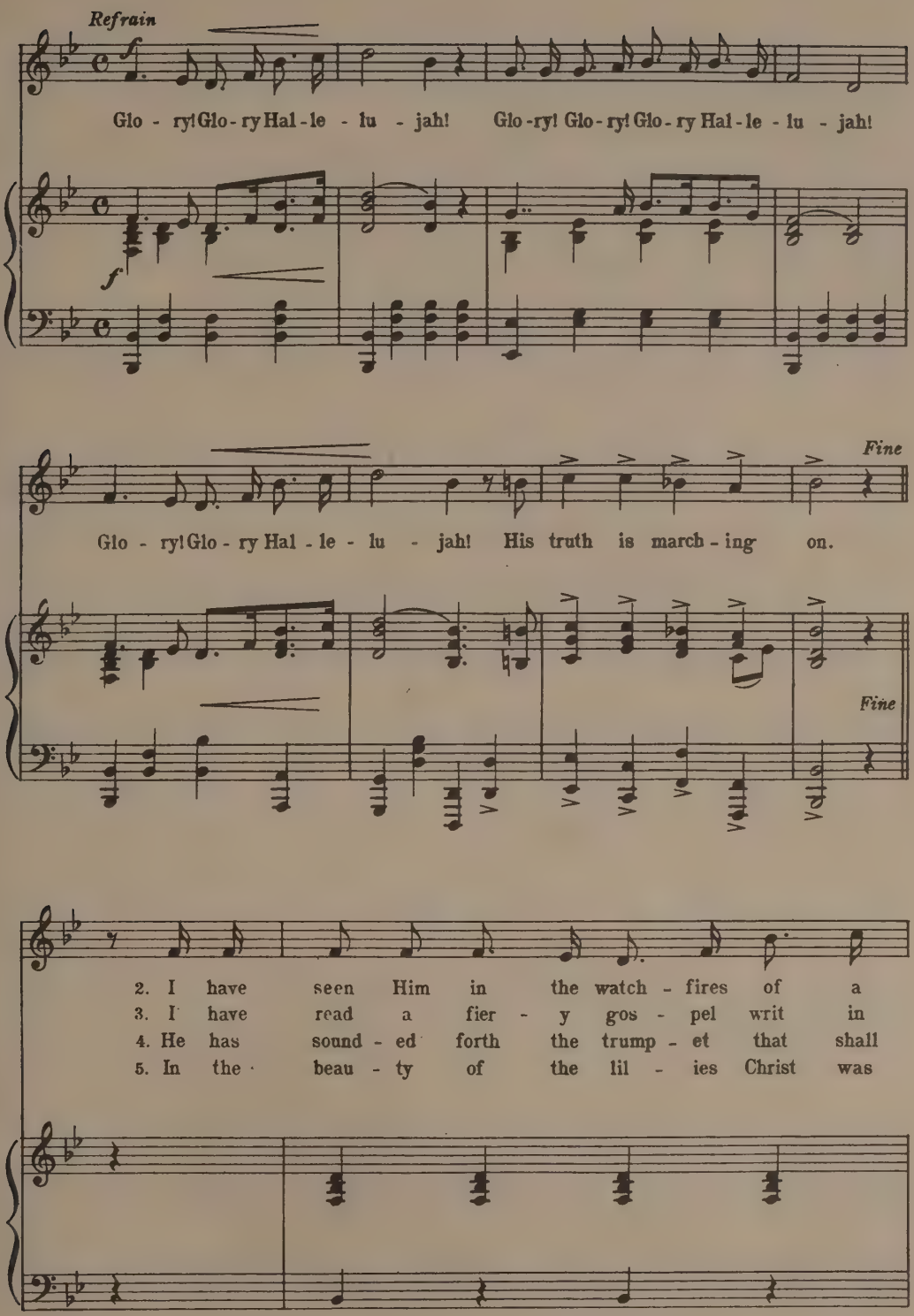
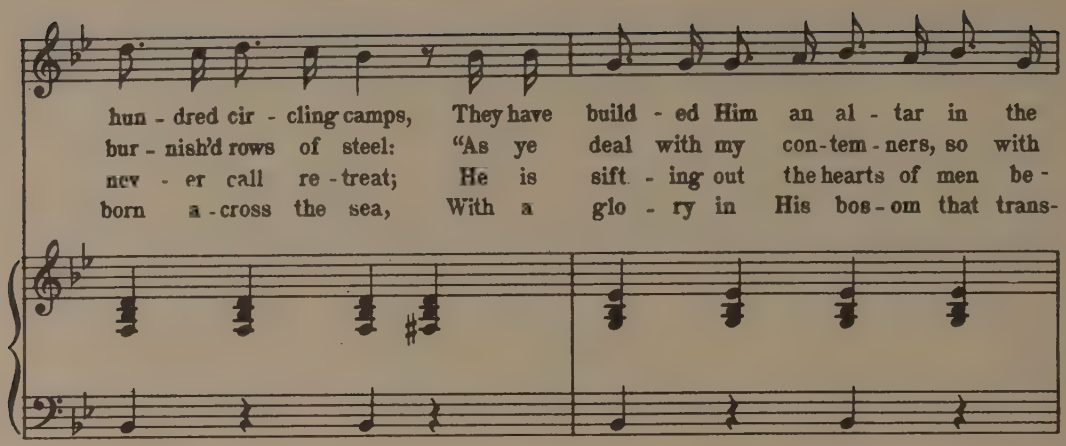
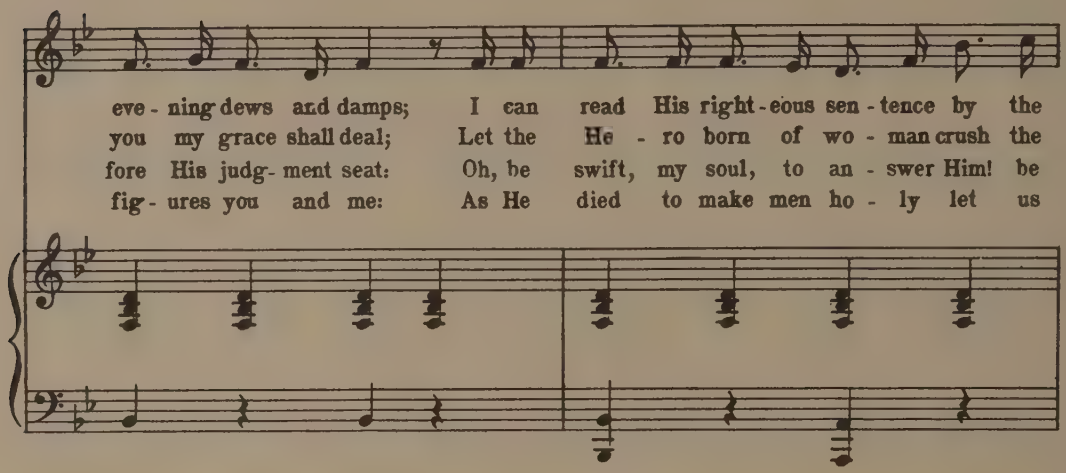
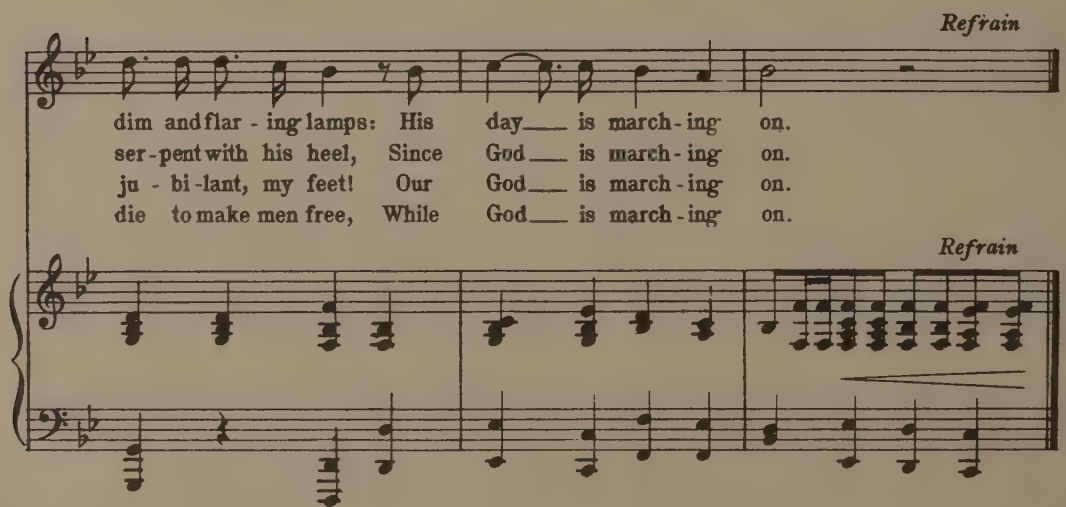

Refrain
Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!
f
Fine
Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.
Fine
2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a
3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel writ in
4. He has sound - ed forth the trump - et that shall
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was


hun - dred cir - cling camps, They have build - ed Him an al - tar in the
bur - nish'd rows of steel: "As ye deal with my con-tem - ners, so with
nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be -
born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-


eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right - eous sen - tence by the
you my grace shall deal; Let the He - ro born of wo - man crush the
fore His judg - ment seat: Oh, be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be
fig - ures you and me: As He died to make men ho - ly let us


Refrain
dim and flar - ing lamps: His day___ is march - ing on.
ser - pent with his heel, Since God___ is march - ing on.
ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God___ is march - ing on.
die to make men free, While God___ is march - ing on.
Refrain

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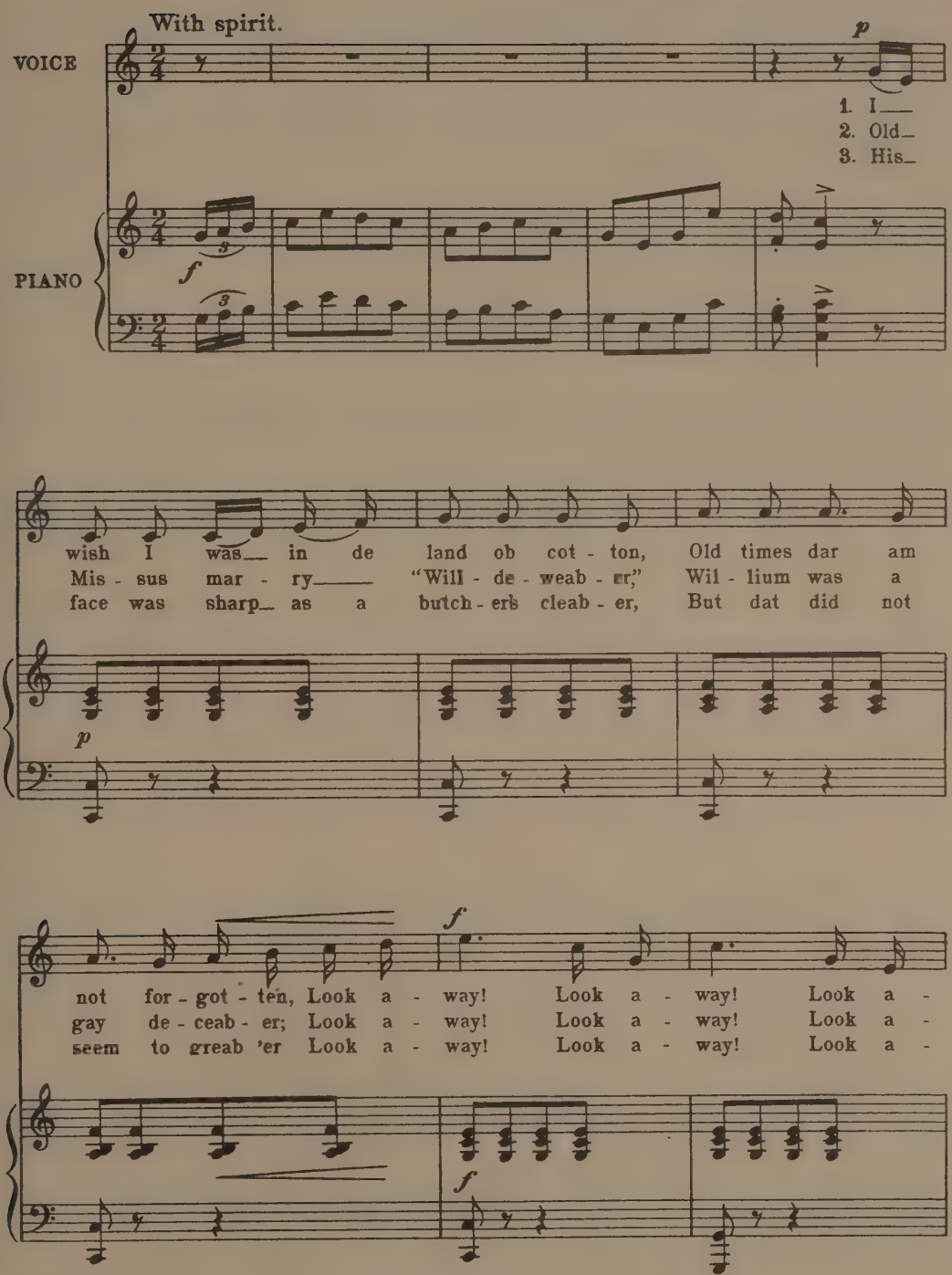
# DIXIE'S LAND

(AMERICAN)

Words and Music by
DAN. D. EMMETT
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


With spirit.
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. I
2. Old
3. His
f
wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am
Mis - sus mar - ry "Will - de - weab - er," Wil - lium was a
face was sharp as a butch - ers cleab - er, But dat did not
p
not for - got - ten, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a -
gay de - ceab - er; Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a -
seem to greab 'er Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a -
f
f

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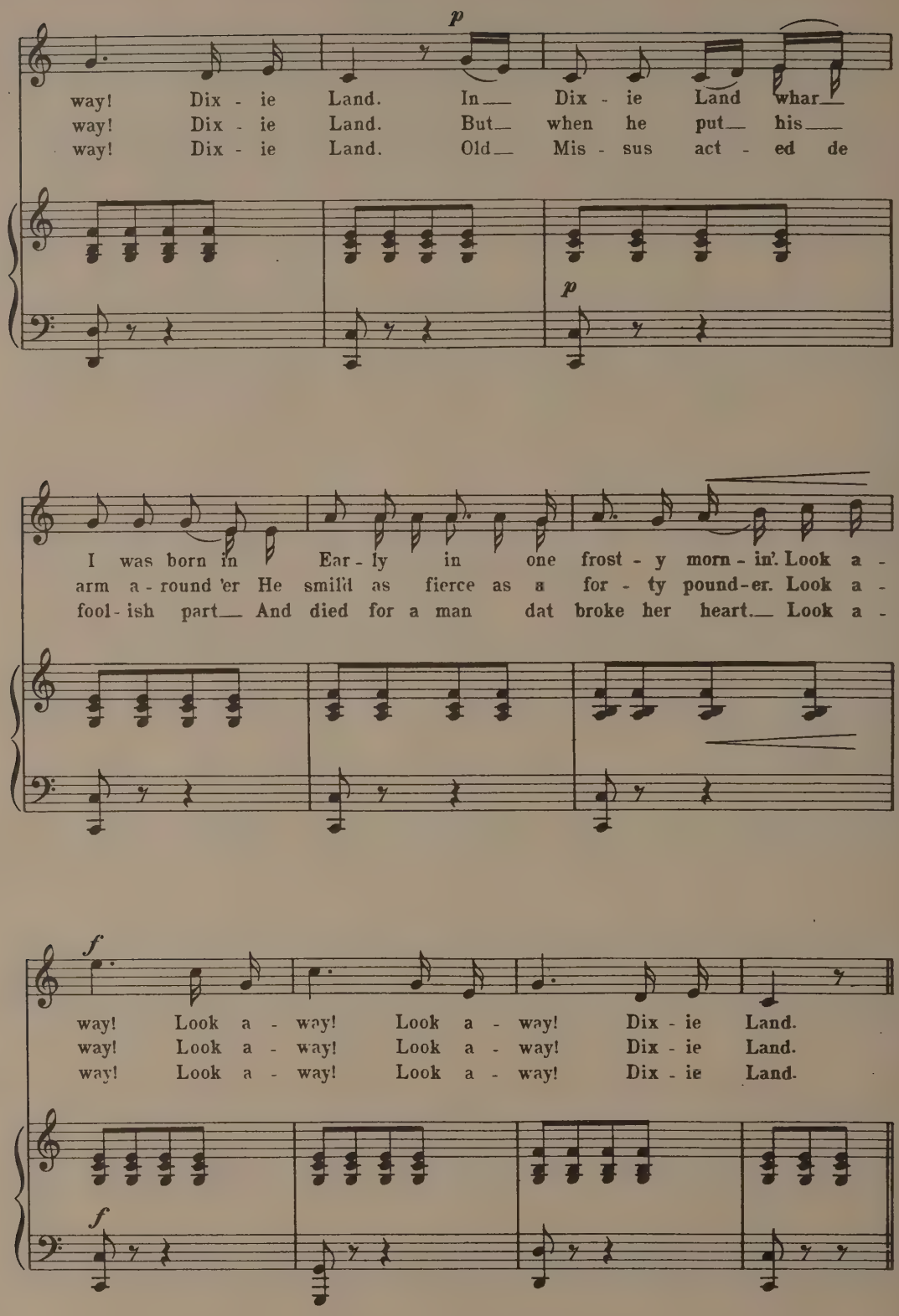
p
way! Dix - ie Land. In Dix - ie Land whar
way! Dix - ie Land. But when he put his
way! Dix - ie Land. Old Mis - sus act - ed de
p
I was born in Ear - ly in one frost - y morn - in'. Look a -
arm a - round 'er He smil'd as fierce as a for - ty pound - er. Look a -
fool - ish part And died for a man dat broke her heart. Look a -
f
way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
f

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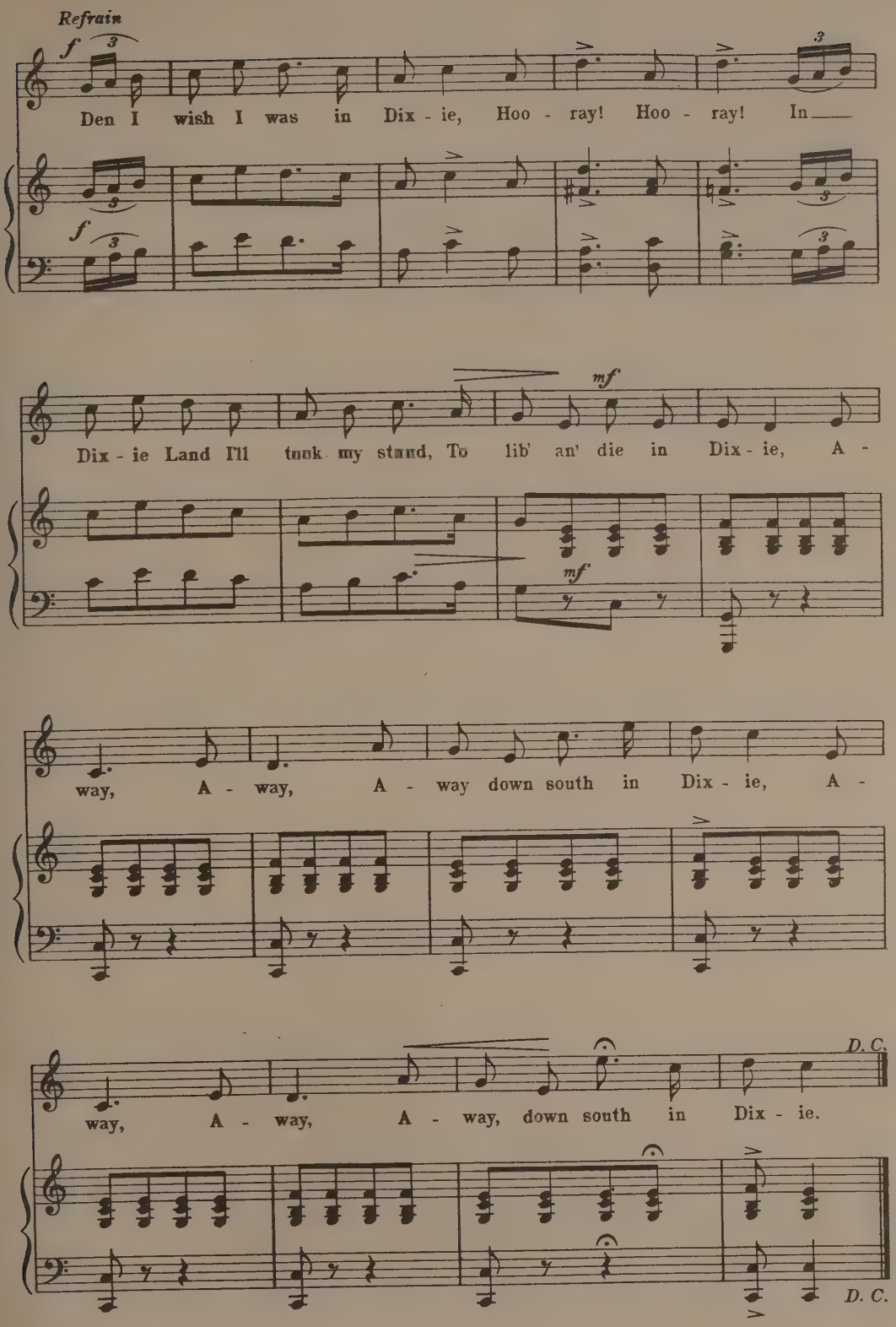
Refrain
f
Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In
mf
Dix - ie Land I'll took my stand, To lib' an' die in Dix - ie, A -
way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie, A -
way, A - way, A - way, down south in Dix - ie.
D. C.
D. C.

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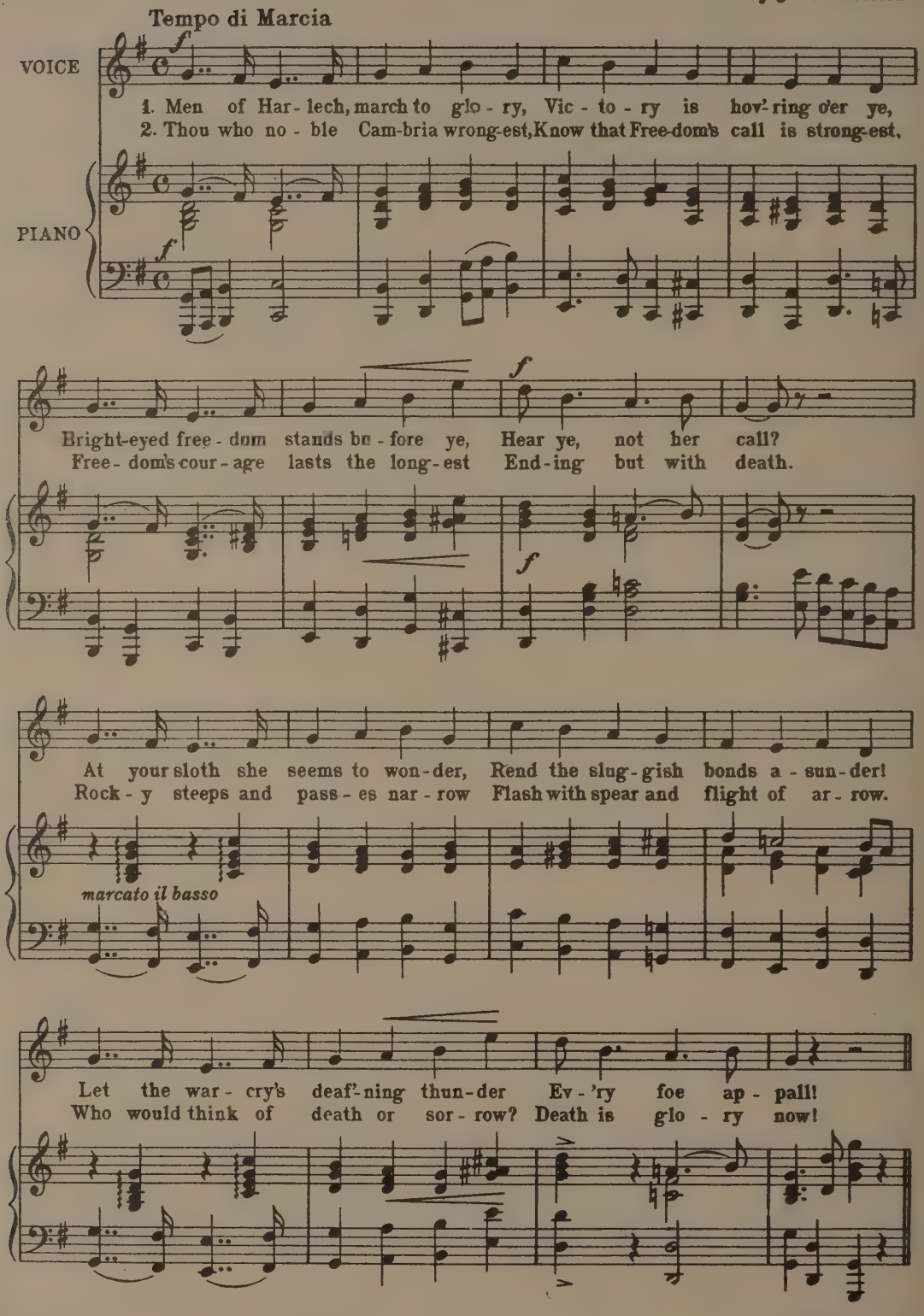
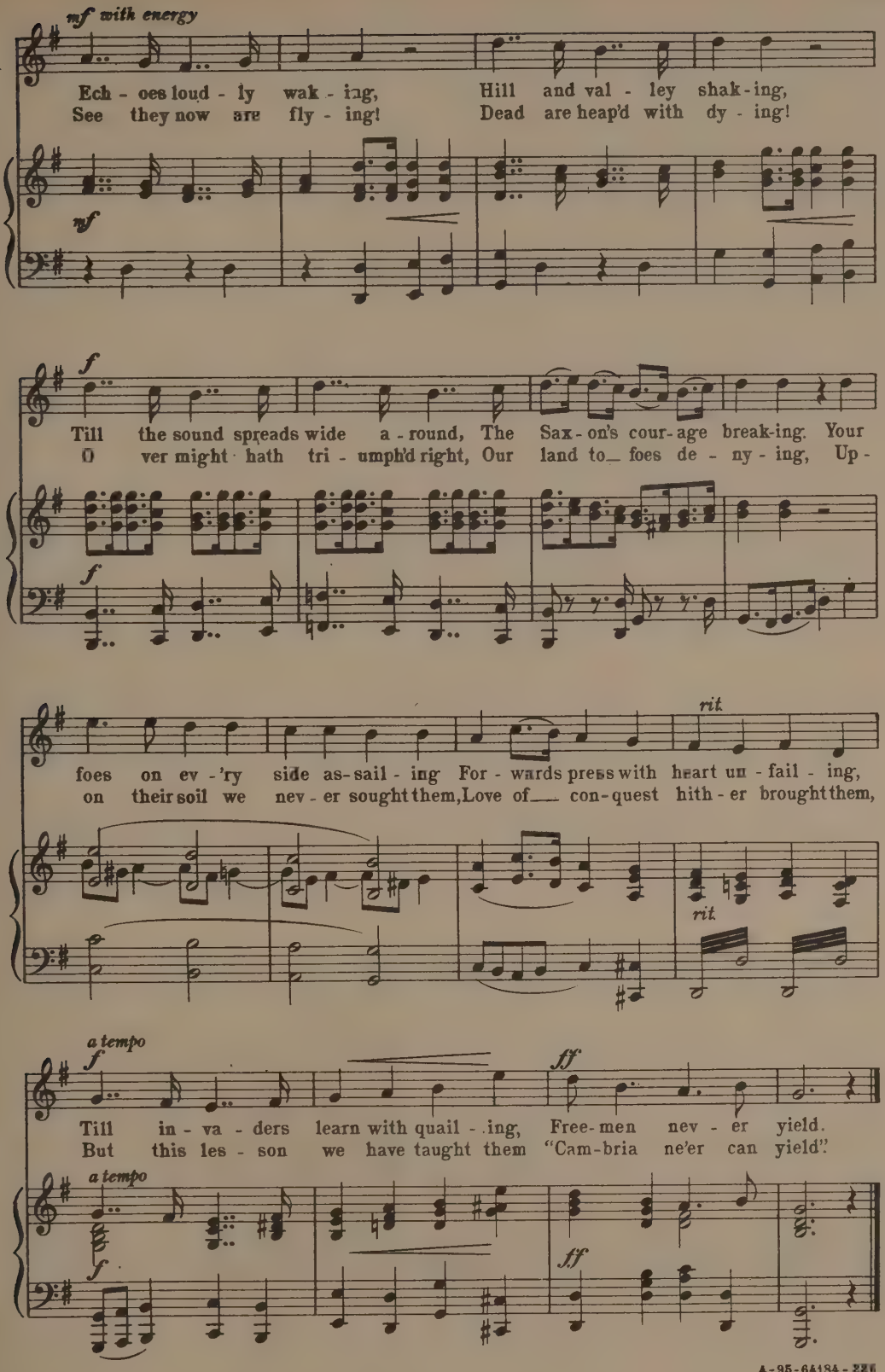
# MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH

(WELSH)

OLD TUNE (1468)
Arr. by J. B. Wekerlin


Tempo di Marcia
VOICE
PIANO
f
1. Men of Har - lech, march to glo - ry, Vic - to - ry is hov'-ring o'er ye,
2. Thou who no - ble Cam-bria wrong-est, Know that Free-dom's call is strong-est,
Bright-eyed free - dom stands be - fore ye, Hear ye, not her call?
Free - dom's cour - age lasts the long - est End - ing but with death.
At your sloth she seems to won - der, Rend the slug - gish bonds a - sun - der!
Rock - y steeps and pass - es nar - row Flash with spear and flight of ar - row.
marcato il basso
Let the war - cry's deaf'-ning thun - der Ev - 'ry foe ap - pall!
Who would think of death or sor - row? Death is glo - ry now!


mf with energy
Ech - oes loud - ly wak - ing, Hill and val - ley shak - ing,
See they now are fly - ing! Dead are heap'd with dy - ing!
mf
f
Till the sound spreads wide a - round, The Sax - on's cour - age break - ing. Your
O ver might hath tri - umph'd right, Our land to_ foes de - ny - ing, Up -
f
rit.
foes on ev - 'ry side as - sail - ing For - wards press with heart un - fail - ing,
on their soil we nev - er sought them, Love of_ con - quest hith - er brought them,
rit.
a tempo
f
ff
Till in - va - ders learn with quail - ing, Free - men nev - er yield.
But this les - son we have taught them "Cam - bria ne'er can yield".
a tempo
f
ff

4-95-64184-226

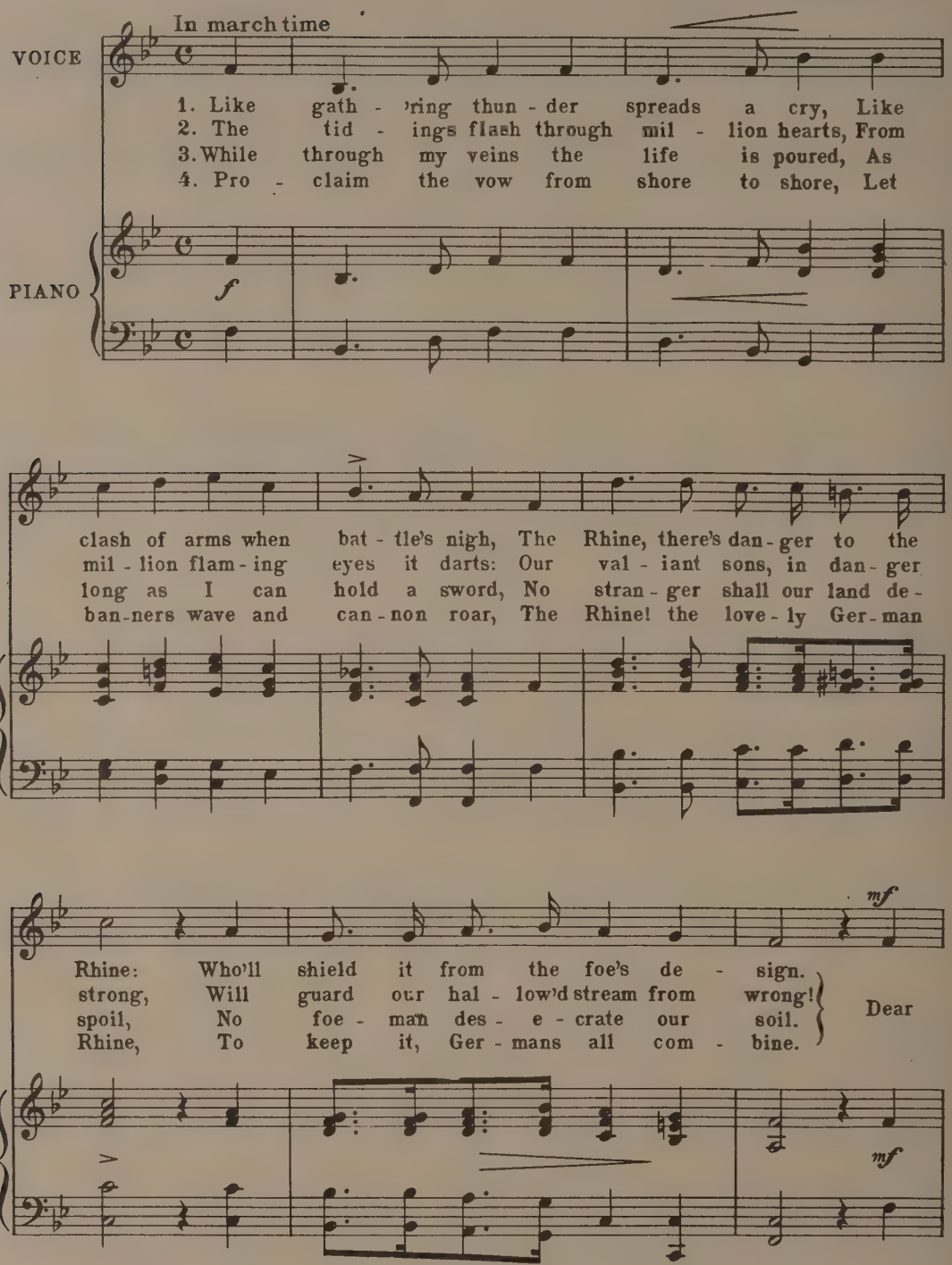
# THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

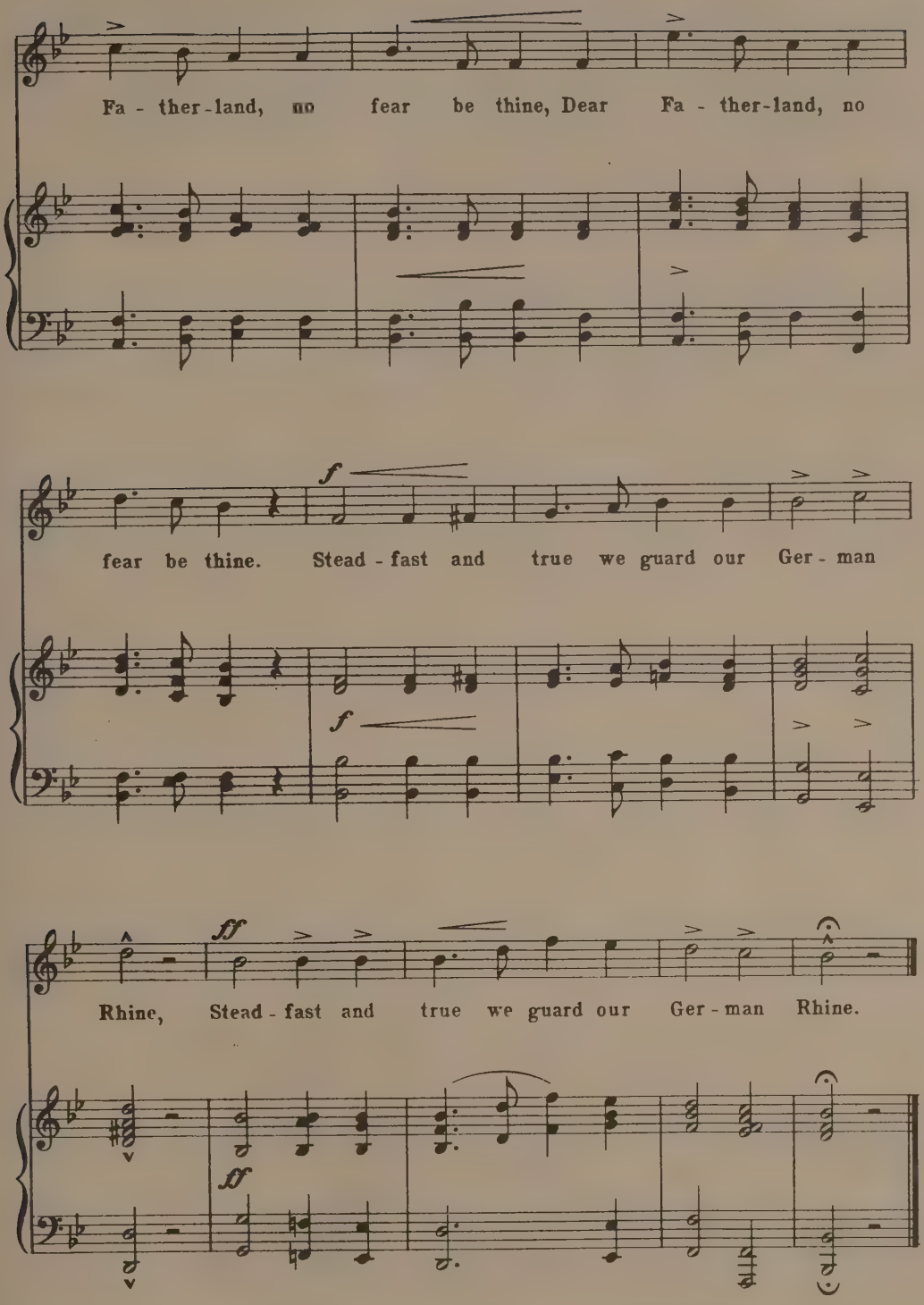
(Die Wacht am Rhein)

(GERMAN)

*Translated by Natalia Macfarren*

CARL WILHELM
(1815-1873)


In march time
VOICE
1. Like gath - 'ring thun - der spreads a cry, Like
2. The tid - ings flash through mil - lion hearts, From
3. While through my veins the life is poured, As
4. Pro - claim the vow from shore to shore, Let
PIANO
f
clash of arms when bat - tle's nigh, The Rhine, there's dan - ger to the
mil - lion flam - ing eyes it darts: Our val - iant sons, in dan - ger
long as I can hold a sword, No stran - ger shall our land de -
ban-ners wave and can - non roar, The Rhine! the love - ly Ger - man
mf
Rhine: Who'll shield it from the foe's de - sign.
strong, Will guard our hal - low'd stream from wrong!
spoil, No foe - man des - e - crate our soil.
Rhine, To keep it, Ger - mans all com - bine.
Dear
mf


Fa - ther-land, no fear be thine, Dear Fa - ther-land, no
fear be thine. Stead - fast and true we guard our Ger - man
Rhine, Stead - fast and true we guard our Ger - man Rhine.

4-95-64184-226

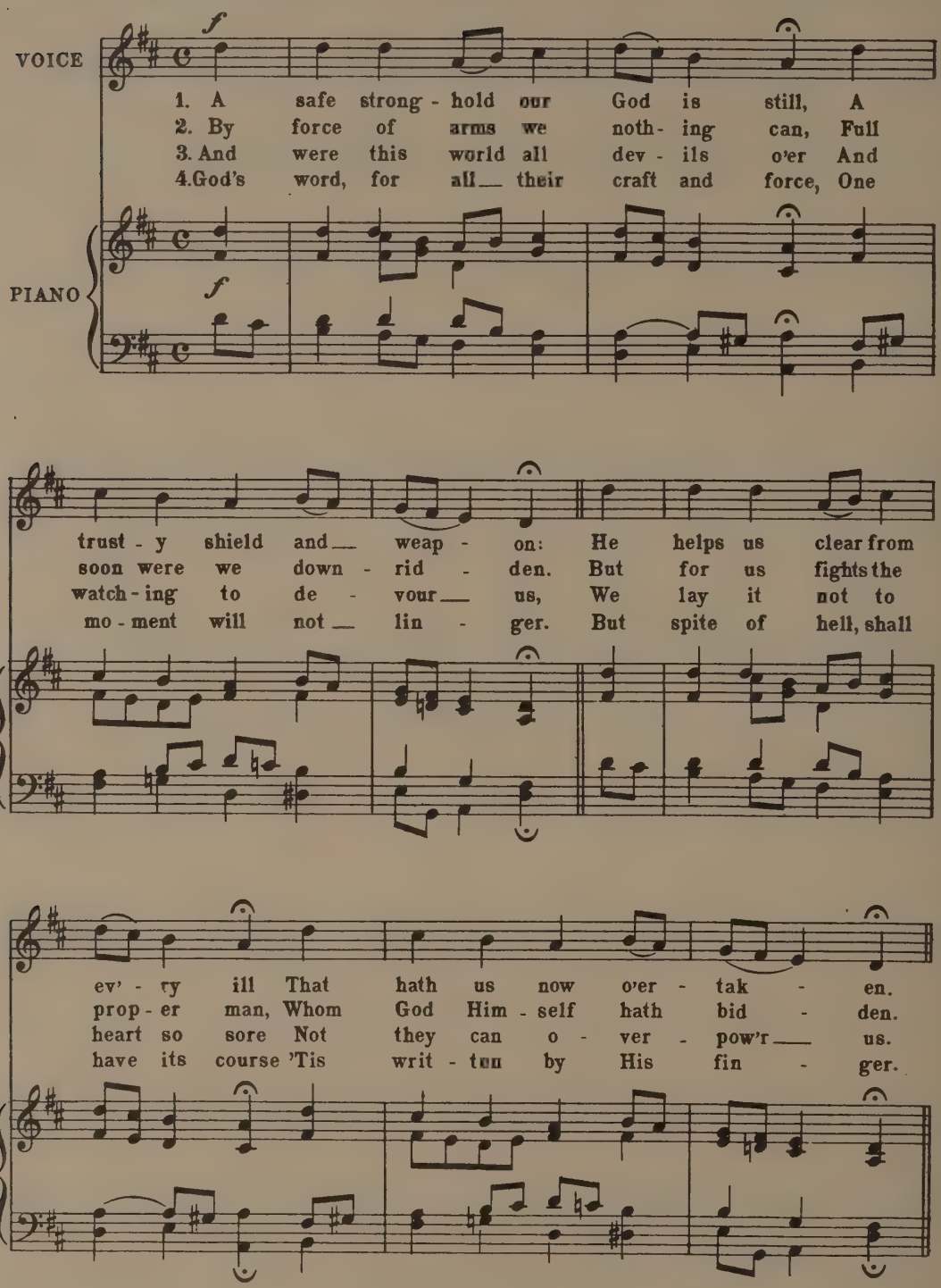
# A SAFE STRONGHOLD

(Ein' feste Burg)

(GERMAN)

English version by THOMAS CARLYLE

MARTIN LUTHER
(1483-1546)


VOICE
PIANO
f
1. A safe strong - hold our God is still, A
2. By force of arms we noth - ing can, Full
3. And were this world all dev - ils o'er And
4. God's word, for all their craft and force, One
trust - y shield and weap - on: He helps us clear from
soon were we down - rid - den. But for us fights the
watch - ing to de - vour us, We lay it not to
mo - ment will not lin - ger. But spite of hell, shall
ev' - ry ill That hath us now o'er - tak - en.
prop - er man, Whom God Him - self hath bid - den.
heart so sore Not they can o - ver - pow'r us.
have its course 'Tis writ - ten by His fin - ger.

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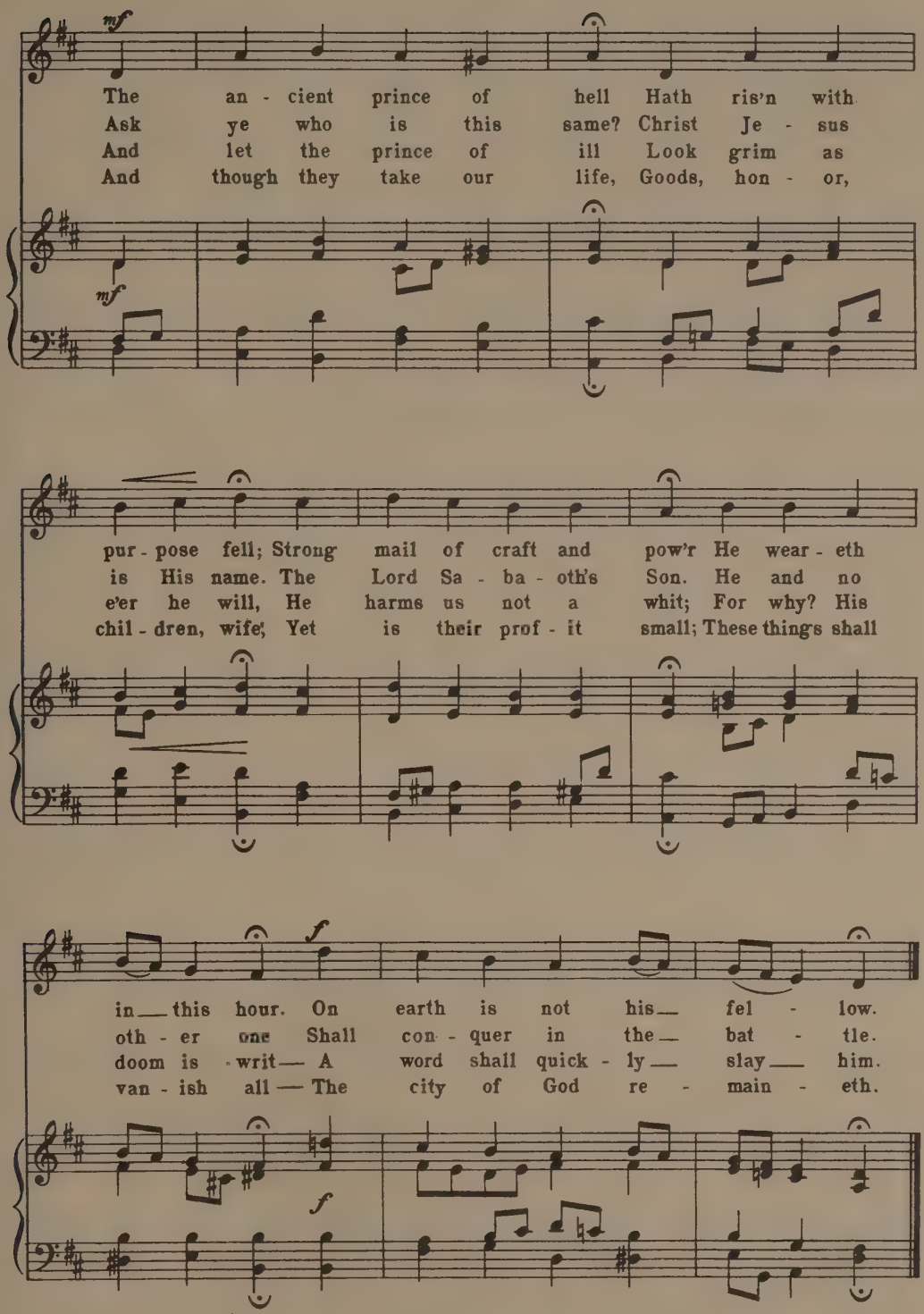
mf
The an - cient prince of hell Hath ris'n with
Ask ye who is this same? Christ Je - sus
And let the prince of ill Look grim as
And though they take our life, Goods, hon - or,
mf
pur - pose fell; Strong mail of craft and pow'r He wear - eth
is His name. The Lord Sa - ba - oth's Son. He and no
e'er he will, He harms us not a whit; For why? His
chil - dren, wife; Yet is their prof - it small; These things shall
f
in — this hour. On earth is not his — fel - low.
oth - er one Shall con - quer in the — bat - tle.
doom is writ — A word shall quick - ly — slay — him.
van - ish all — The city of God re - main - eth.
f

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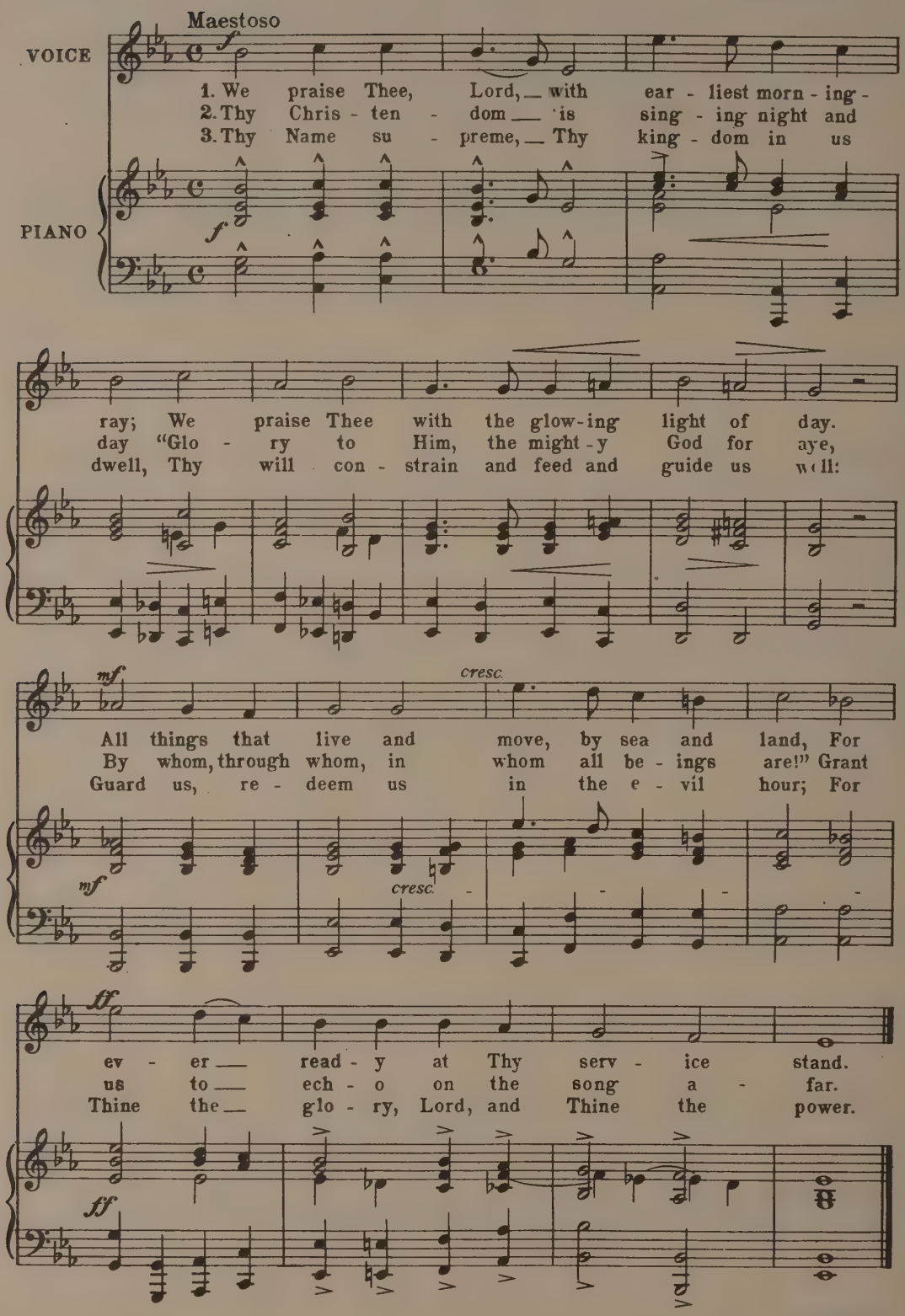
# WE PRAISE THEE, LORD

(RUSSIAN)

J. FRANK

ALEXIS von LVOFF
(1799-1870)


Maestoso
VOICE
PIANO
1. We praise Thee, Lord, with ear - liest morn - ing -
2. Thy Chris - ten - dom is sing - ing night and
3. Thy Name su - preme, Thy king - dom in us
ray; We praise Thee with the glow-ing light of day.
day "Glo - ry to Him, the might - y God for aye,
dwell, Thy will con - strain and feed and guide us well:
All things that live and move, by sea and land, For
By whom, through whom, in whom all be - ings are!" Grant
Guard us, re - deem us in the e - vil hour; For
ev - er read - y at Thy serv - ice stand.
us to ech - o on the song a - far.
Thine the glo - ry, Lord, and Thine the power.
cresc.

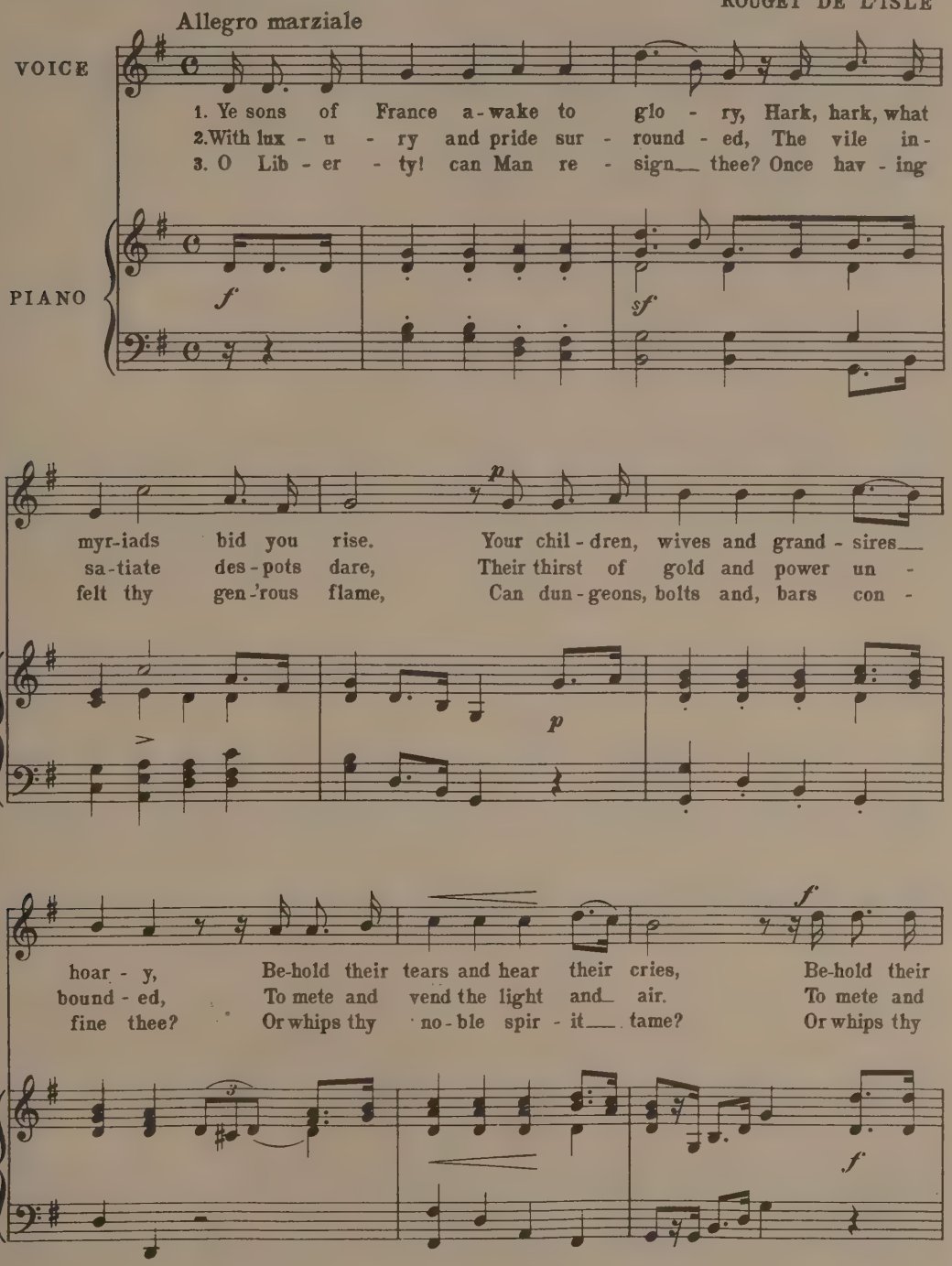
# THE MARSEILLAISE

## (La Marseillaise)

(FRENCH)

Written on the night of April 24, 1792
Words and Music by
ROUGET DE L'ISLE

Arr. by FRANÇOIS GUERIN*)


Allegro marziale
VOICE
PIANO
1. Ye sons of France a-wake to glo - ry, Hark, hark, what
2. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - ed, The vile in-
3. O Lib - er - ty! can Man re - sign thee? Once hav - ing
myr-iads bid you rise. Your chil - dren, wives and grand - sires
sa-tiate des-pots dare, Their thirst of gold and power un -
felt thy gen-'rous flame, Can dun-geons, bolts and, bars con -
hoar - y, Be-hold their tears and hear their cries, Be-hold their
bound - ed, To mete and vend the light and air. To mete and
fine thee? Or whips thy no-ble spir - it tame? Or whips thy

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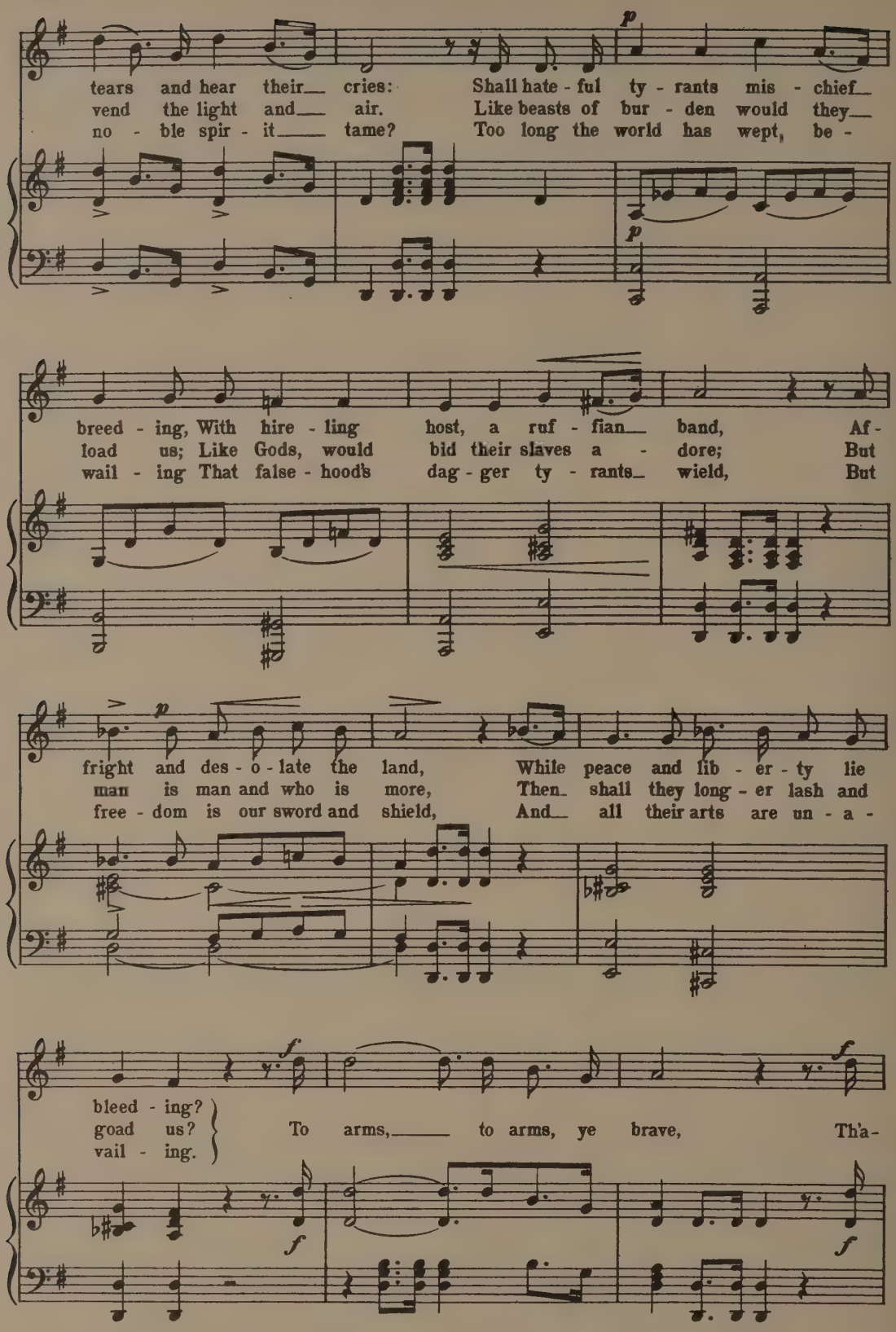
tears and hear their cries: Shall hate - ful ty - rants mis - chief
vend the light and air. Like beasts of bur - den would they
no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the world has wept, be -
breed - ing, With hire - ling host, a ruf - fian band, Af -
load us; Like Gods, would bid their slaves a - dore; But
wail - ing That false - hood's dag - ger ty - rants wield, But
fright and des - o - late the land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie
man is man and who is more, Then shall they long - er lash and
free - dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a -
bleed - ing?
goad us?
vail - ing.
To arms, to arms, ye brave, Th'a-

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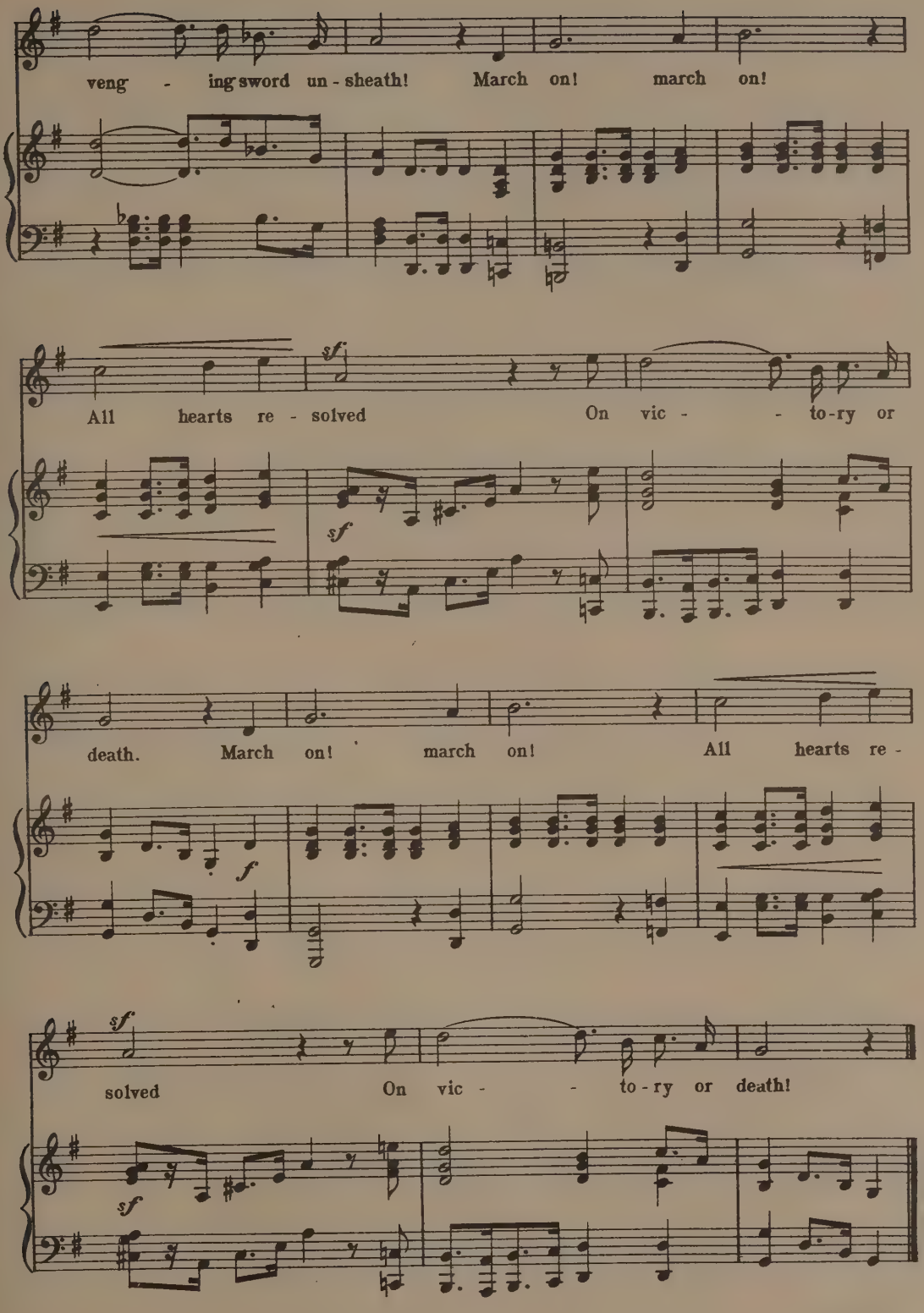
veng - ing sword un - sheath! March on! march on!
sf
All hearts re - solved On vic - - to - ry or
sf
death. March on! march on! All hearts re -
f
sf
solved On vic - - to - ry or death!
sf

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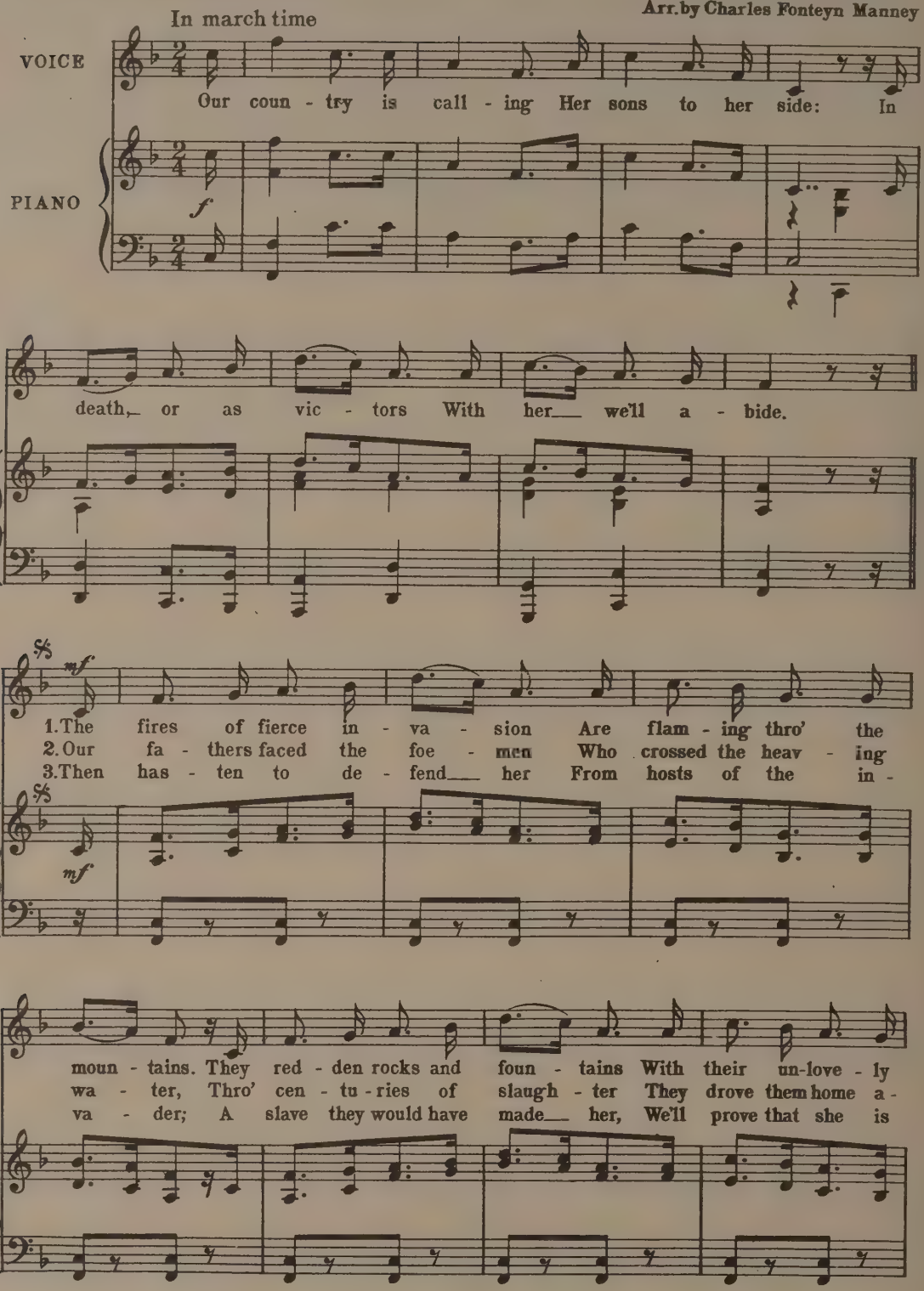
# RIEGO'S HYMN

(SPANISH)

Words adapted by GEORGE GOULD

NATIONAL AIR (about 1820)
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


In march time
VOICE
PIANO
Our coun - try is call - ing Her sons to her side: In
death, or as vic - tors With her we'll a - bide.
1. The fires of fierce in - va - sion Are flam - ing thro' the
2. Our fa - thers faced the foe - men Who crossed the heav - ing
3. Then has - ten to de - fend her From hosts of the in -
moun - tains. They red - den rocks and foun - tains With their un-love - ly
wa - ter, Thro' cen - tu - ries of slaugh - ter They drove them home a -
va - der; A slave they would have made her, We'll prove that she is

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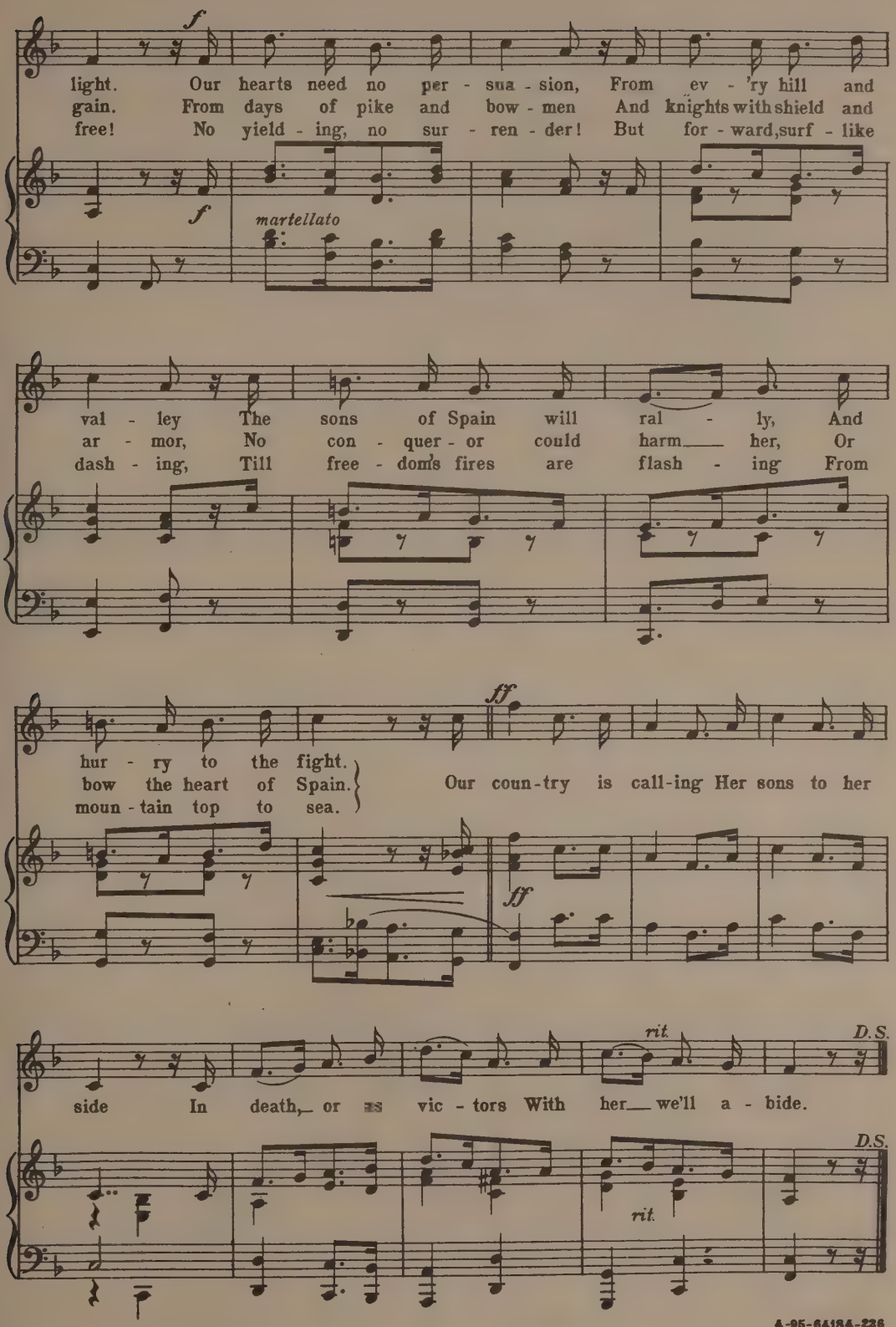
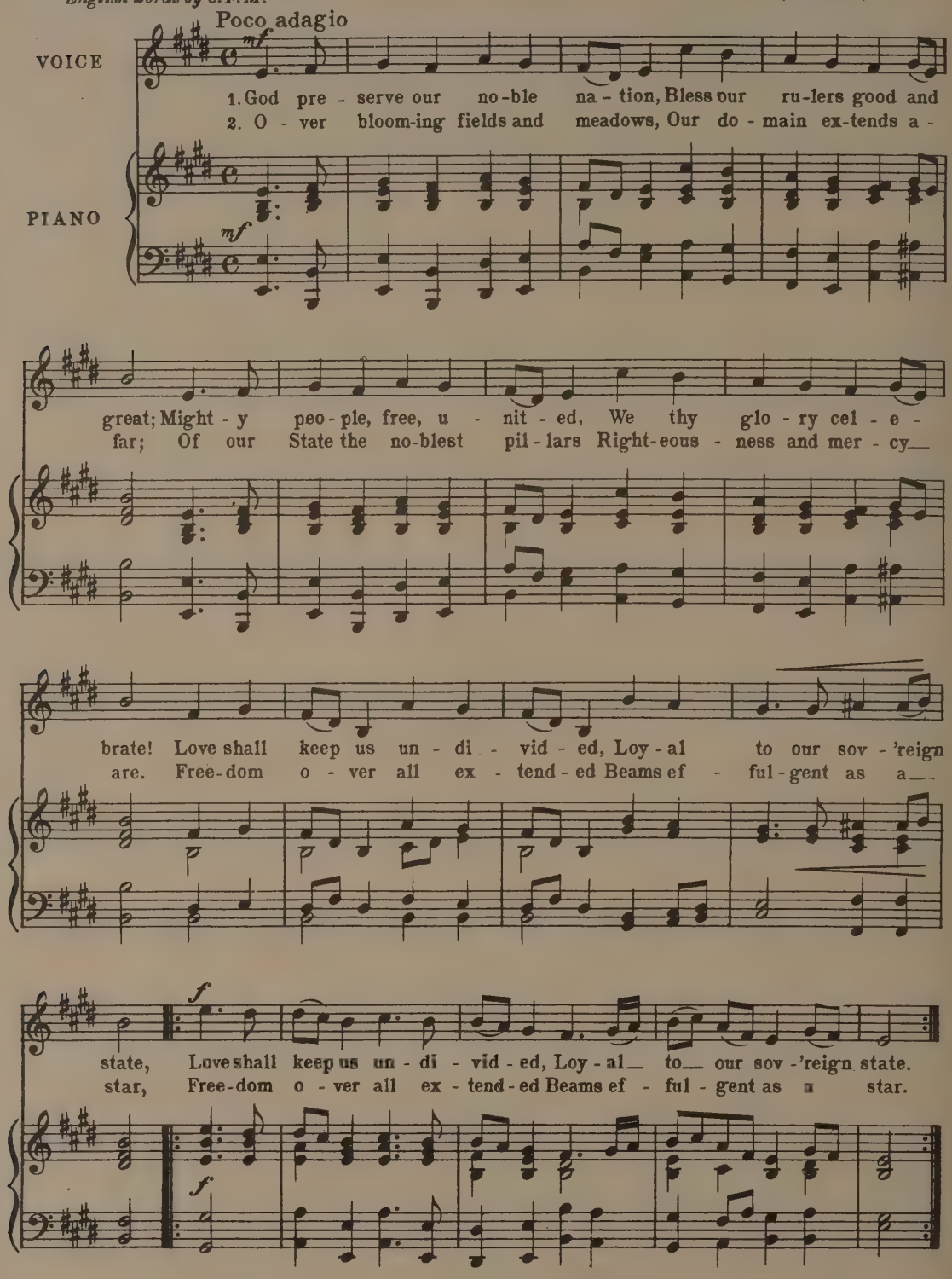

f
light. Our hearts need no per - sua - sion, From ev - 'ry hill and
gain. From days of pike and bow - men And knights with shield and
free! No yield - ing, no sur - ren - der! But for - ward, surf - like
f
martellato
val - ley The sons of Spain will ral - ly, And
ar - mor, No con - quer - or could harm her, Or
dash - ing, Till free - dom's fires are flash - ing From
ff
hur - ry to the fight.
bow the heart of Spain.
moun - tain top to sea.
Our coun-try is call-ing Her sons to her
ff
rit.
D.S.
side In death, or as vic - tors With her we'll a - bide.
D.S.
rit.

# AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN

(Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser)

Original words by
LAURENZ LEOPOLD HASCHKA
*English words by C. F. M.*

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN
(1782–1809)

Poco adagio
VOICE
PIANO
mf
1. God pre - serve our no-ble na - tion, Bless our ru-lers good and
2. O - ver bloom-ing fields and meadows, Our do - main ex-tends a -
great; Might - y peo - ple, free, u - nit - ed, We thy glo - ry cel - e -
far; Of our State the no-blest pil - lars Right-eous - ness and mer - cy
brate! Love shall keep us un - di - vid - ed, Loy - al to our sov - 'reign
are. Free-dom o - ver all ex - tend - ed Beams ef - ful - gent as a
f
state, Love shall keep us un - di - vid - ed, Loy - al to our sov - 'reign state.
star, Free-dom o - ver all ex - tend - ed Beams ef - ful - gent as a star.

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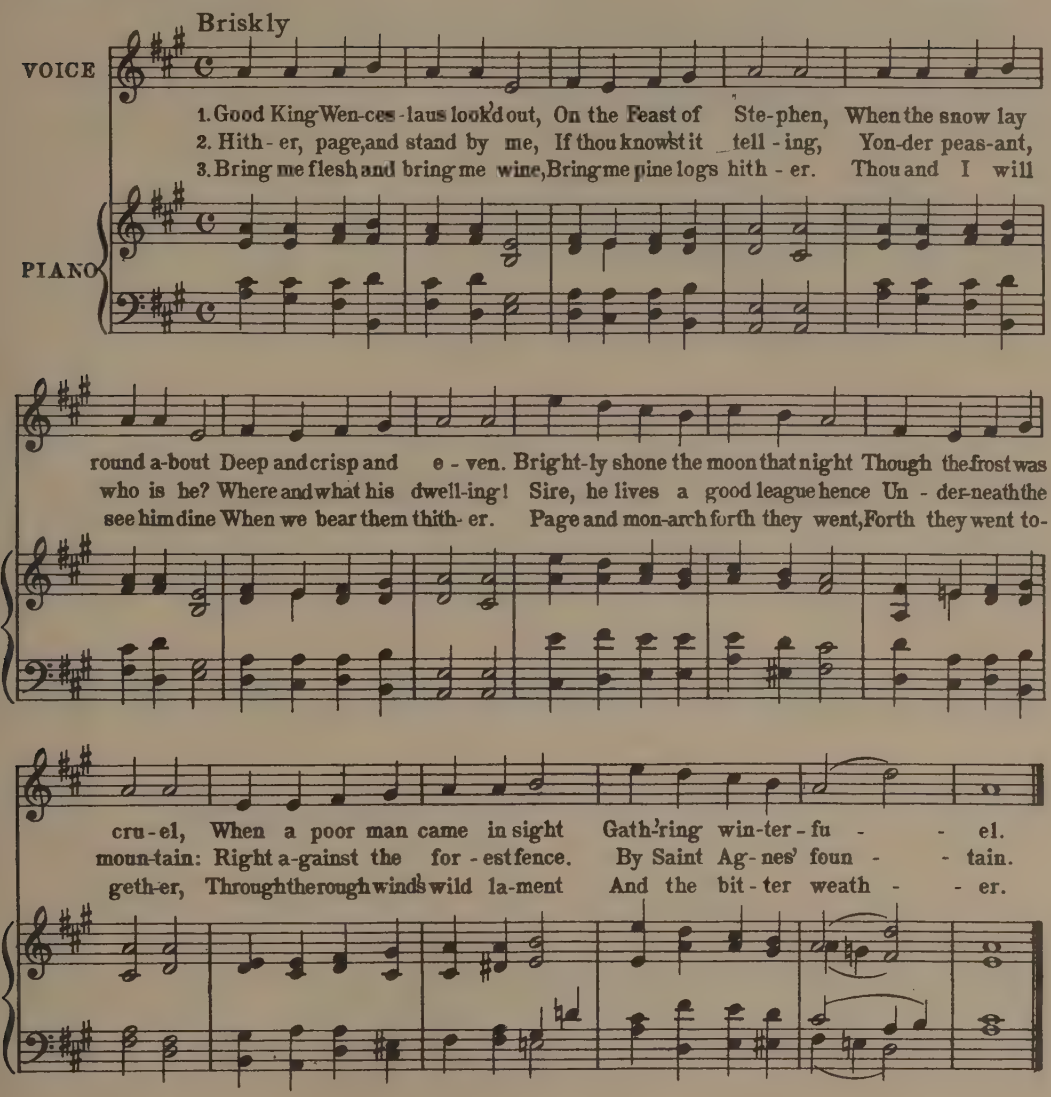
# CAROLS

## GOOD KING WENCESLAUS

(OLD ENGLISH)

**Words by Dr. NEALE** *Traditional*


Briskly
VOICE
PIANO
1. Good King Wen-ces-laus look'd out, On the Feast of Ste-phen, When the snow lay
2. Hith-er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it tell-ing, Yon-der peas-ant,
3. Bring me flesh and bring me wine, Bring me pine logs hith-er. Thou and I will
round a-bout Deep and crisp and e-ven. Bright-ly shone the moon that night Though the frost was
who is he? Where and what his dwell-ing? Sire, he lives a good league hence Un-der-neath the
see him dine When we bear them thith-er. Page and mon-arch forth they went, Forth they went to-
cru-el, When a poor man came in sight Gath'ring win-ter-fu-el.
moun-tain: Right a-gainst the for-est fence. By Saint Ag-nes' foun-tain.
geth-er, Through the rough wind's wild la-ment And the bit-ter weath-er.

4.

Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer.
Mark my foot-steps, good my page,
Tread thou in them boldly,
Thou shall find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.

5.

In his master's step he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted,
Heat was in the very sod
Which the Saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing.

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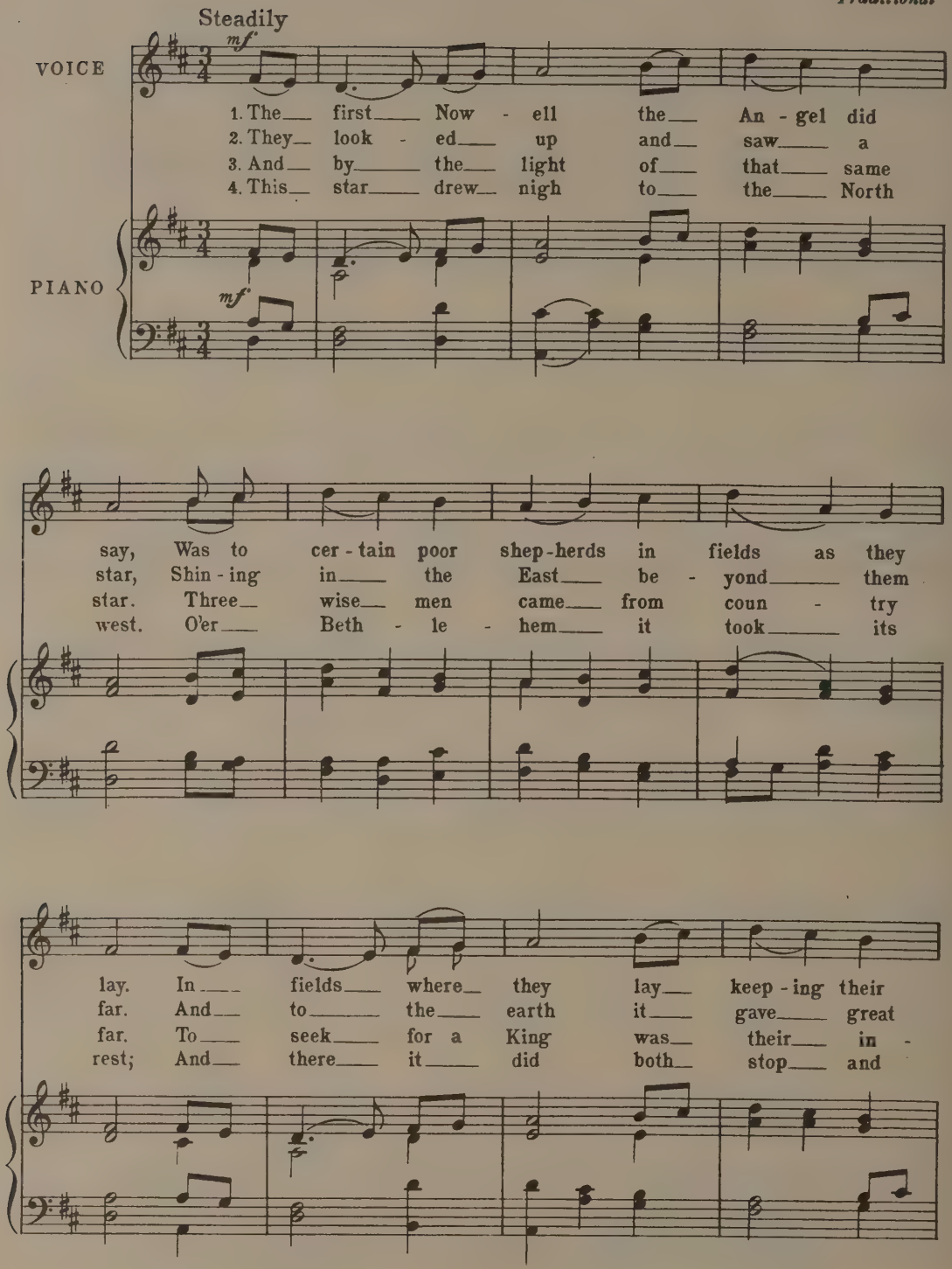
# THE FIRST NOWELL

(OLD ENGLISH)

*Traditional*


Steadily
mf
VOICE
PIANO
1. The first Now - ell the An - gel did
2. They look - ed up and saw a
3. And by the light of that same
4. This star drew nigh to the North
say, Was to cer - tain poor shep - herds in fields as they
star, Shin - ing in the East be - yond them
star. Three wise men came from coun - try
west. O'er Beth - le - hem it took its
lay. In fields where they lay keep - ing their
far. And to the earth it gave great
far. To seek for a King was their in -
rest; And there it did both stop and

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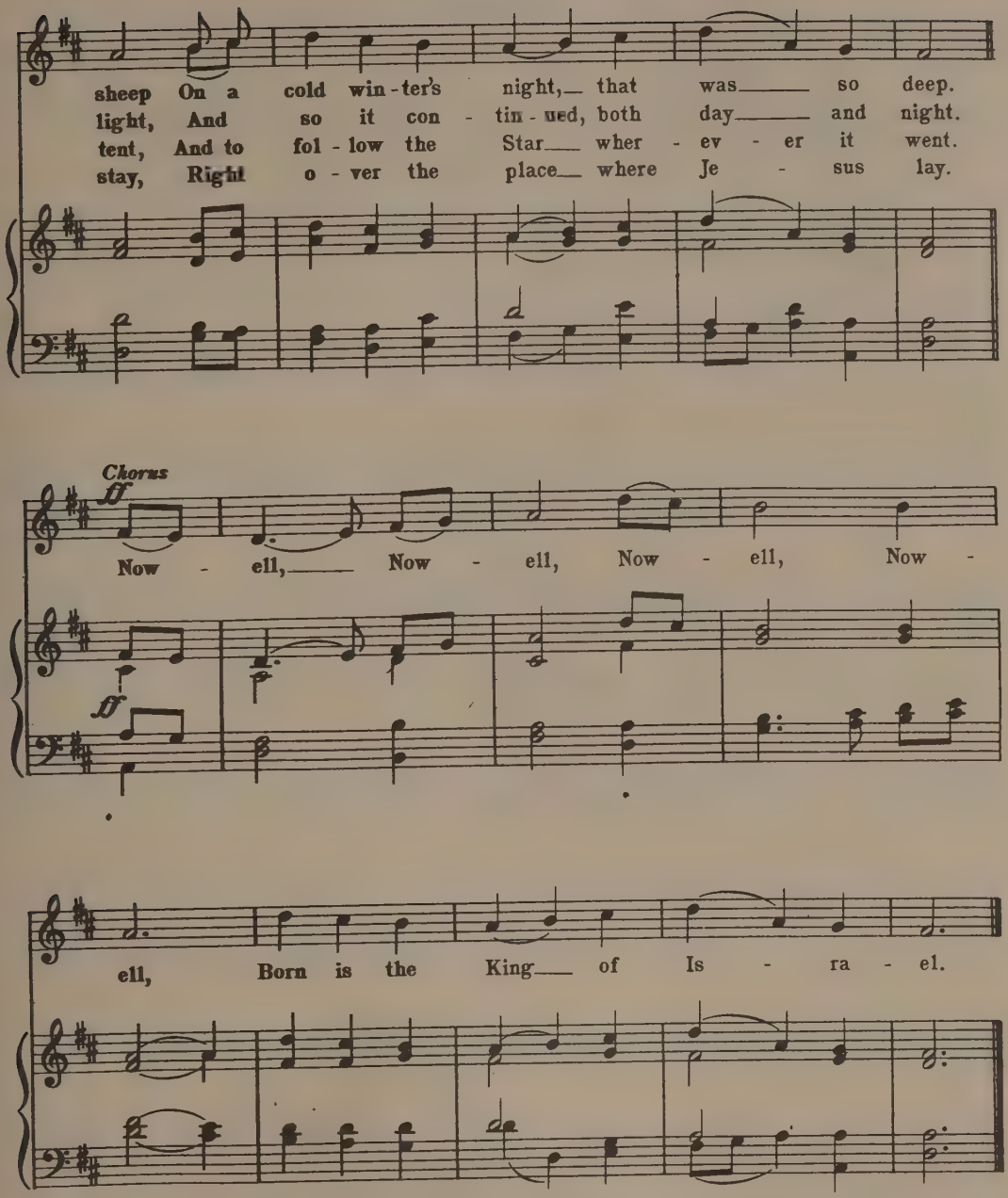
sheep On a cold win-ter's night, that was so deep.
light, And so it con - tin - ued, both day and night.
tent, And to fol - low the Star wher - ev - er it went.
stay, Right o - ver the place where Je - sus lay.
Chorus
ff
Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Now -
ff
ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

5.

**Then entered in those wise men three,**
**Full reverently upon their knee,**
**And offered there in his presence**
**Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.**
***Chorus***

6.

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of naught
And with his blood mankind hath bought.
*Chorus*

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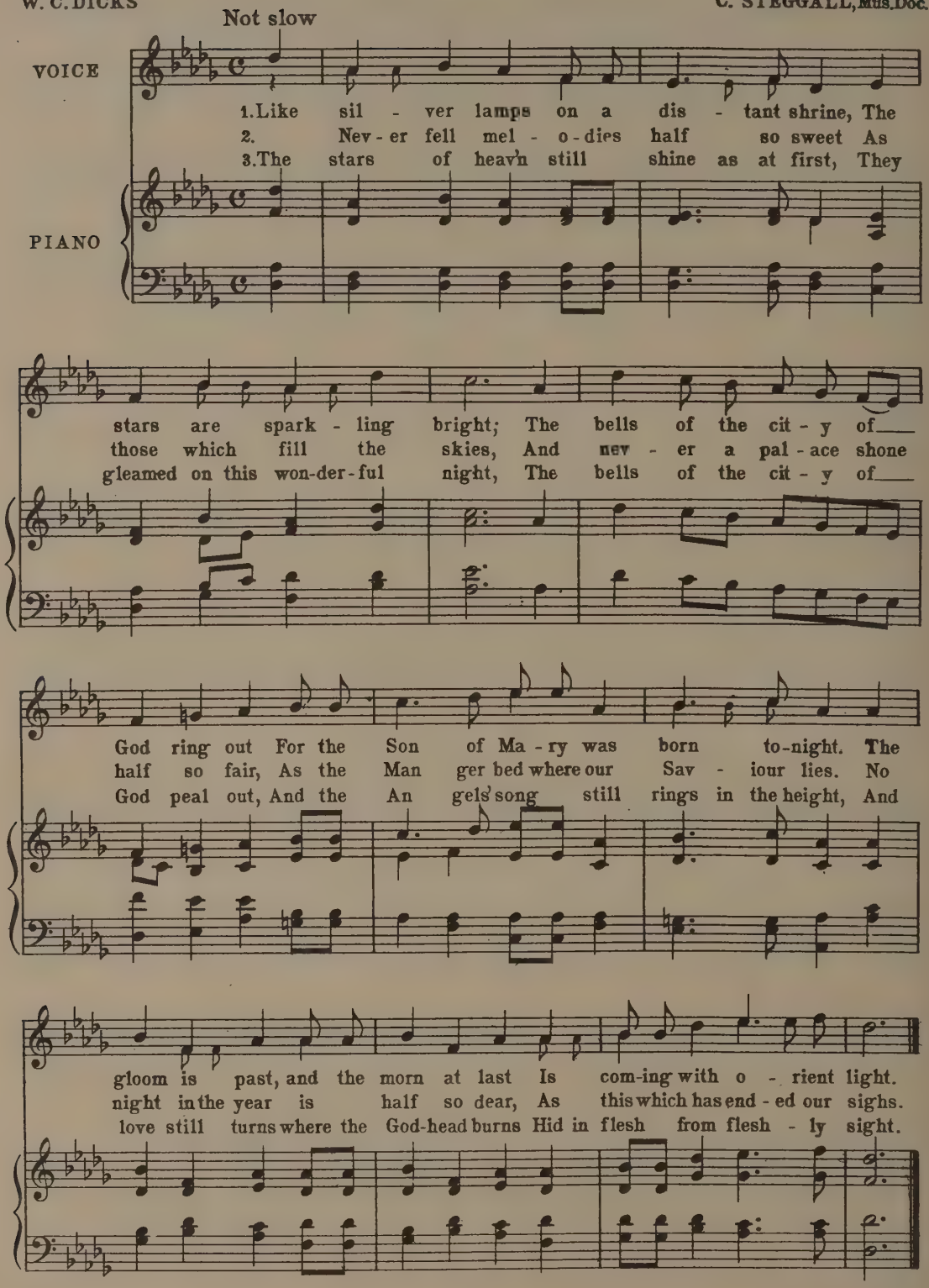
# THE MANGER THRONE

(ENGLISH)

W. C. DICKS

C. STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.


Not slow
VOICE
PIANO
1. Like sil - ver lamps on a dis - tant shrine, The
2. Nev - er fell mel - o - dies half so sweet As
3. The stars of heav'n still shine as at first, They
stars are spark - ling bright; The bells of the cit - y of
those which fill the skies, And nev - er a pal - ace shone
gleamed on this won-der-ful night, The bells of the cit - y of
God ring out For the Son of Ma - ry was born to-night. The
half so fair, As the Man ger bed where our Sav - iour lies. No
God peal out, And the An gels' song still rings in the height, And
gloom is past, and the morn at last Is com-ing with o - rient light.
night in the year is half so dear, As this which has end - ed our sighs.
love still turns where the God-head burns Hid in flesh from flesh - ly sight.

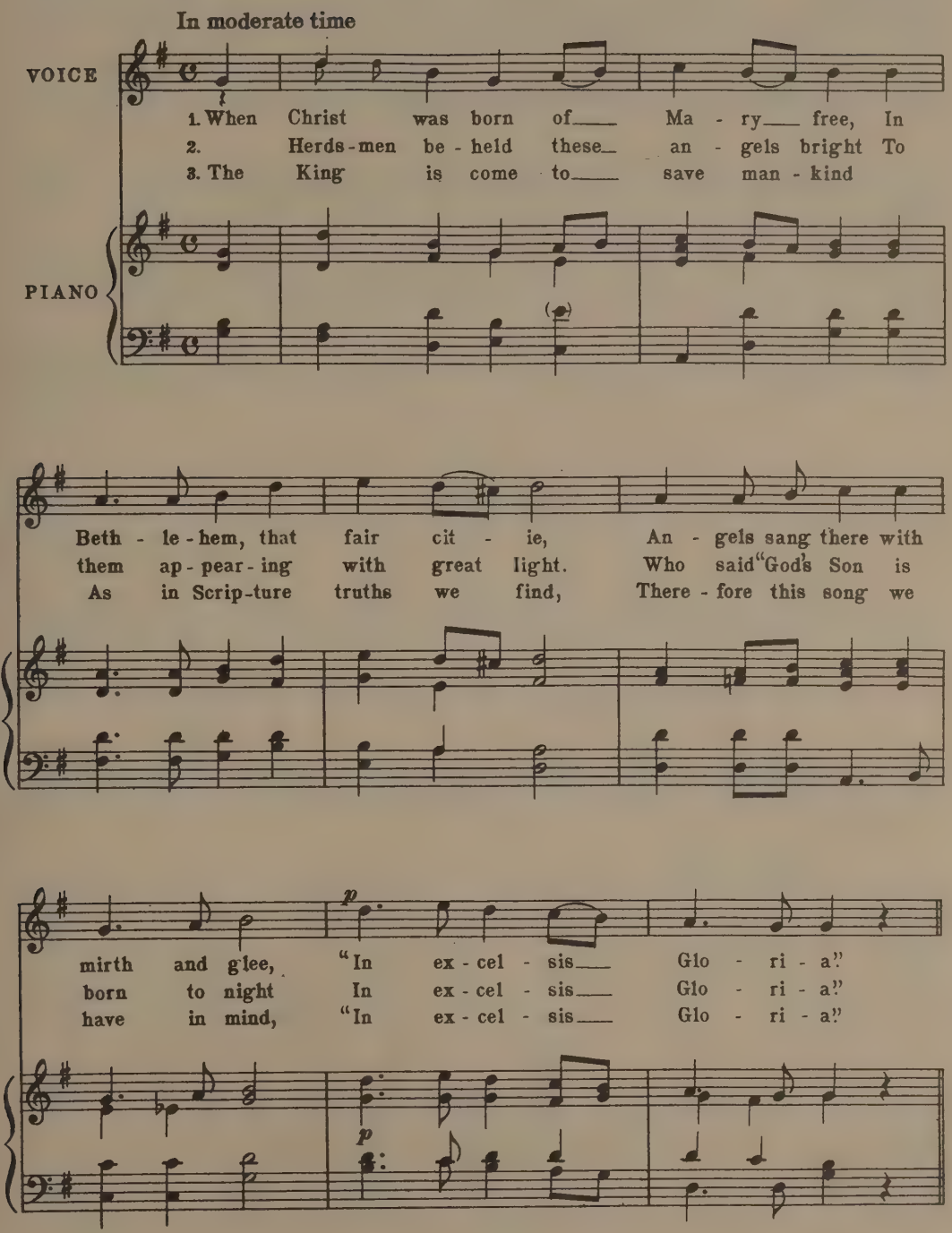
4-95-64184-226

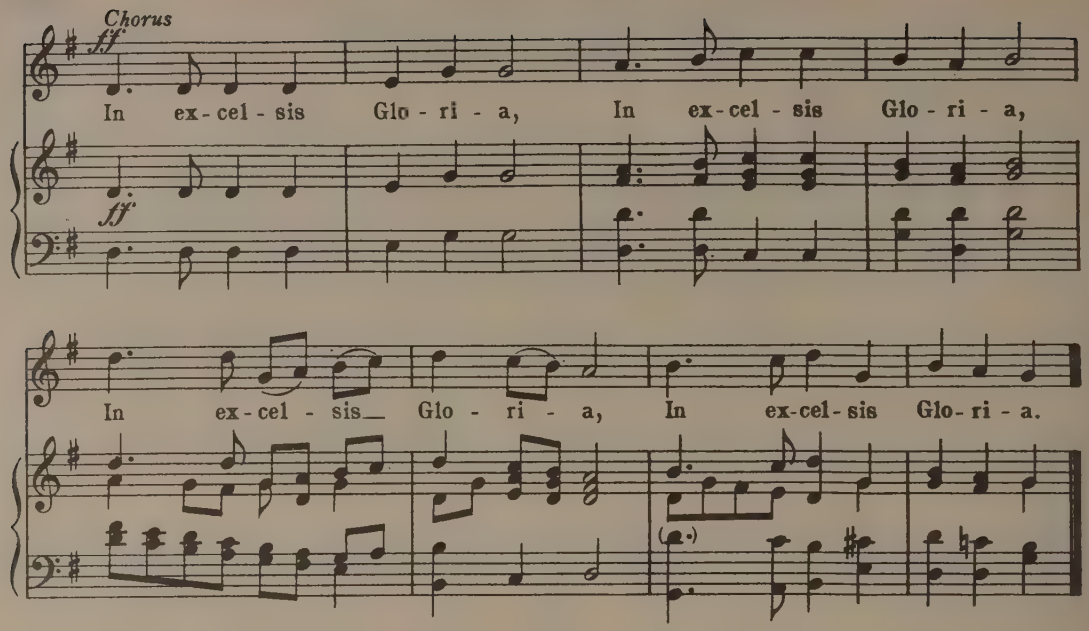
# WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN

(ENGLISH)

Words from Harleian Mss

A. H. BROWN

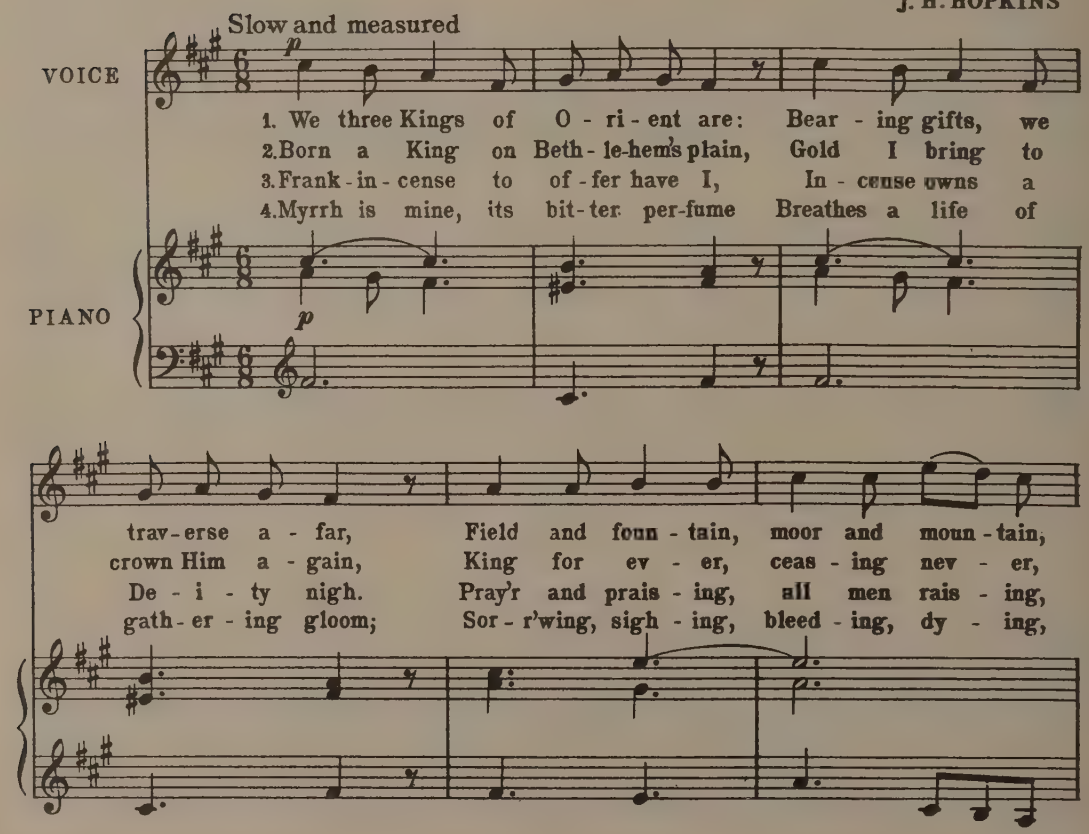

In moderate time
VOICE
PIANO
1. When Christ was born of Ma - ry free, In
2. Herds-men be - held these an - gels bright To
3. The King is come to save man - kind
Beth - le - hem, that fair cit - ie, An - gels sang there with
them ap - pear - ing with great light. Who said "God's Son is
As in Scrip-ture truths we find, There - fore this song we
p
mirth and glee, "In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a"
born to night In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a"
have in mind, "In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a"
p

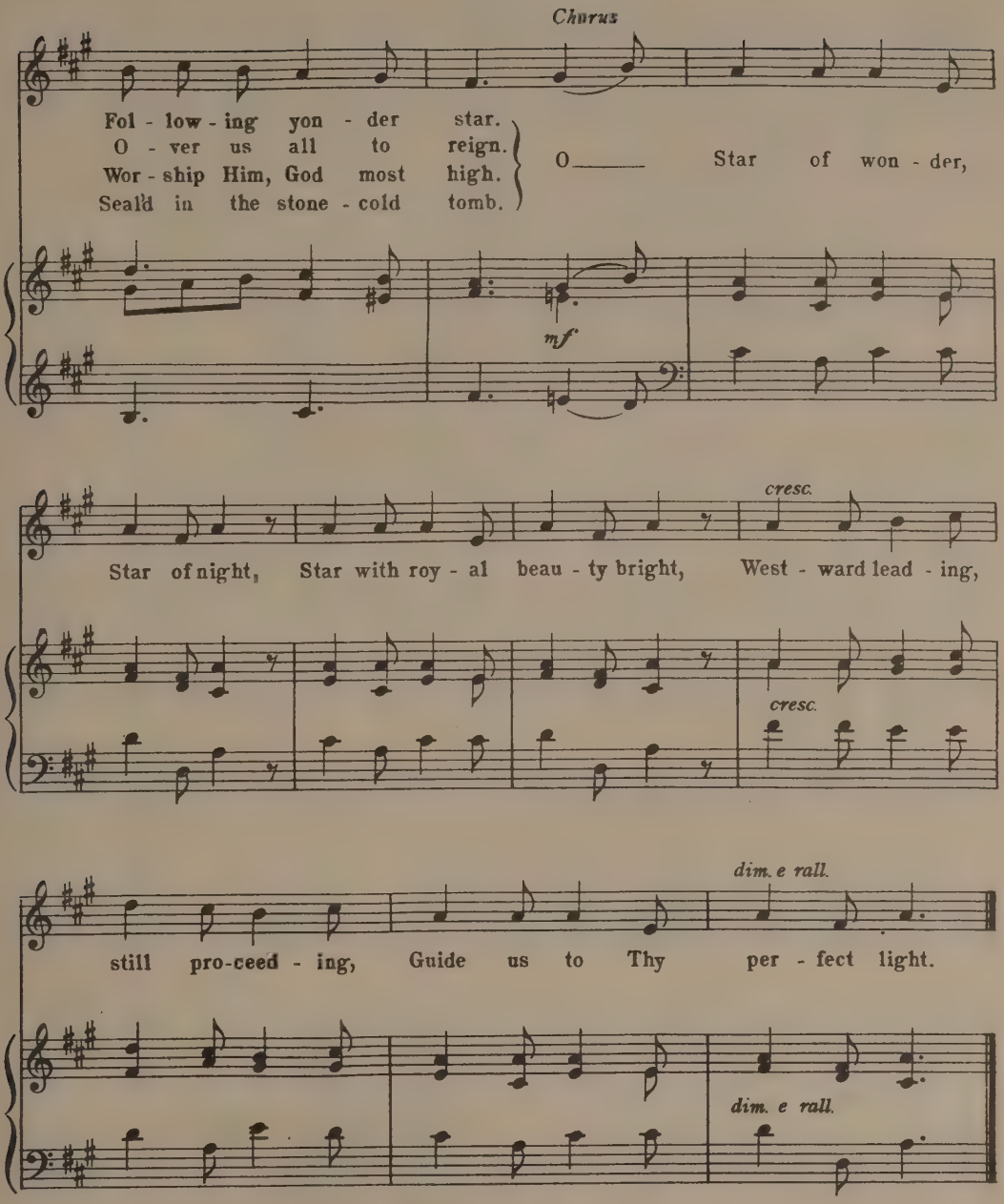



## THE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT

(AMERICAN)

*Words and music by*
J. H. HOPKINS


Slow and measured
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. We three Kings of O-ri-ent are: Bear-ing gifts, we
2. Born a King on Beth-le-hem's plain, Gold I bring to
3. Frank-in-cense to of-fer have I, In-cense owns a
4. Myrrh is mine, its bit-ter per-fume Breathes a life of
trav-erse a-far, Field and foun-tain, moor and moun-tain,
crown Him a-gain, King for ev-er, ceas-ing nev-er,
De-i-ty nigh. Pray'r and prais-ing, all men rais-ing,
gath-er-ing gloom; Sor-r'wing, sigh-ing, bleed-ing, dy-ing,


Chorus
Fol - low - ing yon - der star.
O - ver us all to reign.
Wor - ship Him, God most high.
Seal'd in the stone - cold tomb.
O_____ Star of won - der,
mf
cresc.
Star of night, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright, West - ward lead - ing,
cresc.
dim. e rall.
still pro-ceed - ing, Guide us to Thy per - fect light.
dim. e rall.

5

**Glorious now behold Him arise,**
**King and God and sacrifice,**
**Alleluia, Alleluia,**
**Earth to the heav'ns replies.**

*Chorus*

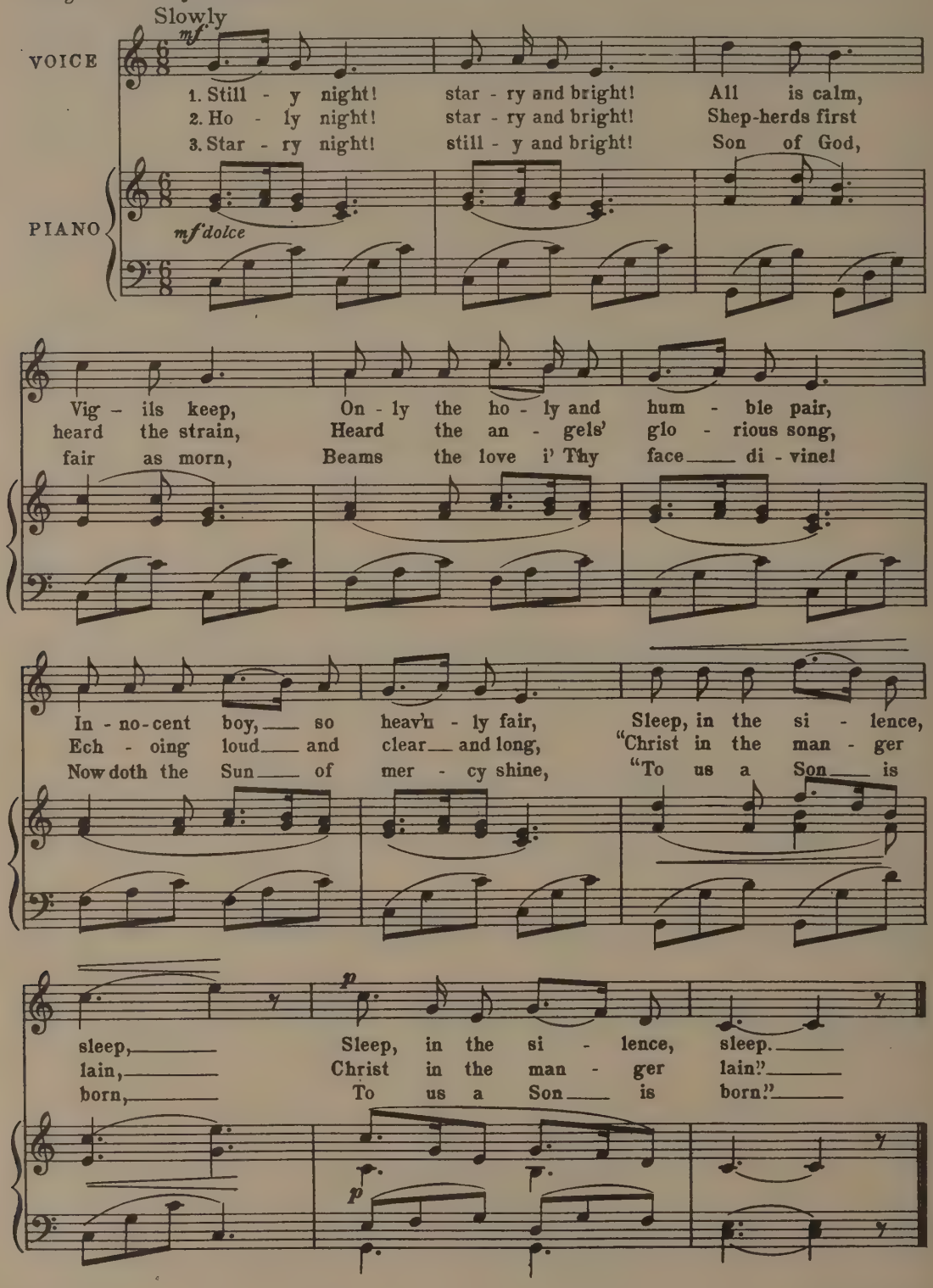
4-95-64184-226

# STILLY NIGHT, STARRY AND BRIGHT!

(Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!)

Original words by JOSEF MOHR (GERMAN) FRANZ GRUBER (1818)

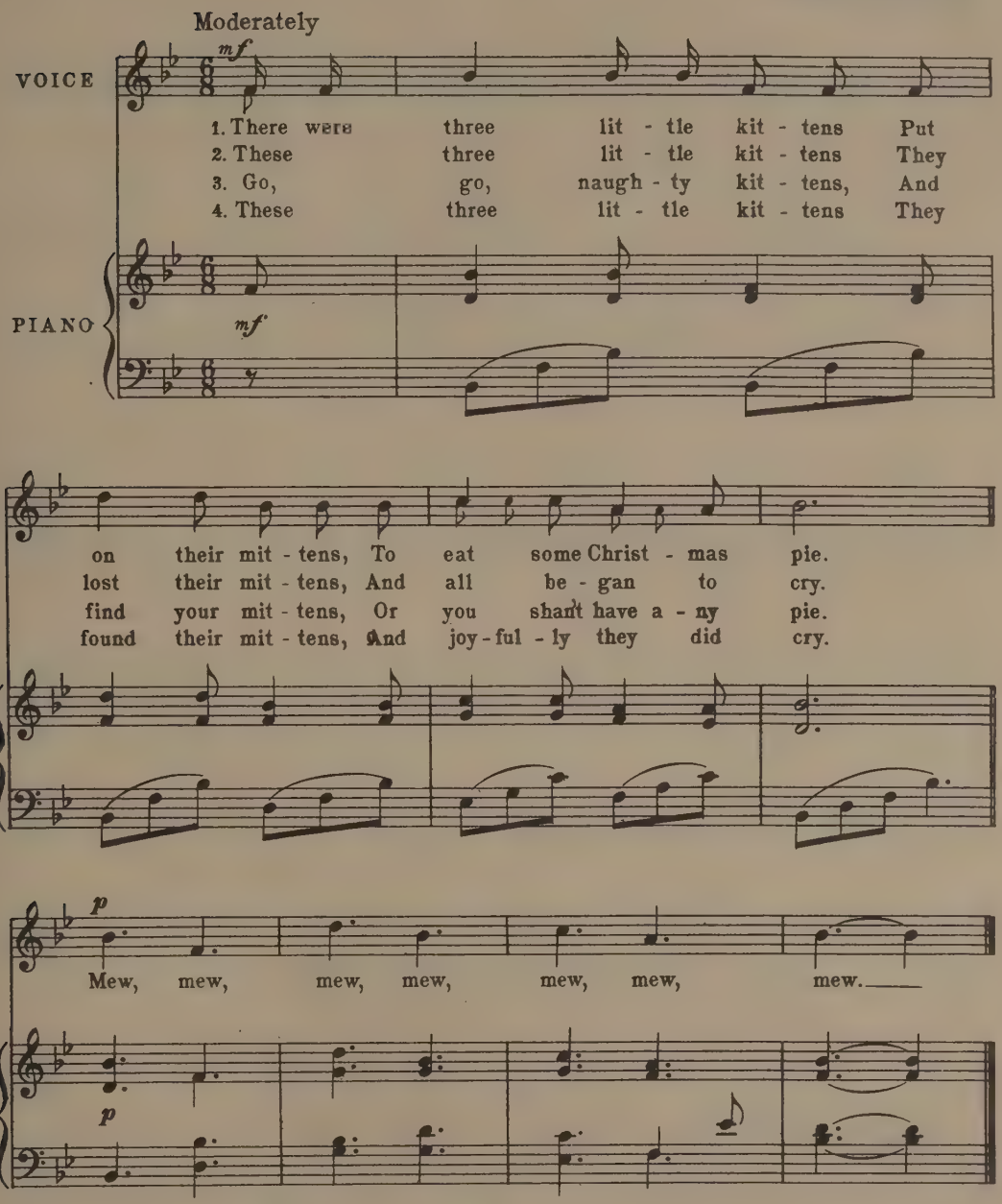
*English version by Dean Farrar*


Slowly
mf
VOICE
1. Still - y night! star - ry and bright! All is calm,
2. Ho - ly night! star - ry and bright! Shep-herds first
3. Star - ry night! still - y and bright! Son of God,
PIANO
mf dolce
Vig - ils keep, On - ly the ho - ly and hum - ble pair,
heard the strain, Heard the an - gels' glo - rious song,
fair as morn, Beams the love i' Thy face di - vine!
In - no-cent boy, so heav'n - ly fair, Sleep, in the si - lence,
Ech - oing loud and clear and long, "Christ in the man - ger
Now doth the Sun of mer - cy shine, "To us a Son is
p
sleep, Sleep, in the si - lence, sleep.
lain, Christ in the man - ger lain?"
born, To us a Son is born?"
p

# THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS

(ENGLISH)

NURSERY RHYME


Moderately
mf
VOICE
1. There were three lit - tle kit - tens Put
2. These three lit - tle kit - tens They
3. Go, go, naugh - ty kit - tens, And
4. These three lit - tle kit - tens They
PIANO
mf
on their mit - tens, To eat some Christ - mas pie.
lost their mit - tens, And all be - gan to cry.
find your mit - tens, Or you shan't have a - ny pie.
found their mit - tens, And joy - ful - ly they did cry.
p
Mew, mew, mew, mew, mew, mew, mew.
p

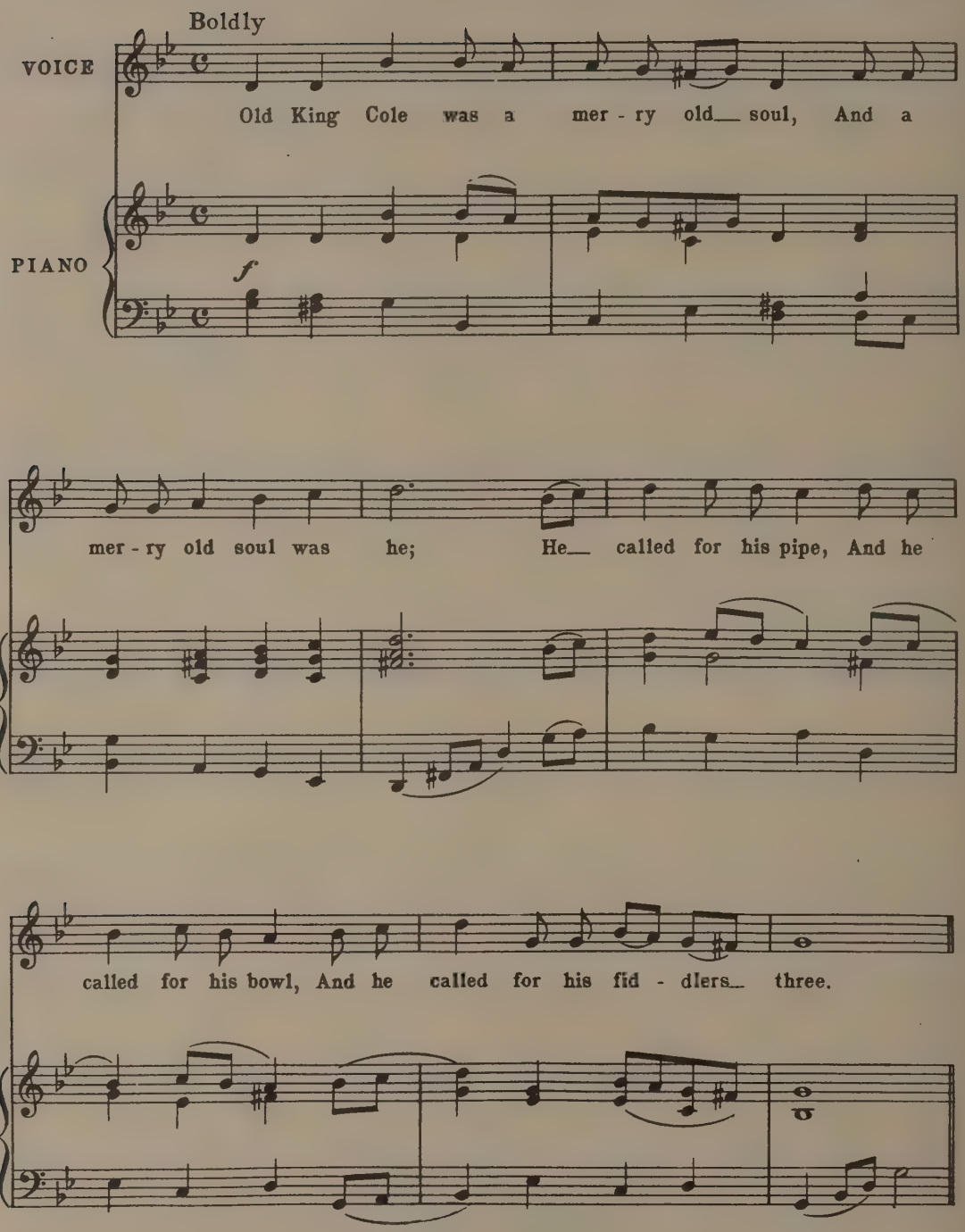
5

"Oh granny dear!
Our mittens are here,
Make haste and cut up the pie!"
Purr-rr, purr-rr, purr-rr.

# OLD KING COLE

(ENGLISH)

OLD SONG (16th century)


Boldly
VOICE
PIANO
f
Old King Cole was a mer - ry old soul, And a
mer - ry old soul was he; He called for his pipe, And he
called for his bowl, And he called for his fid - dlers three.

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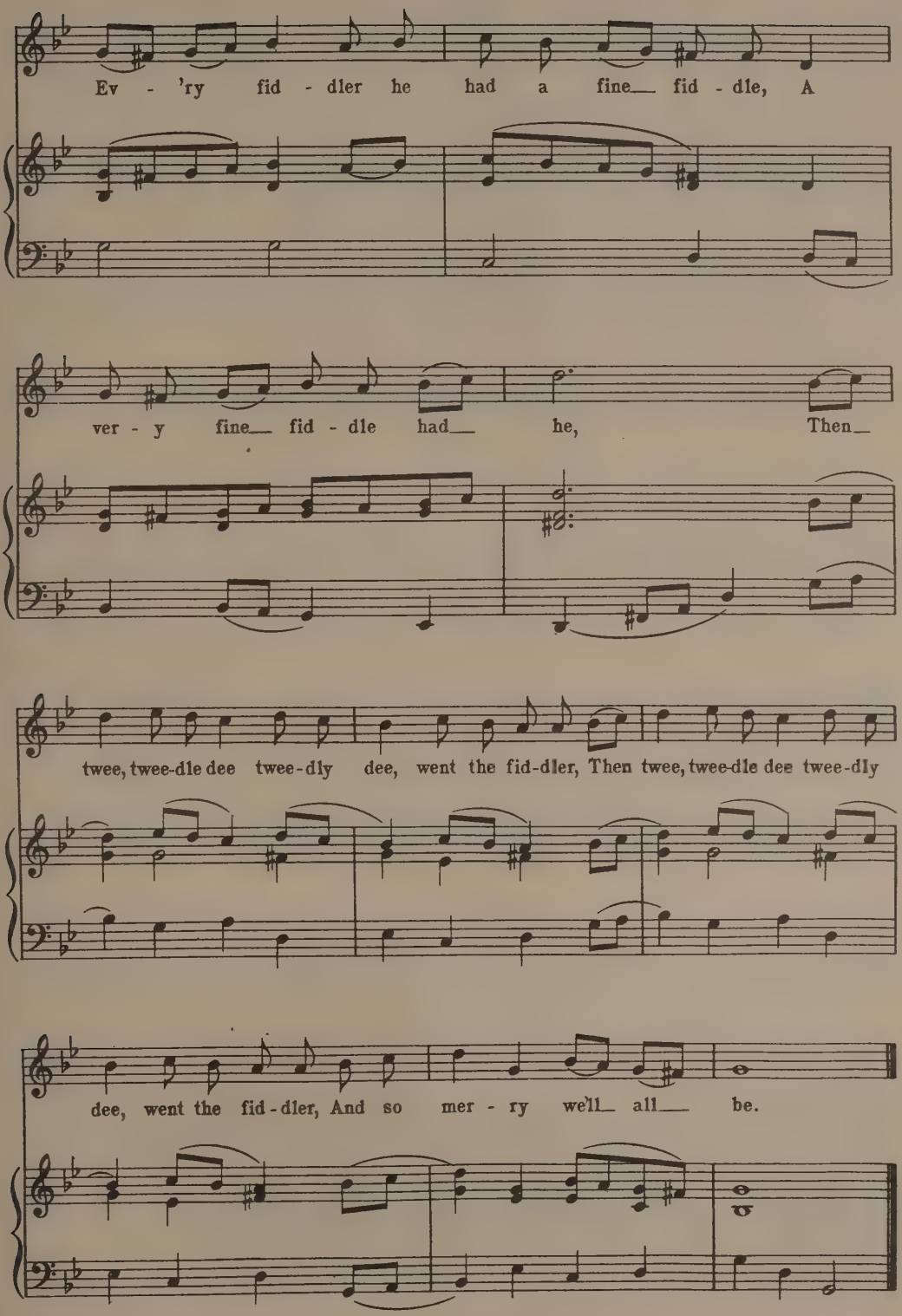
Ev - 'ry fid - dler he had a fine fid - dle, A
ver - y fine fid - dle had he, Then
twee, twee-dle dee twee-dly dee, went the fid-dler, Then twee, twee-dle dee twee-dly
dee, went the fid-dler, And so mer - ry we'll all be.

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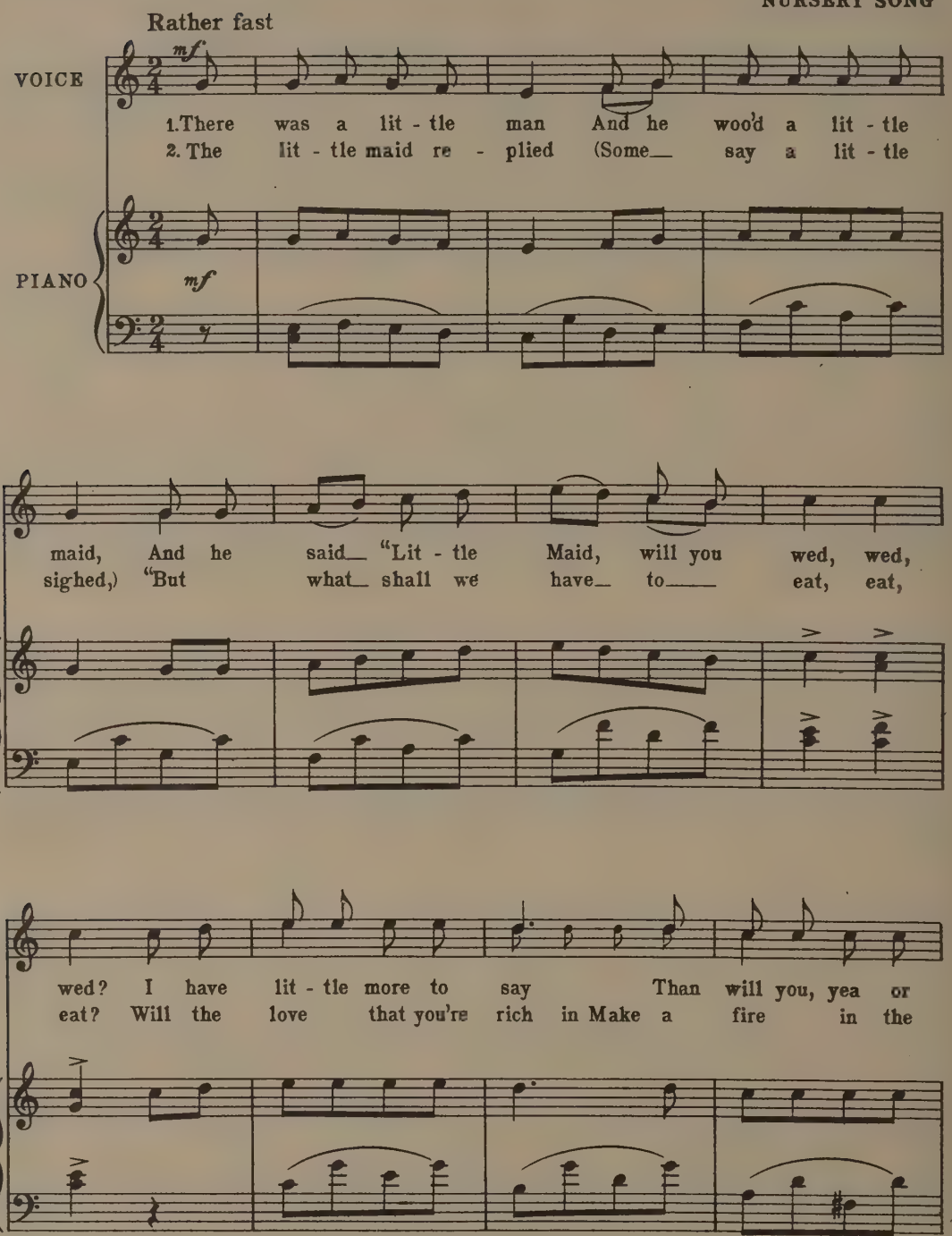
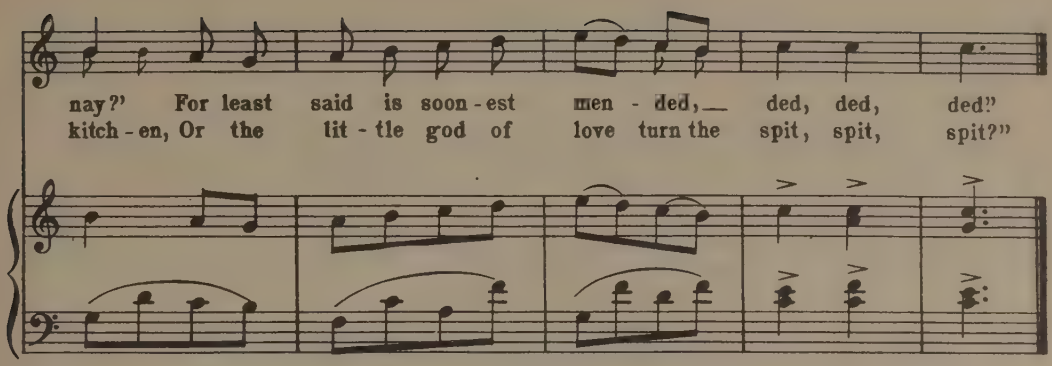
# LITTLE MAN AND MAID

(ENGLISH)

NURSERY SONG

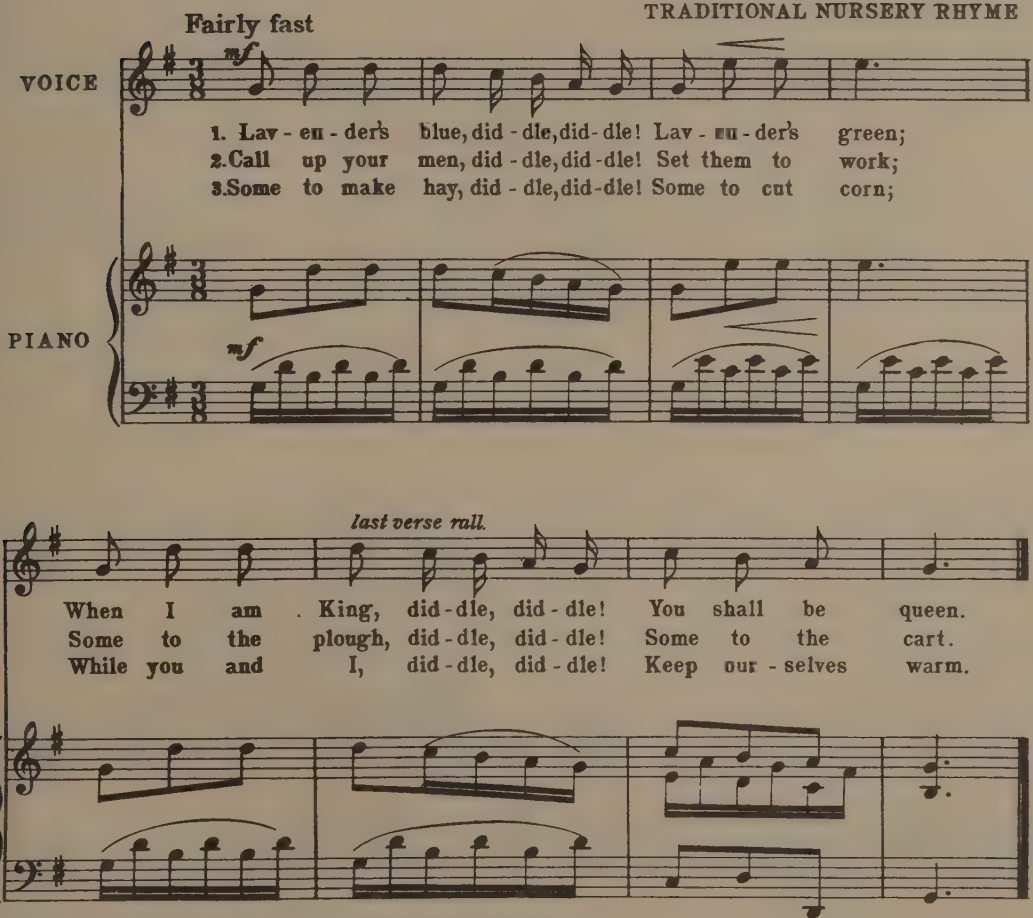

Rather fast
mf
VOICE
PIANO
1.There was a lit - tle man And he woo'd a lit - tle
2. The lit - tle maid re - plied (Some say a lit - tle
maid, And he said "Lit - tle Maid, will you wed, wed,
sighed,) "But what shall we have to eat, eat,
wed? I have lit - tle more to say Than will you, yea or
eat? Will the love that you're rich in Make a fire in the




## LAVENDER'S BLUE

(ENGLISH)

TRADITIONAL NURSERY RHYME

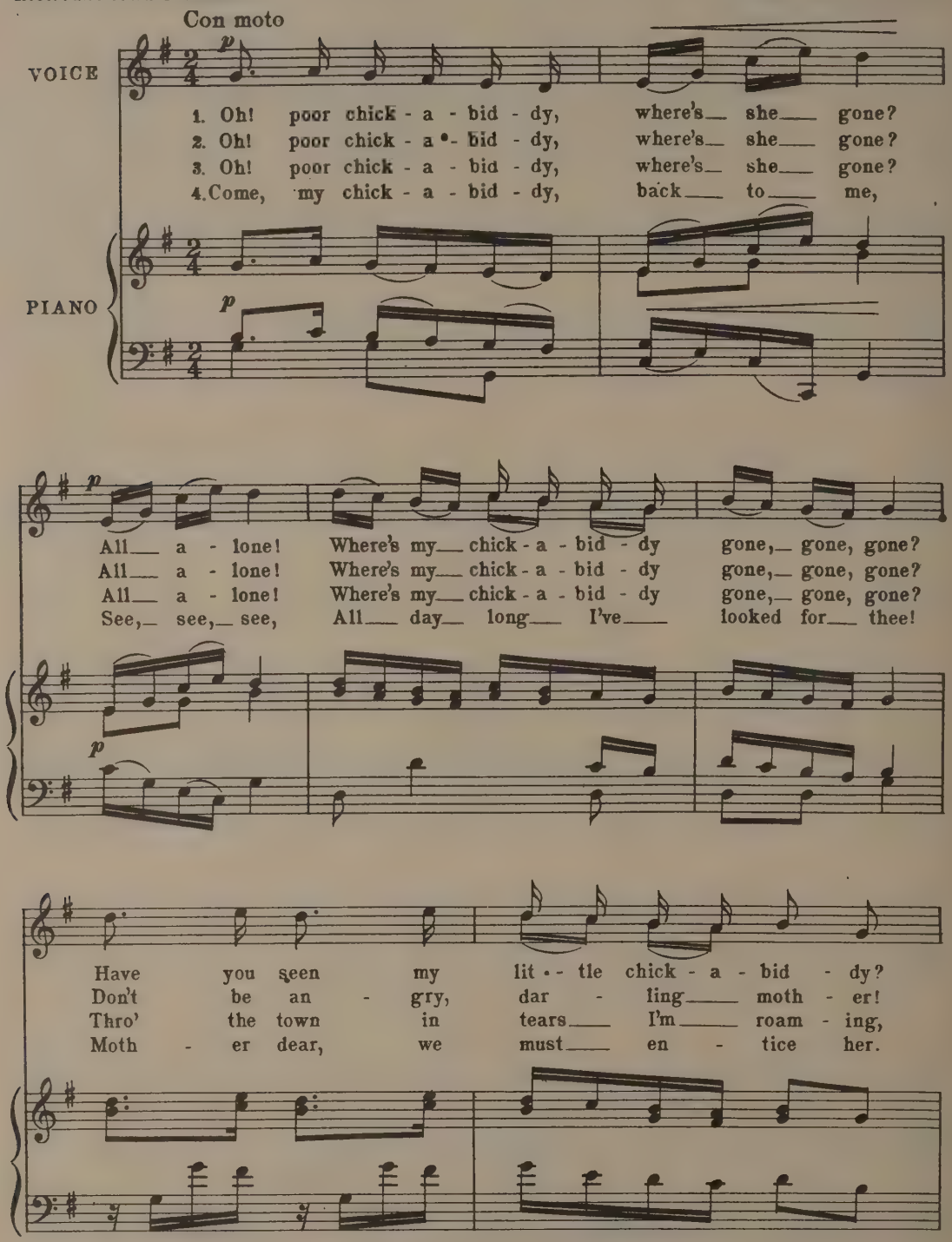

Fairly fast
VOICE
PIANO
mf
1. Lav - en - der's blue, did - dle, did - dle! Lav - en - der's green;
2. Call up your men, did - dle, did - dle! Set them to work;
3. Some to make hay, did - dle, did - dle! Some to cut corn;
last verse rall.
When I am King, did - dle, did - dle! You shall be queen.
Some to the plough, did - dle, did - dle! Some to the cart.
While you and I, did - dle, did - dle! Keep our - selves warm.

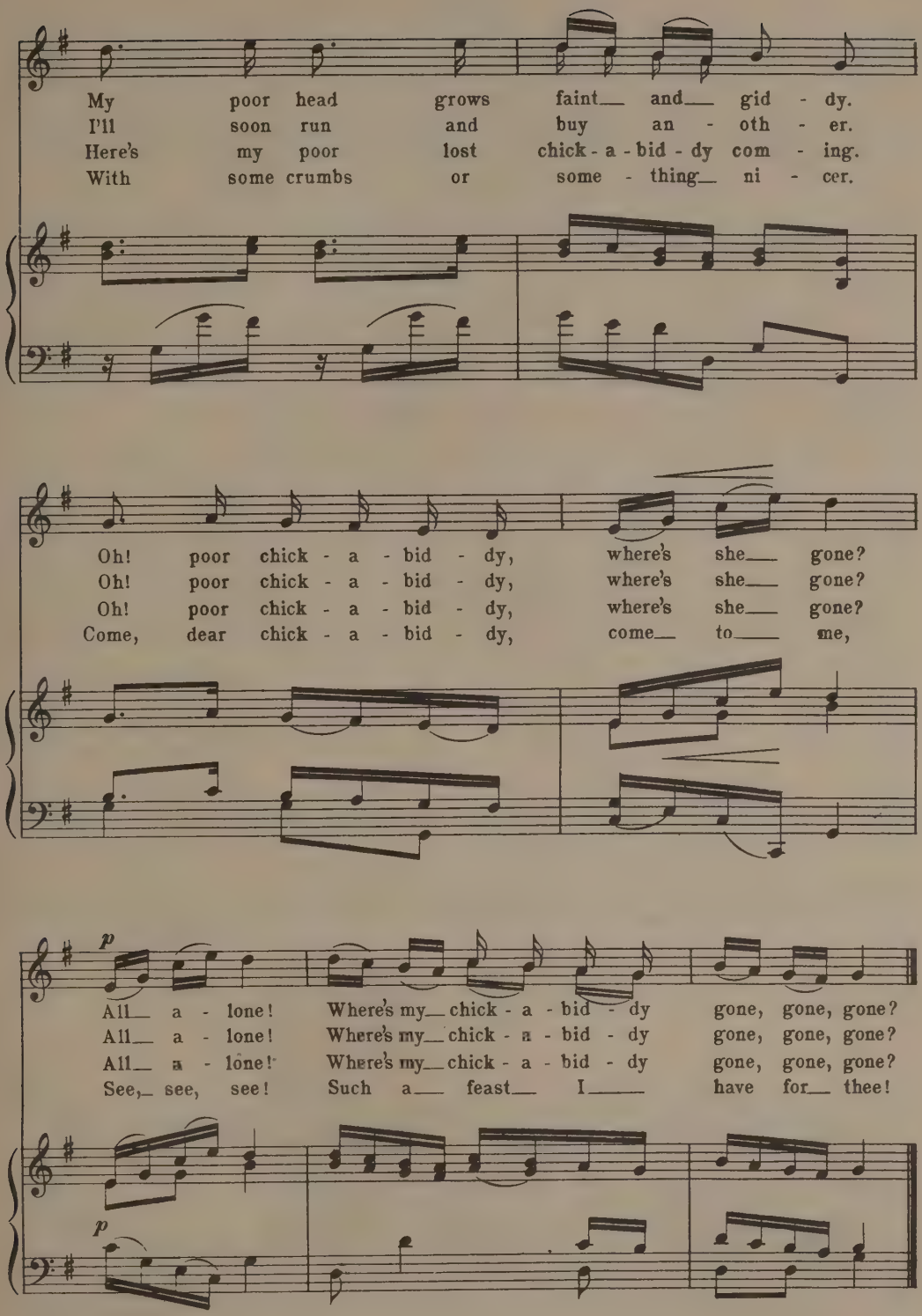
# THE LOST CHICKEN

(GERMAN)

*Written for the children of Robert and Clara Schumann*

JOHANNES BRAHMS

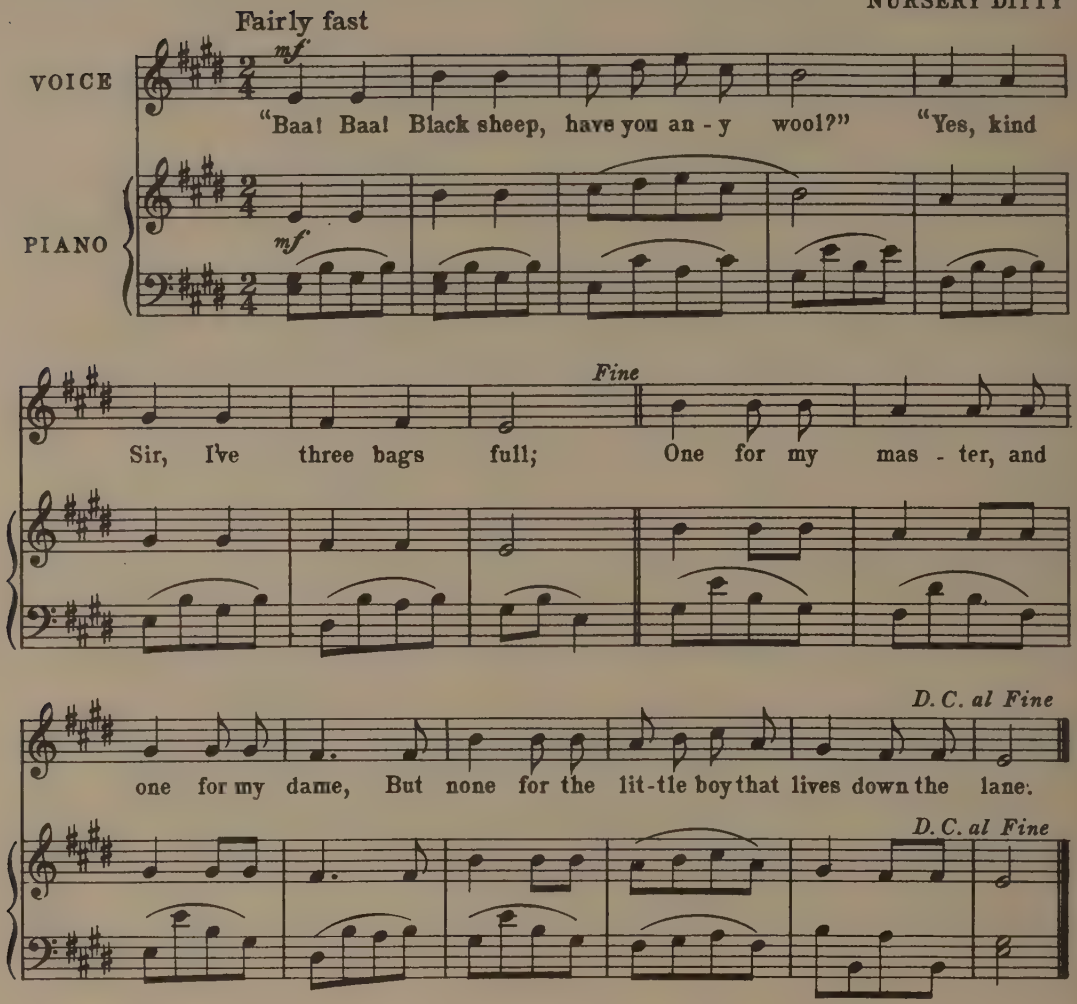

Con moto
VOICE
PIANO
1. Oh! poor chick - a - bid - dy, where's she gone?
2. Oh! poor chick - a - bid - dy, where's she gone?
3. Oh! poor chick - a - bid - dy, where's she gone?
4. Come, my chick - a - bid - dy, back to me,
All a - lone! Where's my chick - a - bid - dy gone, gone, gone?
All a - lone! Where's my chick - a - bid - dy gone, gone, gone?
All a - lone! Where's my chick - a - bid - dy gone, gone, gone?
See, see, see, All day long I've looked for thee!
Have you seen my lit - tle chick - a - bid - dy?
Don't be an - gry, dar - ling moth - er!
Thro' the town in tears I'm roam - ing,
Moth - er dear, we must en - tice her.


My poor head grows faint and gid - dy.
I'll soon run and buy an - oth - er.
Here's my poor lost chick - a - bid - dy com - ing.
With some crumbs or some - thing ni - cer.
Oh! poor chick - a - bid - dy, where's she gone?
Oh! poor chick - a - bid - dy, where's she gone?
Oh! poor chick - a - bid - dy, where's she gone?
Come, dear chick - a - bid - dy, come to me,
p
All a - lone! Where's my chick - a - bid - dy gone, gone, gone?
All a - lone! Where's my chick - a - bid - dy gone, gone, gone?
All a - lone! Where's my chick - a - bid - dy gone, gone, gone?
See, see, see! Such a feast I have for thee!
p

# BAA! BAA! BLACK SHEEP

(ENGLISH)

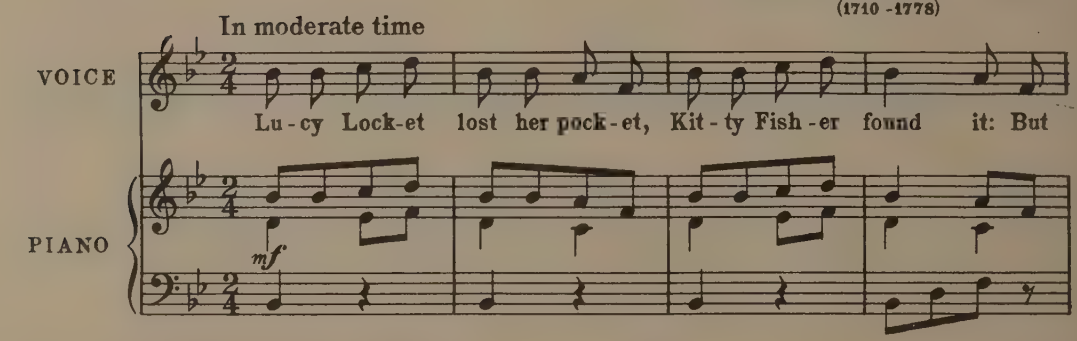
NURSERY DITTY


Fairly fast
mf
VOICE
PIANO
"Baa! Baa! Black sheep, have you an - y wool?" "Yes, kind
Fine
Sir, I've three bags full; One for my mas - ter, and
D. C. al Fine
one for my dame, But none for the lit-tle boy that lives down the lane.
D. C. al Fine

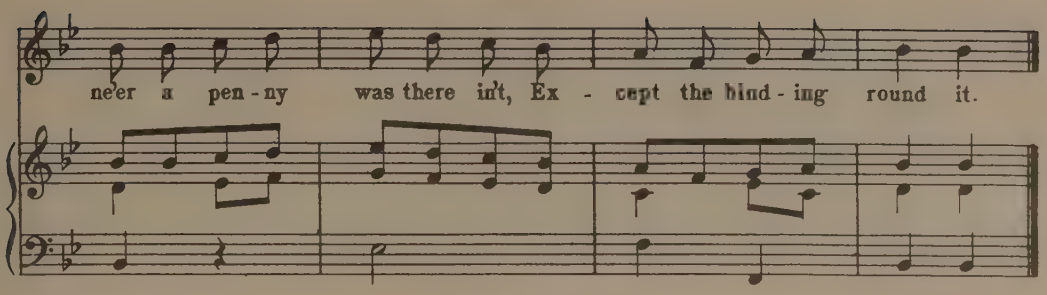
# *)LUCY LOCKET

(ENGLISH)

The music ascribed to Dr. ARNE
(1710 -1778)



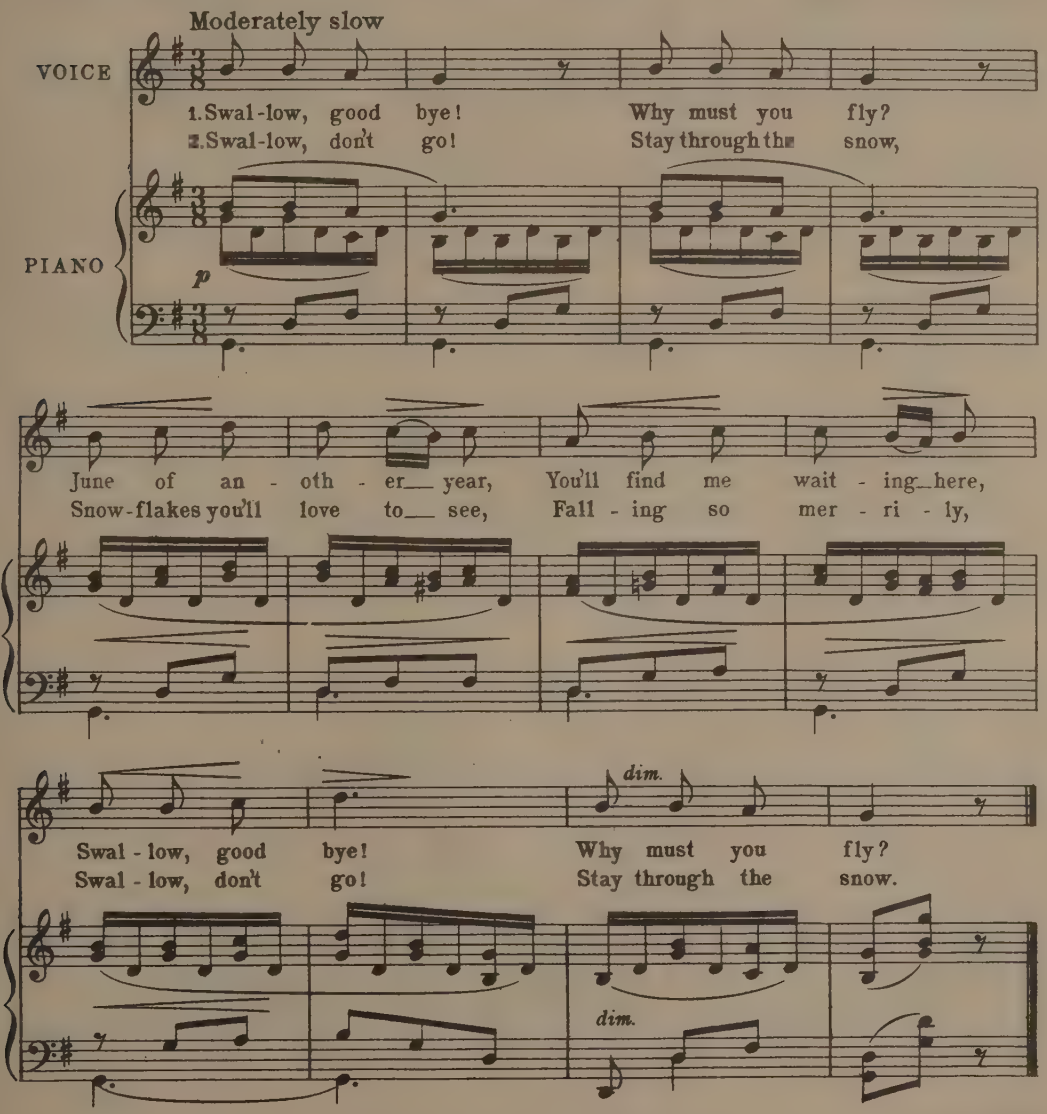

*)The prototype of "Yankee Doodle"




## SWALLOW, GOOD BYE

(Liebchen, ade!)

*English words by*
EDWARD THATCHER

GERMAN FOLKSONG

Moderately slow
VOICE
PIANO
1. Swal - low, good bye! Why must you fly?
2. Swal - low, don't go! Stay through the snow,
p
June of an - oth - er year, You'll find me wait - ing here,
Snow-flakes you'll love to see, Fall - ing so mer - ri - ly,
dim.
Swal - low, good bye! Why must you fly?
Swal - low, don't go! Stay through the snow.
dim.

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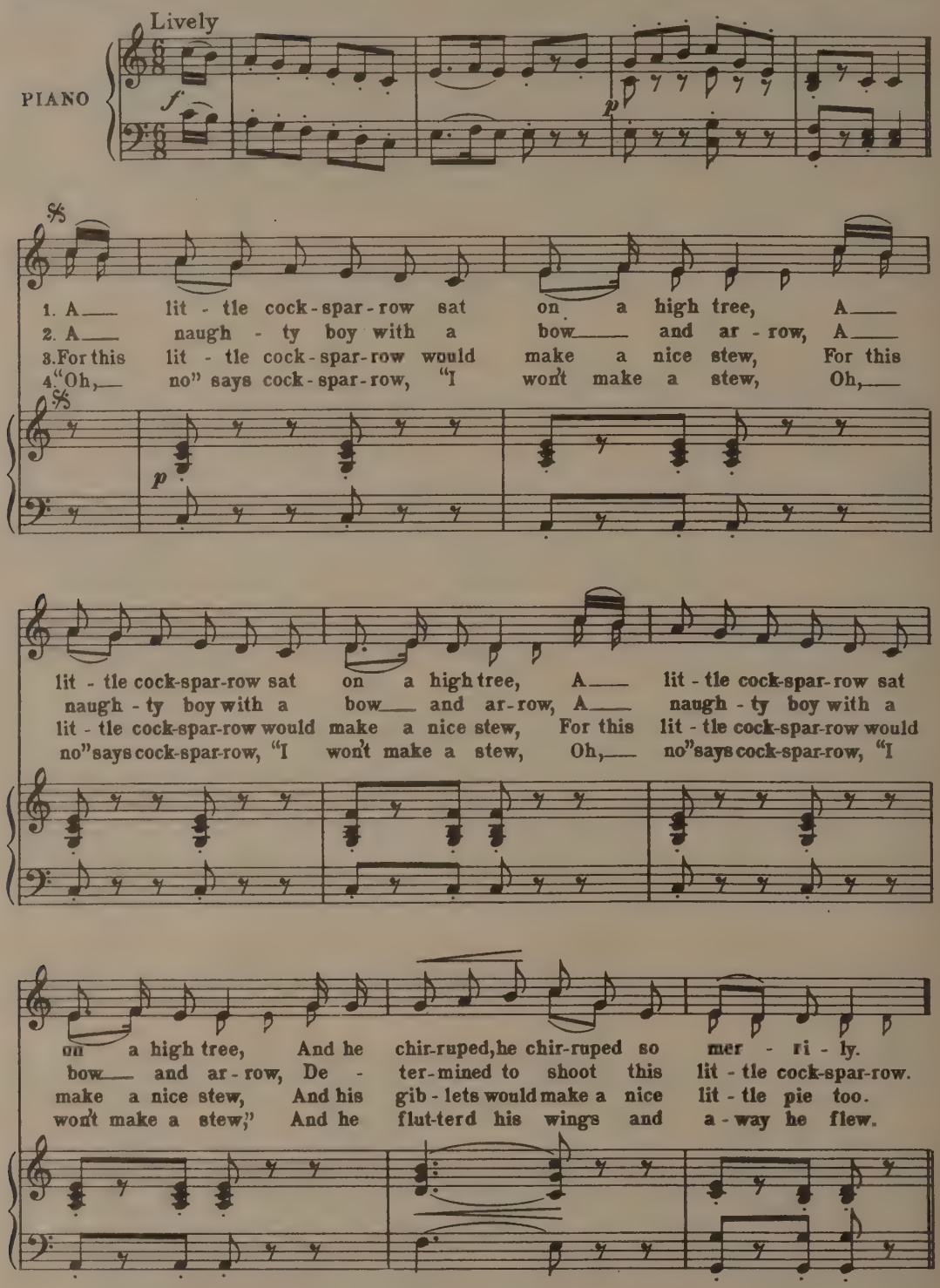
# THE LITTLE COCK-SPARROW

(IRISH)

English nursery rhyme

OLD IRISH AIR: *"Garryowen"*


Lively
PIANO
f
p
1. A lit - tle cock-spar-row sat on a high tree, A
2. A naugh - ty boy with a bow and ar - row, A
3. For this lit - tle cock-spar-row would make a nice stew, For this
4. "Oh, no" says cock-spar-row, "I won't make a stew, Oh,
lit - tle cock-spar-row sat on a high tree, A lit - tle cock-spar-row sat
naugh - ty boy with a bow and ar-row, A naugh - ty boy with a
lit - tle cock-spar-row would make a nice stew, For this lit - tle cock-spar-row would
no" says cock-spar-row, "I won't make a stew, Oh, no" says cock-spar-row, "I
on a high tree, And he chir-ruped, he chir-ruped so mer - ri - ly.
bow and ar - row, De - ter-mined to shoot this lit - tle cock-spar-row.
make a nice stew, And his gib - lets would make a nice lit - tle pie too.
won't make a stew," And he flut-terd his wings and a - way he flew.

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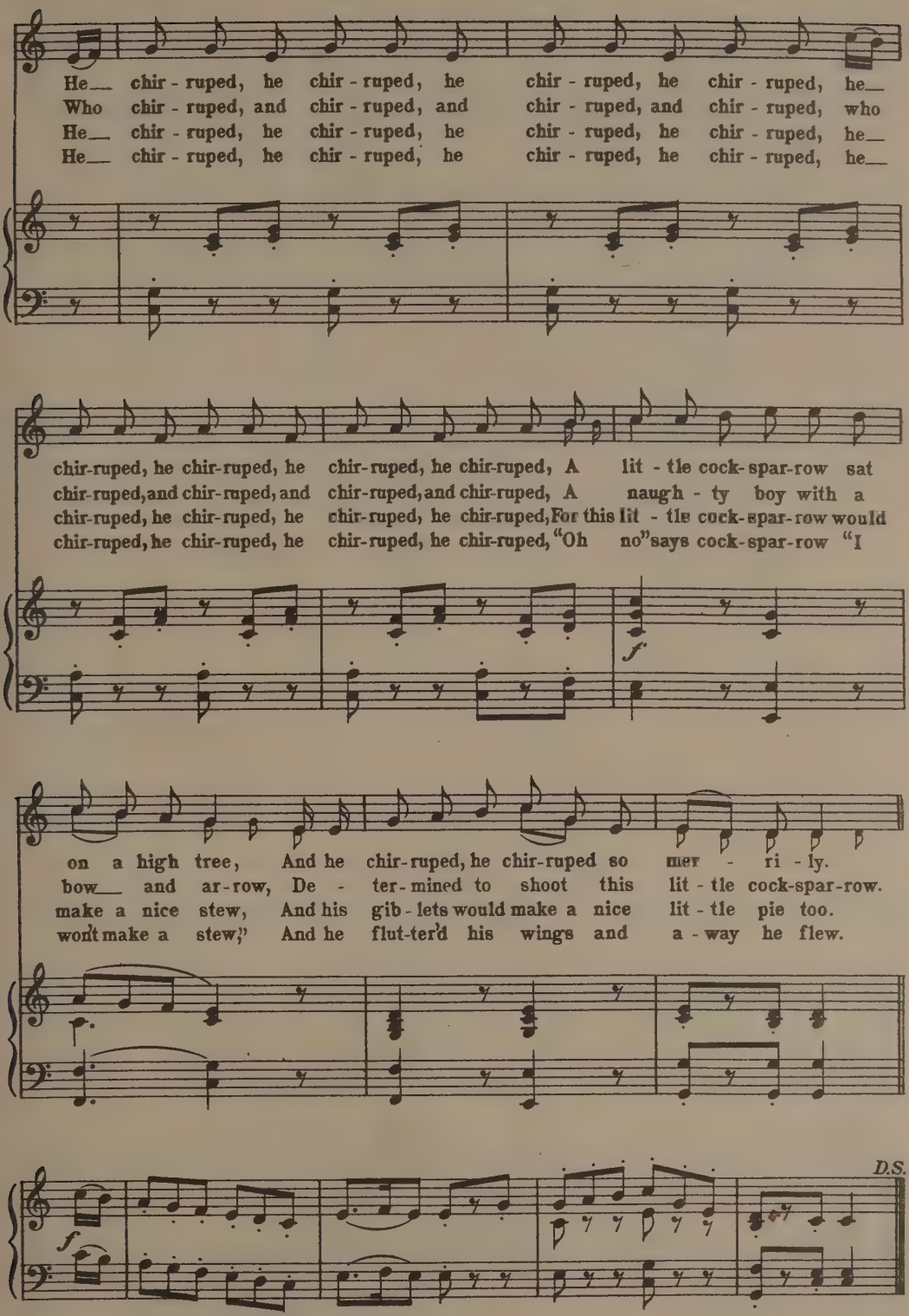
He__ chir - ruped, he chir - ruped, he chir - ruped, he chir - ruped, he__
Who chir - ruped, and chir - ruped, and chir - ruped, and chir - ruped, who
He__ chir - ruped, he chir - ruped, he chir - ruped, he chir - ruped, he__
He__ chir - ruped, he chir - ruped, he chir - ruped, he chir - ruped, he__
chir-ruped, he chir-ruped, he chir-ruped, he chir-ruped, A lit - tle cock-spar-row sat
chir-ruped, and chir-ruped, and chir-ruped, and chir-ruped, A naugh - ty boy with a
chir-ruped, he chir-ruped, he chir-ruped, he chir-ruped, For this lit - tle cock-spar-row would
chir-ruped, he chir-ruped, he chir-ruped, he chir-ruped, "Oh no" says cock-spar-row "I
f
on a high tree, And he chir-ruped, he chir-ruped so mer - ri - ly.
bow__ and ar-row, De - ter-mined to shoot this lit - tle cock-spar-row.
make a nice stew, And his gib - lets would make a nice lit - tle pie too.
won't make a stew;" And he flut-ter'd his wings and a - way he flew.
f
D.S.

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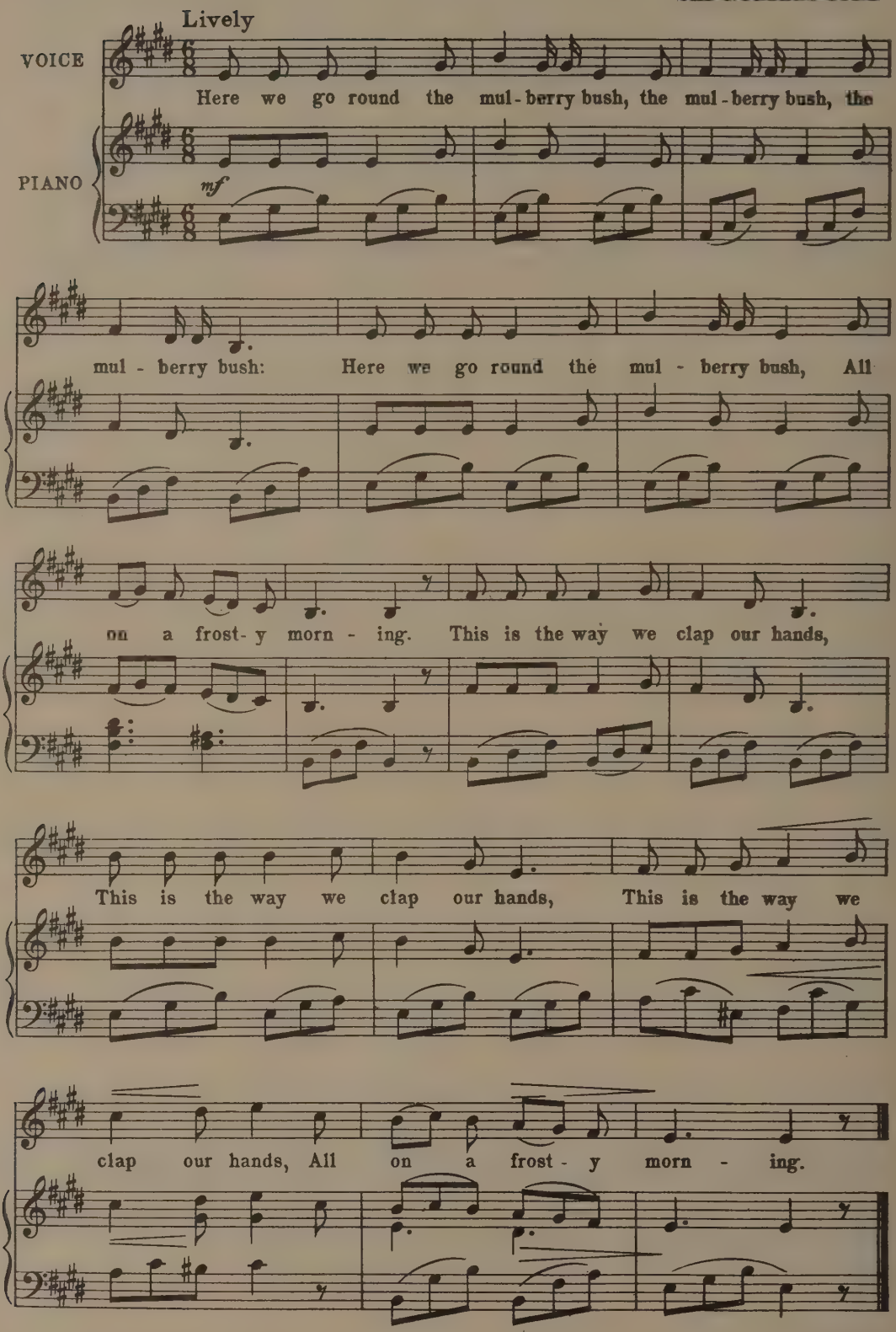
# THE MULBERRY BUSH

(ENGLISH)

OLD NURSERY TUNE


Lively
VOICE
PIANO
mf
Here we go round the mul - berry bush, the mul - berry bush, the
mul - berry bush: Here we go round the mul - berry bush, All
on a frost - y morn - ing. This is the way we clap our hands,
This is the way we clap our hands, This is the way we
clap our hands, All on a frost - y morn - ing.

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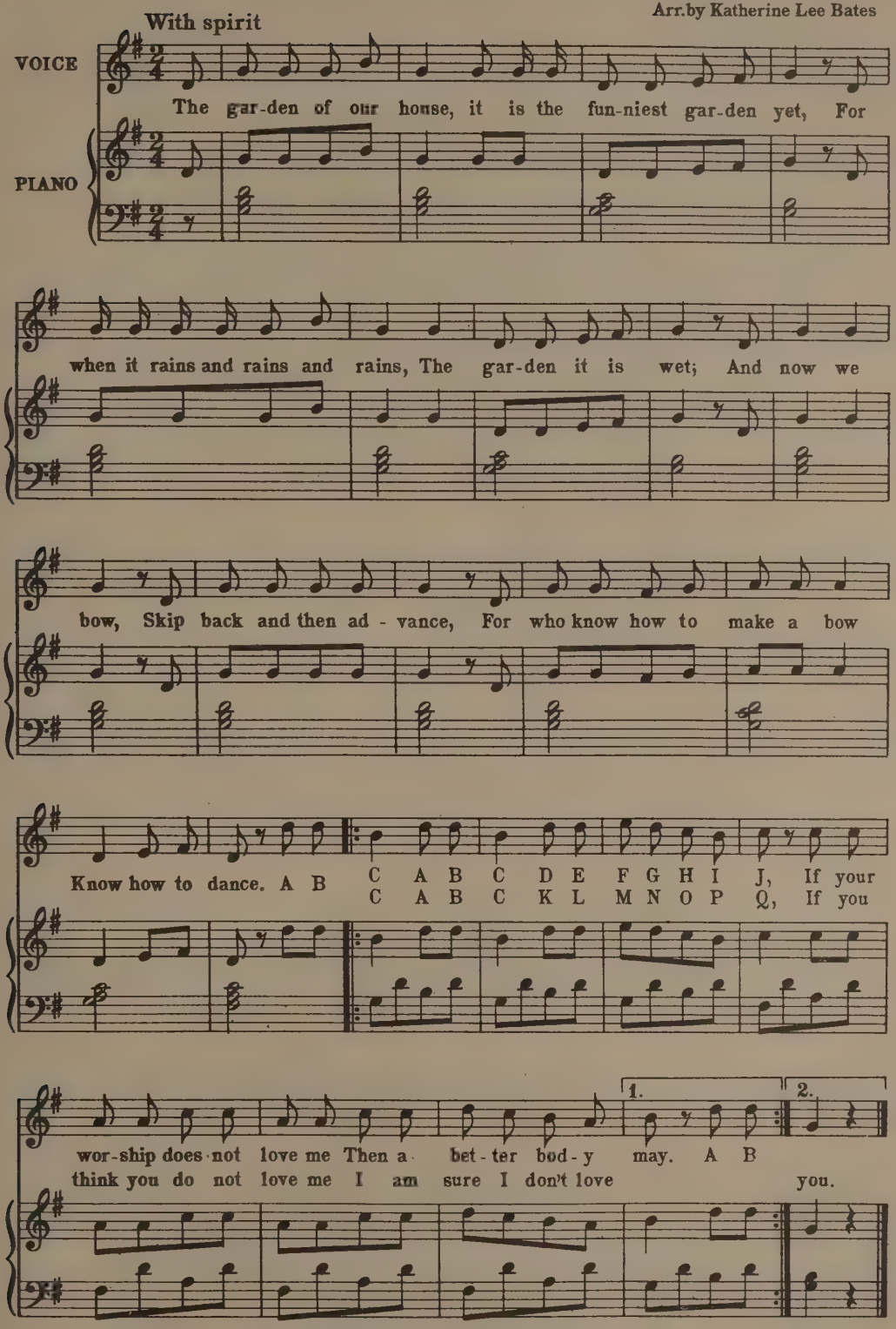
SPANISH CHORAL GAME
Arr. by Katherine Lee Bates


With spirit
VOICE
PIANO
The gar-den of our house, it is the fun-niest gar-den yet, For
when it rains and rains and rains, The gar-den it is wet; And now we
bow, Skip back and then ad - vance, For who know how to make a bow
Know how to dance. A B C A B C D E F G H I J, If your
C A B C K L M N O P Q, If you
1.
2.
wor-ship does not love me Then a bet-ter bod-y may. A B
think you do not love me I am sure I don't love you.

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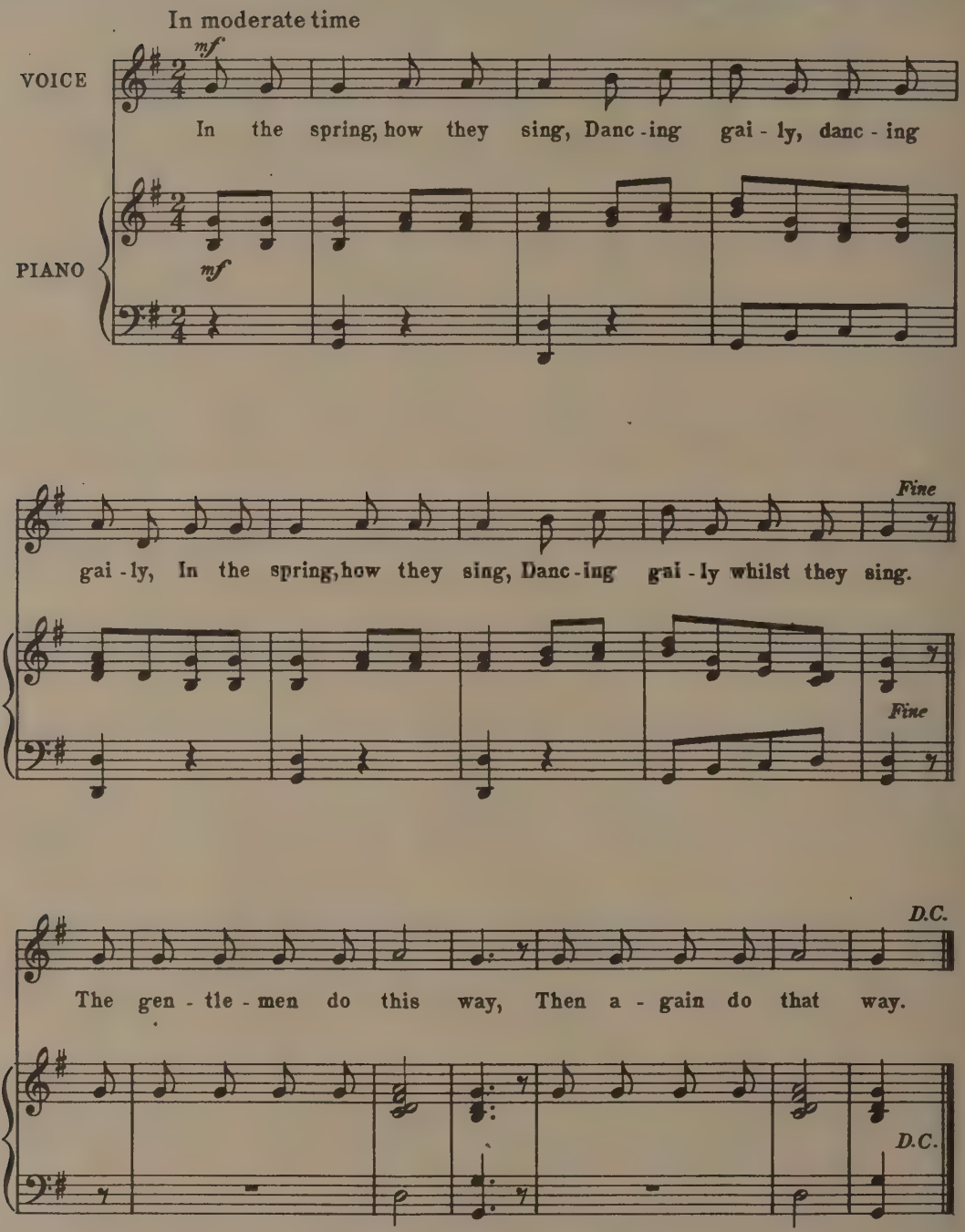
# IN THE SPRING

(Sur le pont d' Avignon)

OLD FRENCH NURSERY SONG




Directions. While saying "The gentlemen do this way" the children imitate a gentleman's bow and resume the song—continuing by repeating names of trades: shoemakers, laundry-maids etc., whose gestures they imitate.

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# LULLABIES

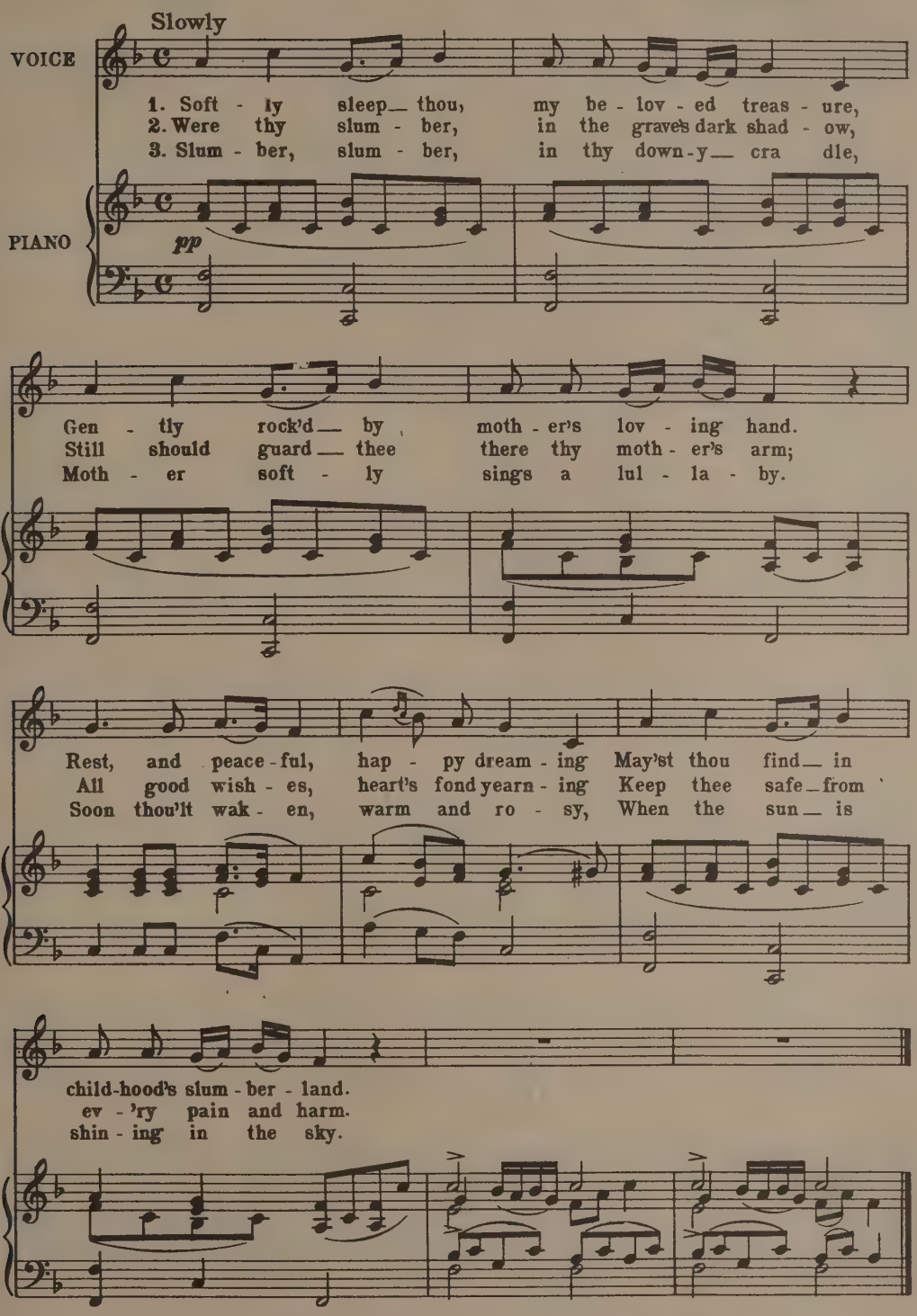
## SOFTLY SLEEP THOU

(Schlafe, schlafe, holder, süsser Knabe)

(GERMAN)

Poet unknown
*Translated by C.F.M.*

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op.98, No 2
(1797-1828)


Slowly
VOICE
PIANO
pp
1. Soft - ly sleep thou, my be - lov - ed treas - ure,
2. Were thy slum - ber, in the grave's dark shad - ow,
3. Slum - ber, slum - ber, in thy down - y cra dle,
Gen - tly rock'd by moth - er's lov - ing hand.
Still should guard thee there thy moth - er's arm;
Moth - er soft - ly sings a lul - la - by.
Rest, and peace - ful, hap - py dream - ing May'st thou find in
All good wish - es, heart's fond yearn - ing Keep thee safe from
Soon thou'lt wak - en, warm and ro - sy, When the sun is
child-hood's slum - ber - land.
ev - 'ry pain and harm.
shin - ing in the sky.

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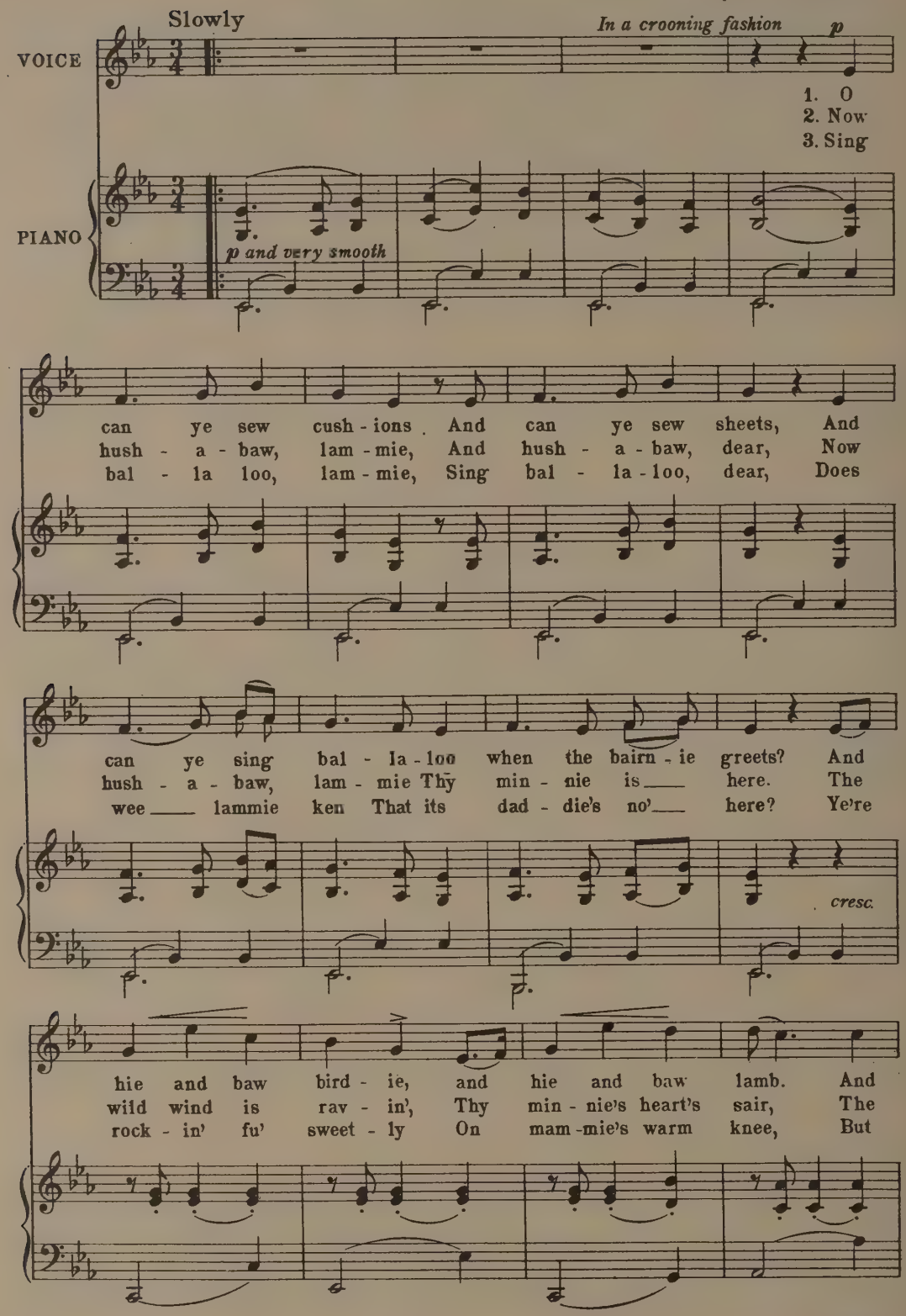
# O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS

(HIGHLAND SCOTCH)

TRADITIONAL MELODY
Arr. by Malcolm Lawson


Slowly
In a crooning fashion
p
VOICE
1. O
2. Now
3. Sing
PIANO
p and very smooth
can ye sew cush - ions . And can ye sew sheets, And
hush - a - baw, lam - mie, And hush - a - baw, dear, Now
bal - la loo, lam - mie, Sing bal - la - loo, dear, Does
can ye sing bal - la - loo when the bairn - ie greets? And
hush - a - baw, lam - mie Thy min - nie is here. The
wee lammie ken That its dad - die's no' here? Ye're
cresc.
hie and baw bird - ie, and hie and baw lamb. And
wild wind is rav - in', Thy min - nie's heart's sair, The
rock - in' fu' sweet - ly On mam - mie's warm knee, But

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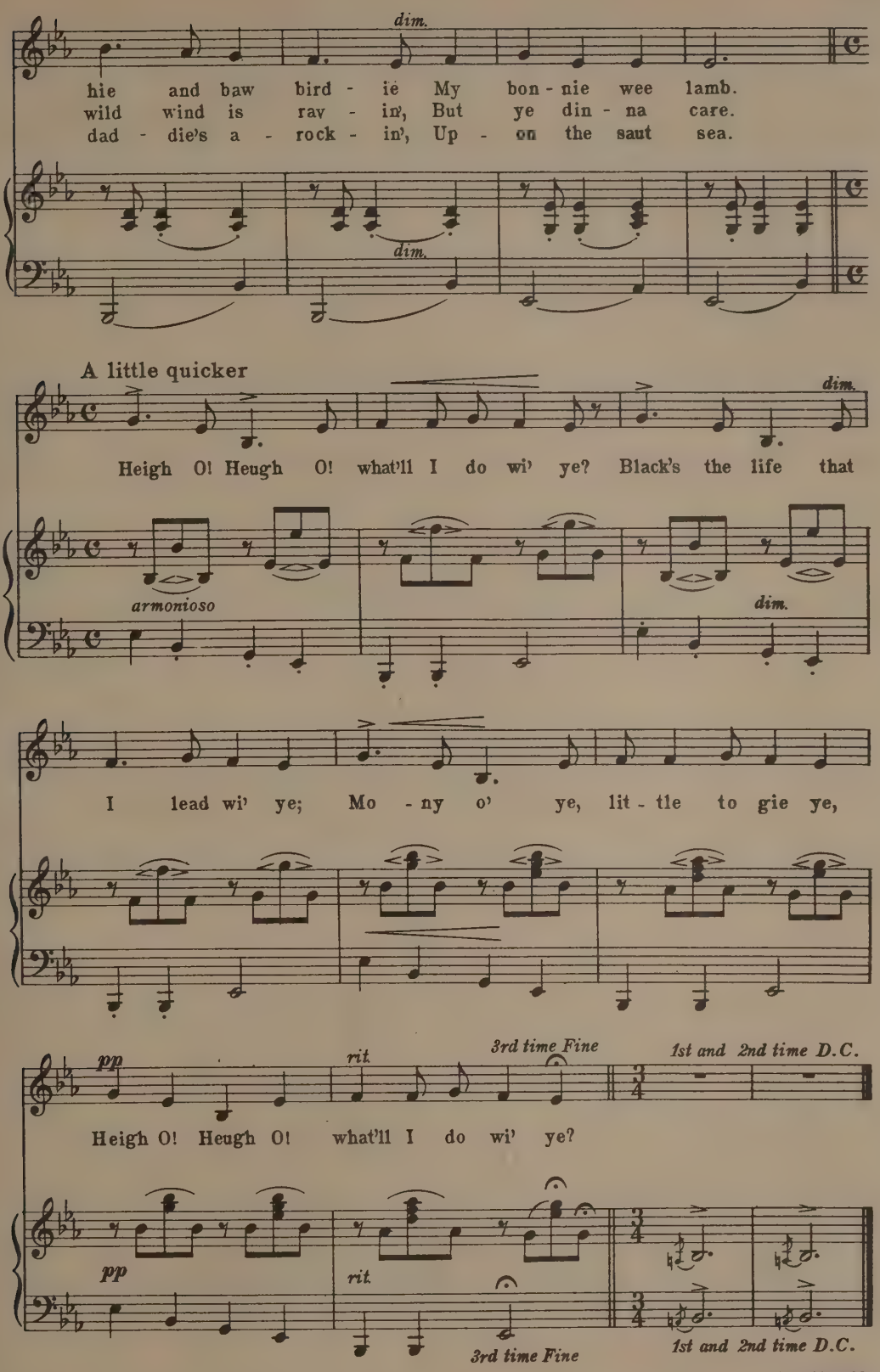
dim.
hie and baw bird - ie My bon - nie wee lamb.
wild wind is rav - in', But ye din - na care.
dad - die's a - rock - in', Up - on the saut sea.
dim.
A little quicker
dim.
Heigh O! Heugh O! what'll I do wi' ye? Black's the life that
armonioso
dim.
I lead wi' ye; Mo - ny o' ye, lit - tle to gie ye,
pp
rit.
3rd time Fine
1st and 2nd time D.C.
Heigh O! Heugh O! what'll I do wi' ye?
pp
rit.
3rd time Fine
1st and 2nd time D.C.

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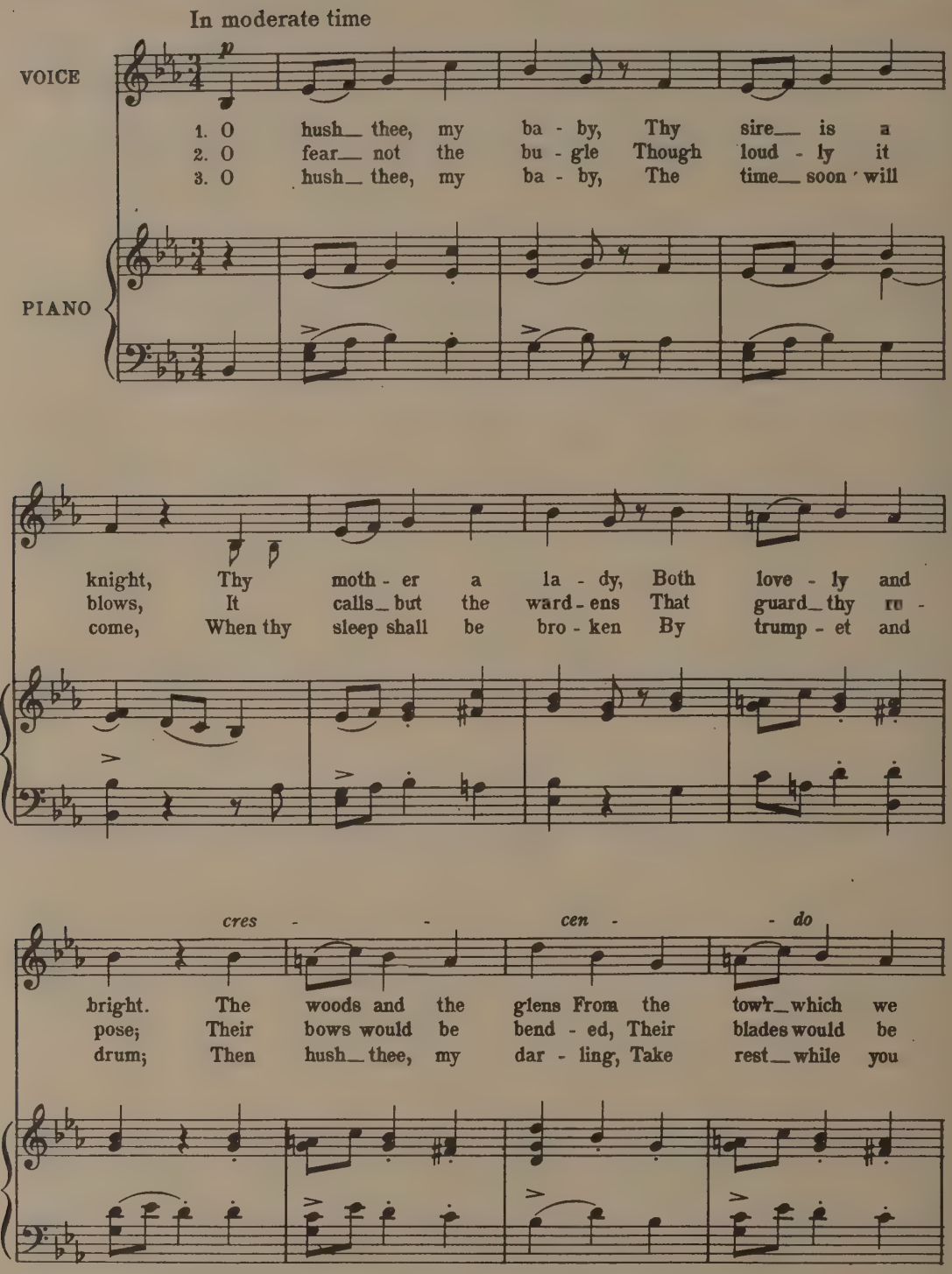
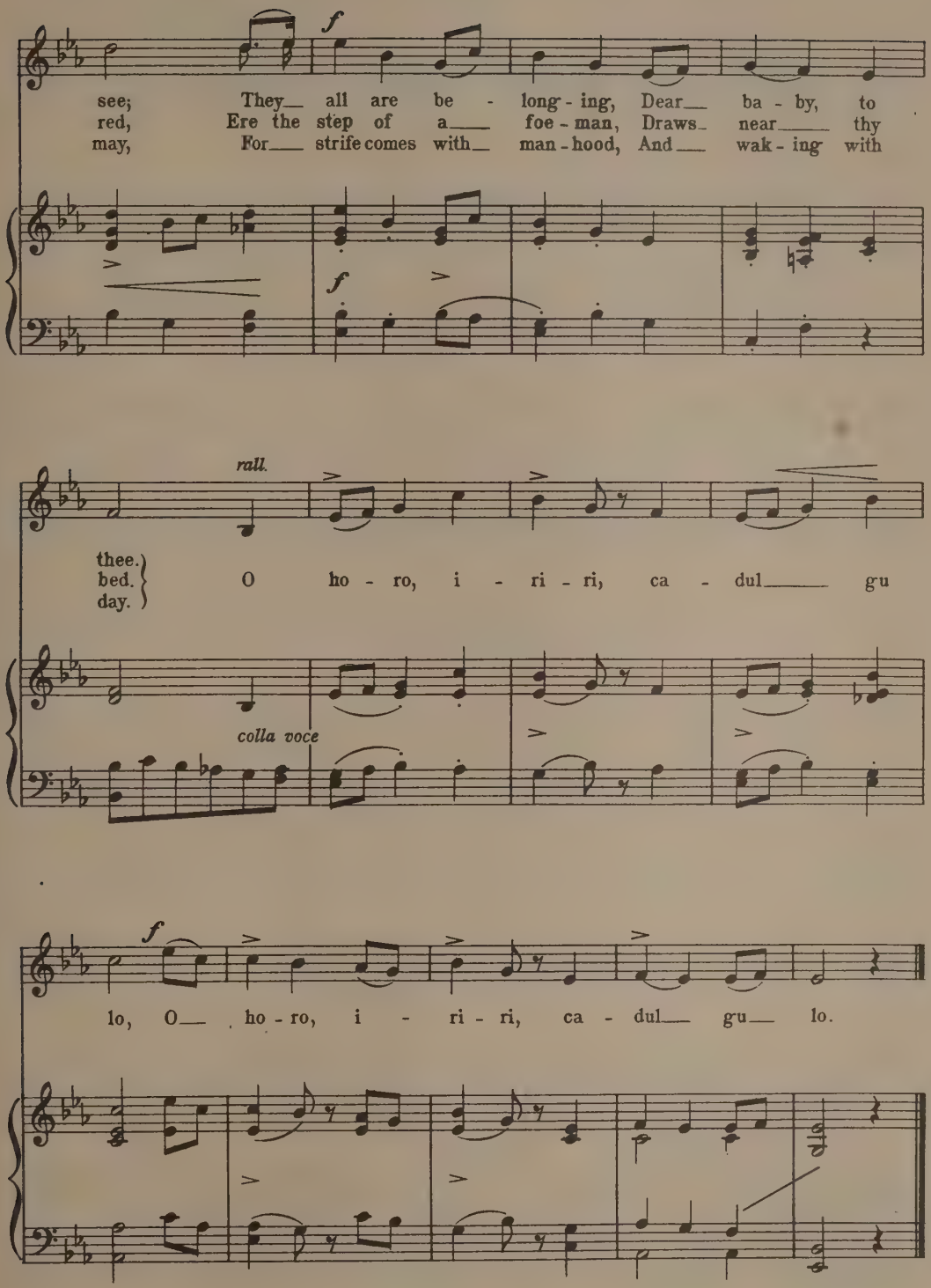
# O HUSH THEE, MY BABY

(LOWLAND SCOTCH)

SIR WALTER SCOTT — CLARA MACIRONE


In moderate time
p
VOICE
PIANO
1. O hush_ thee, my ba - by, Thy sire_ is a
2. O fear_ not the bu - gle Though loud - ly it
3. O hush_ thee, my ba - by, The time_ soon will
knight, Thy moth - er a la - dy, Both love - ly and
blows, It calls_ but the ward - ens That guard_ thy ro -
come, When thy sleep shall be bro - ken By trump - et and
cres - - cen - - do
bright. The woods and the glens From the tow'r_ which we
pose; Their bows would be bend - ed, Their blades would be
drum; Then hush_ thee, my dar - ling, Take rest_ while you


f
see; They all are be - long - ing, Dear ba - by, to
red, Ere the step of a foe - man, Draws near thy
may, For strife comes with man - hood, And wak - ing with
f
rall.
thee.
bed.
day.
O ho - ro, i - ri - ri, ca - dul gu
colla voce
f
lo, O ho - ro, i - ri - ri, ca - dul gu lo.

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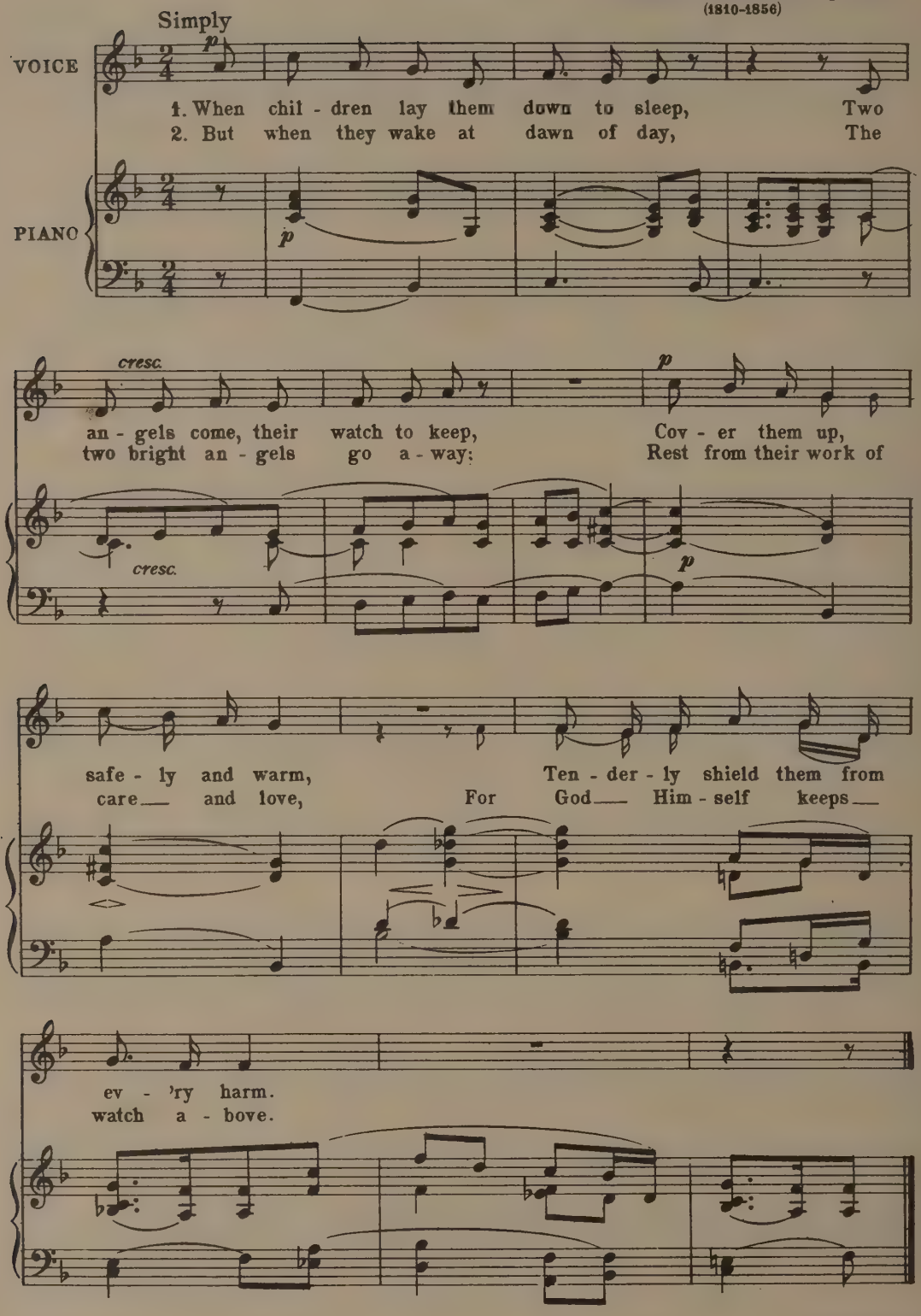
# GUARDIAN ANGELS

(Kinderwacht)

(GERMAN)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 79, No. 21
(1810-1856)

Simply
VOICE
PIANO
1. When chil - dren lay them down to sleep, Two
2. But when they wake at dawn of day, The
cresc.
an - gels come, their watch to keep,
two bright an - gels go a - way;
Cov - er them up,
Rest from their work of
safe - ly and warm,
care and love,
Ten - der - ly shield them from
For God Him - self keeps
ev - 'ry harm.
watch a - bove.

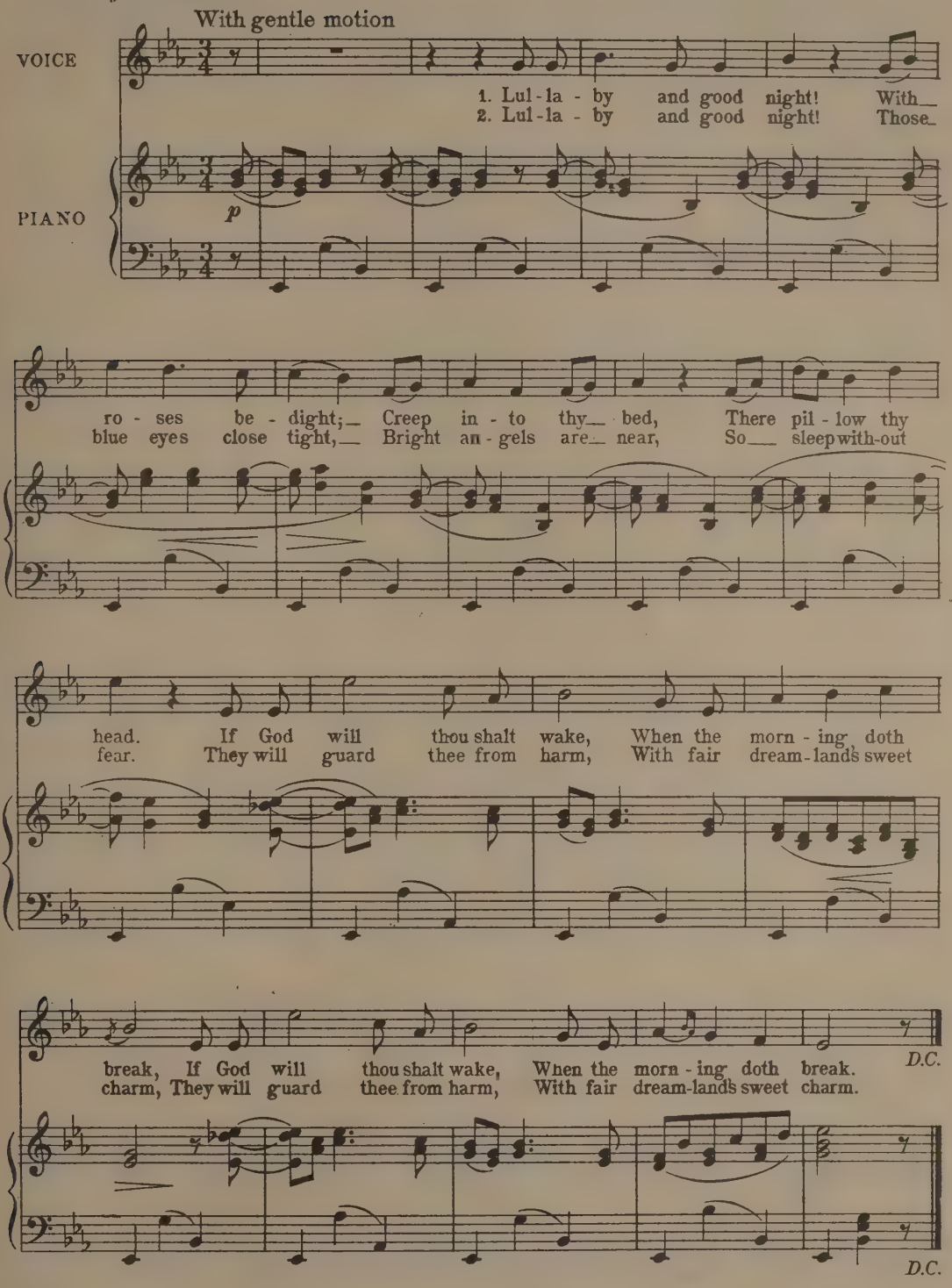
# CRADLE SONG

## (Wiegenlied)

KARL SIMROCK
*)Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(GERMAN)

JOHANNES BRAHMS, Op. 49, No 4


With gentle motion
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. Lul - la - by and good night! With
2. Lul - la - by and good night! Those
ro - ses be - dight; Creep in - to thy bed, There pil - low thy
blue eyes close tight, Bright an - gels are near, So sleep with-out
head. If God will thou shalt wake, When the morn - ing doth
fear. They will guard thee from harm, With fair dream-lands sweet
break, If God will thou shalt wake, When the morn - ing doth break.
charm, They will guard thee from harm, With fair dream-lands sweet charm.
D.C.
D.C.

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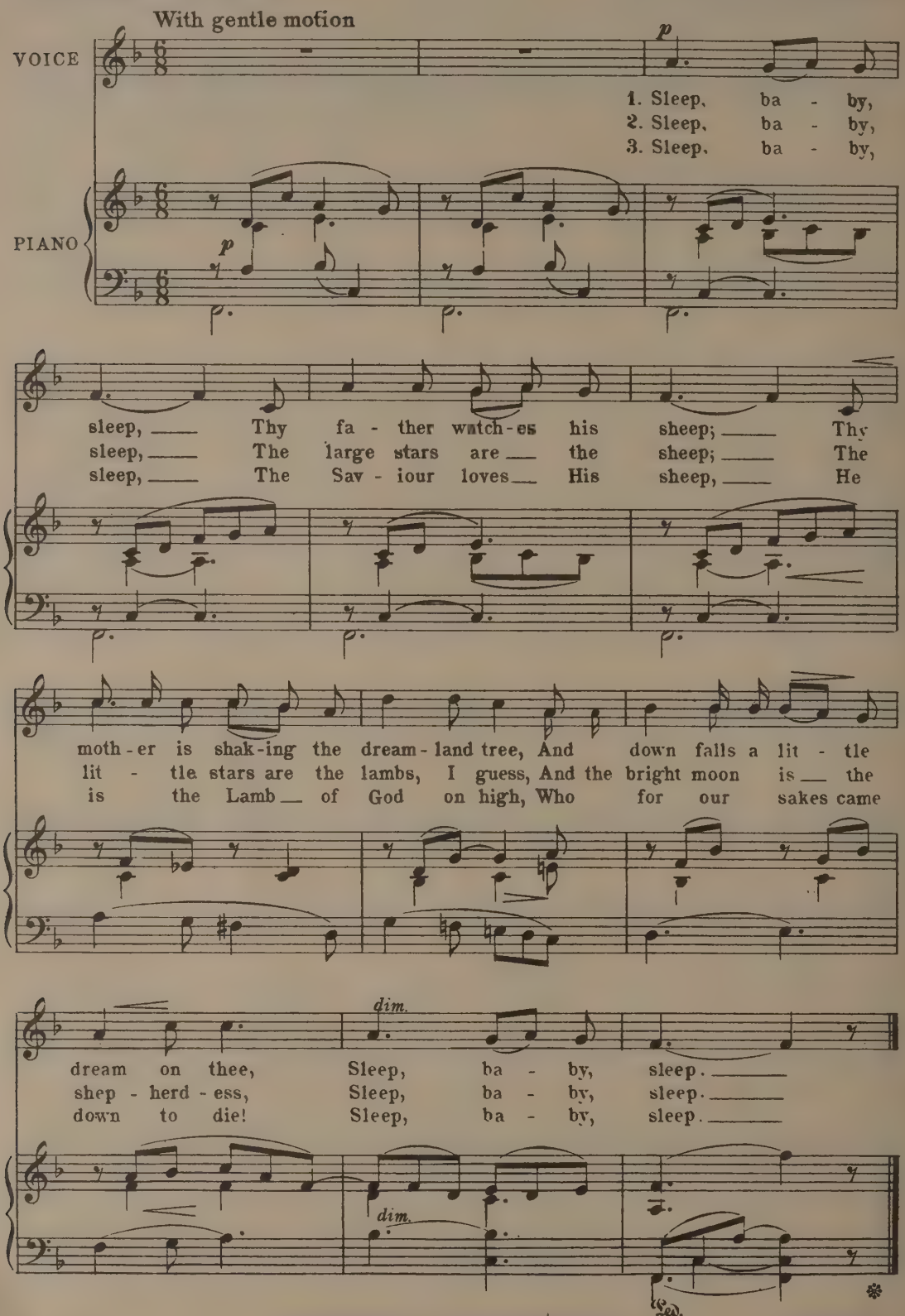
# SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

(Schlaf', Kindlein, schlaf)

(GERMAN)

*Words from*
"Des Knaben Wunderhorn"
*Translated by Elizabeth Prentiss*

POPULAR LULLABY
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


With gentle motion
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. Sleep, ba - by,
2. Sleep, ba - by,
3. Sleep, ba - by,
sleep, Thy fa - ther watch-es his sheep; Thy
sleep, The large stars are the sheep; The
sleep, The Sav - iour loves His sheep, He
moth-er is shak-ing the dream-land tree, And down falls a lit - tle
lit - tle stars are the lambs, I guess, And the bright moon is the
is the Lamb of God on high, Who for our sakes came
dim.
dream on thee, Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
shep - herd - ess, Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
down to die! Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
dim.
Led.

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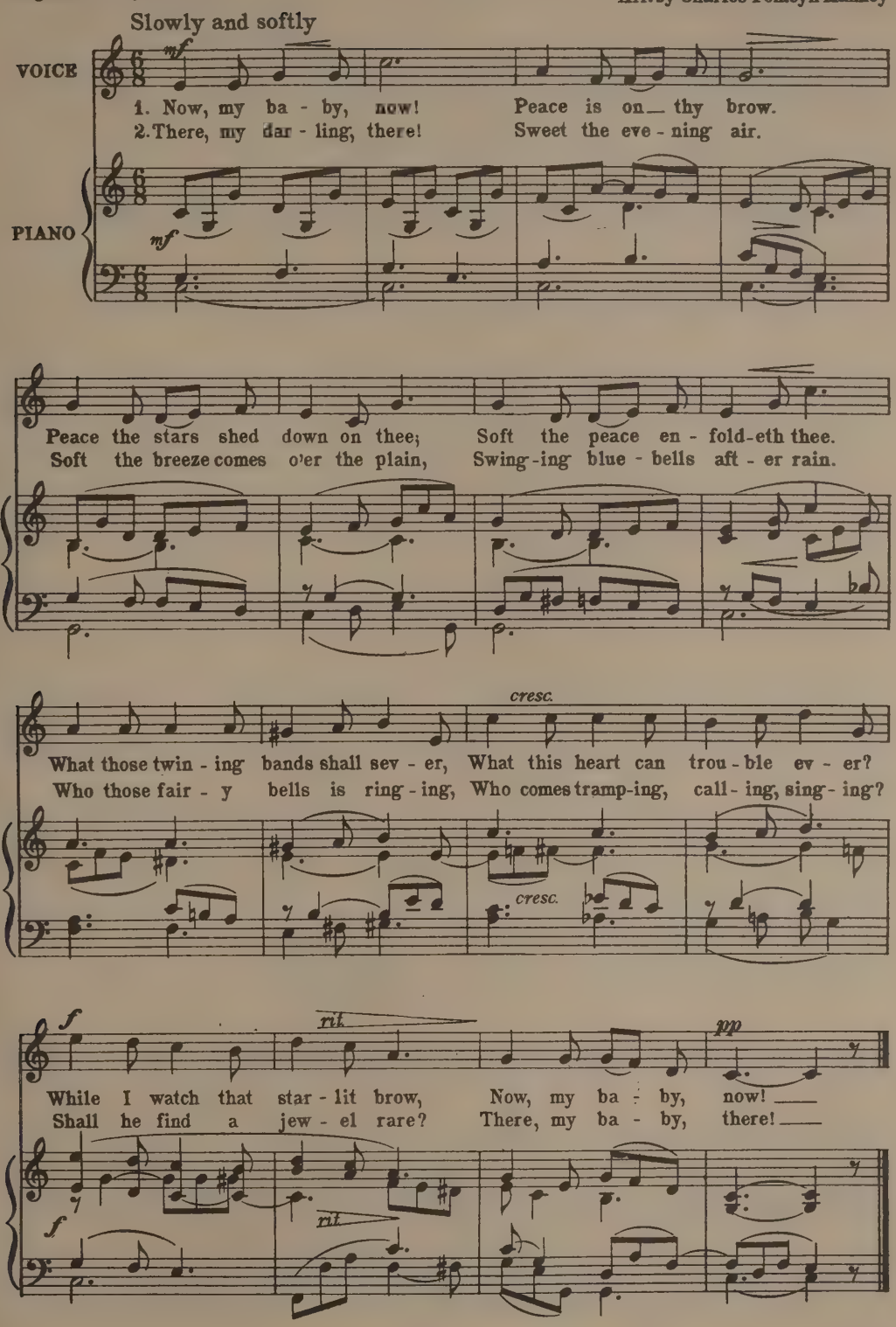
# DREAM-BABY

(Schlaf in gute Ruh')

*English words by E.Thatcher*

GERMAN LULLABY
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Slowly and softly
VOICE
PIANO
mf
1. Now, my ba - by, now! Peace is on thy brow.
2. There, my dar - ling, there! Sweet the eve - ning air.
Peace the stars shed down on thee; Soft the peace en - fold-eth thee.
Soft the breeze comes o'er the plain, Swing-ing blue - bells aft - er rain.
cresc.
What those twin - ing bands shall sev - er, What this heart can trou - ble ev - er?
Who those fair - y bells is ring - ing, Who comes tramp-ing, call - ing, sing - ing?
f
rit.
pp
While I watch that star - lit brow, Now, my ba - by, now!
Shall he find a jew - el rare? There, my ba - by, there!

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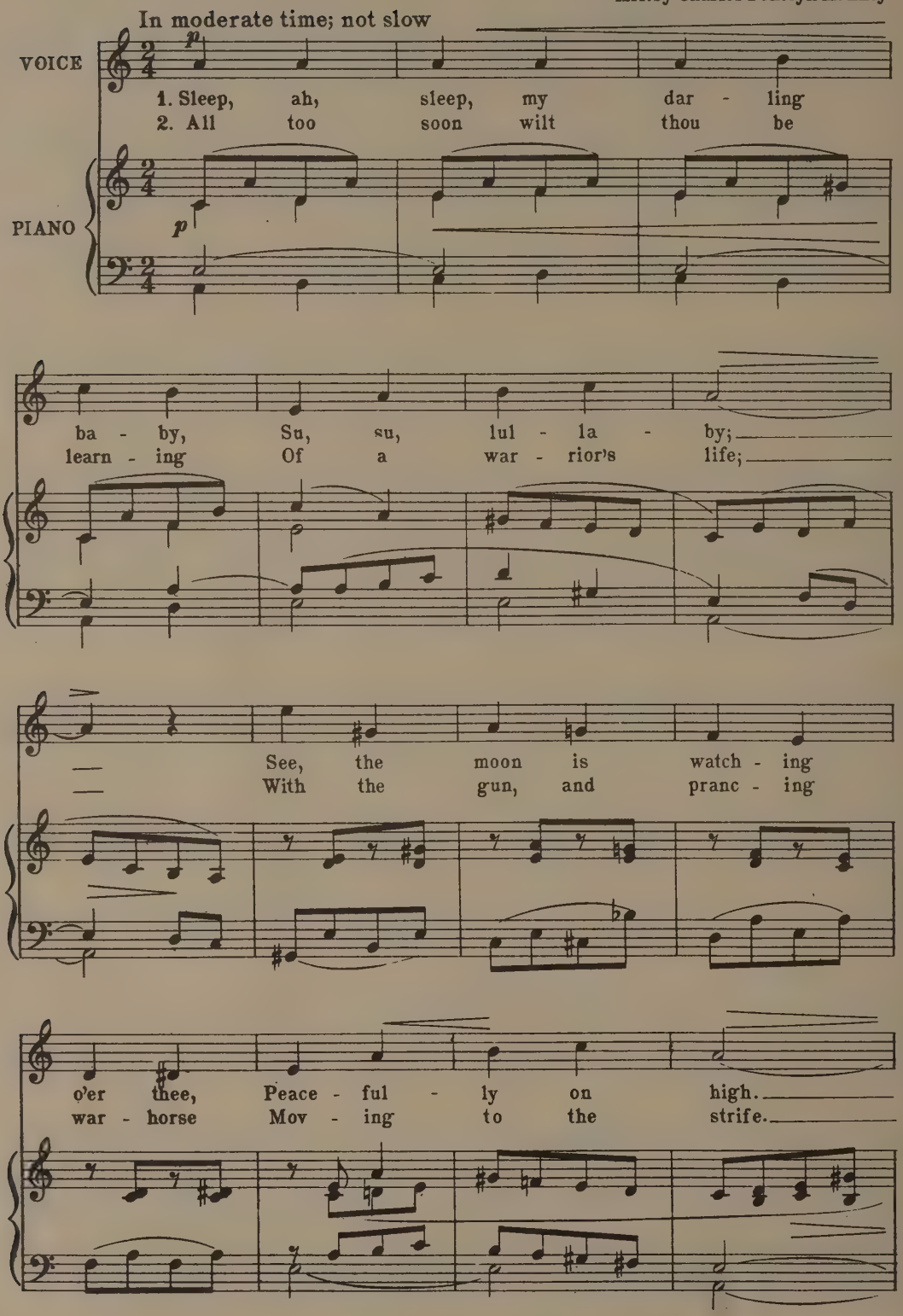
# LITTLE COSSACK

(RUSSIAN)

POPULAR LULLABY
Arr.by Charles Fonteyn Manney


In moderate time; not slow
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. Sleep, ah, sleep, my dar - ling
2. All too soon wilt thou be
ba - by, Su, su, lul - la - by;
learn - ing Of a war - rior's life;
See, the moon is watch - ing
With the gun, and pranc - ing
o'er thee, Peace - ful - ly on high.
war - horse Mov - ing to the strife.

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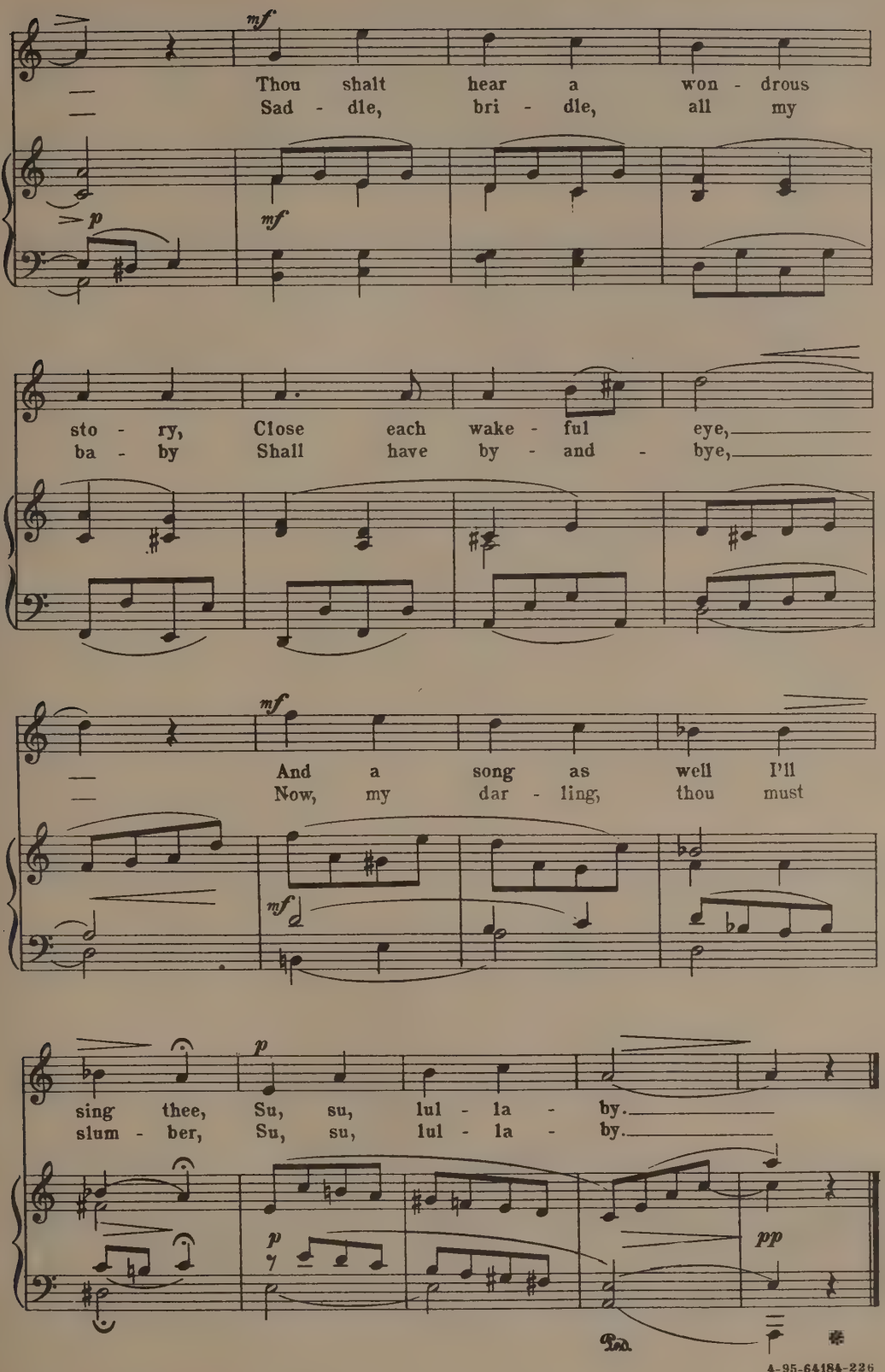

mf
Thou shalt hear a won - drous
Sad - dle, bri - dle, all my
p
mf
sto - ry, Close each wake - ful eye,
ba - by Shall have by - and - bye,
mf
And a song as well I'll
Now, my dar - ling, thou must
mf
p
sing thee, Su, su, lul - la - by.
slum - ber, Su, su, lul - la - by.
p
pp
Ped.

4-95-64184-226

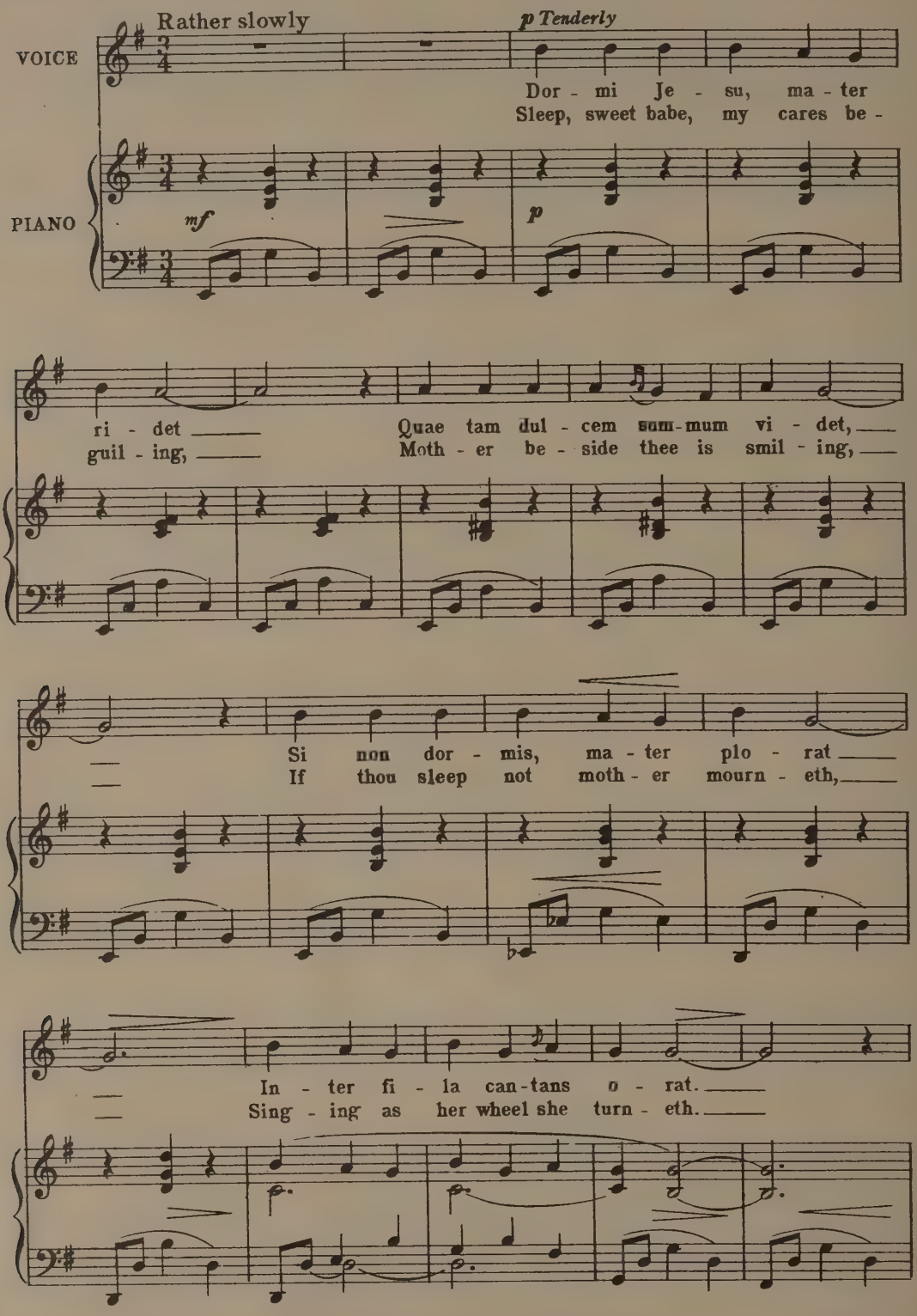
# DORMI

## (Sleep, sweet babe)

(CHILEAN)

Mediaeval Latin words
*English words by Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

POPULAR LULLABY
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Rather slowly
p Tenderly
VOICE
PIANO
mf
p
Dor - mi Je - su, ma - ter
Sleep, sweet babe, my cares be -
ri - det
guil - ing,
Quae tam dul - cem som - num vi - det,
Moth - er be - side thee is smil - ing,
Si non dor - mis, ma - ter plo - rat
If thou sleep not moth - er mourn - eth,
In - ter fi - la can - tans o - rat.
Sing - ing as her wheel she turn - eth.

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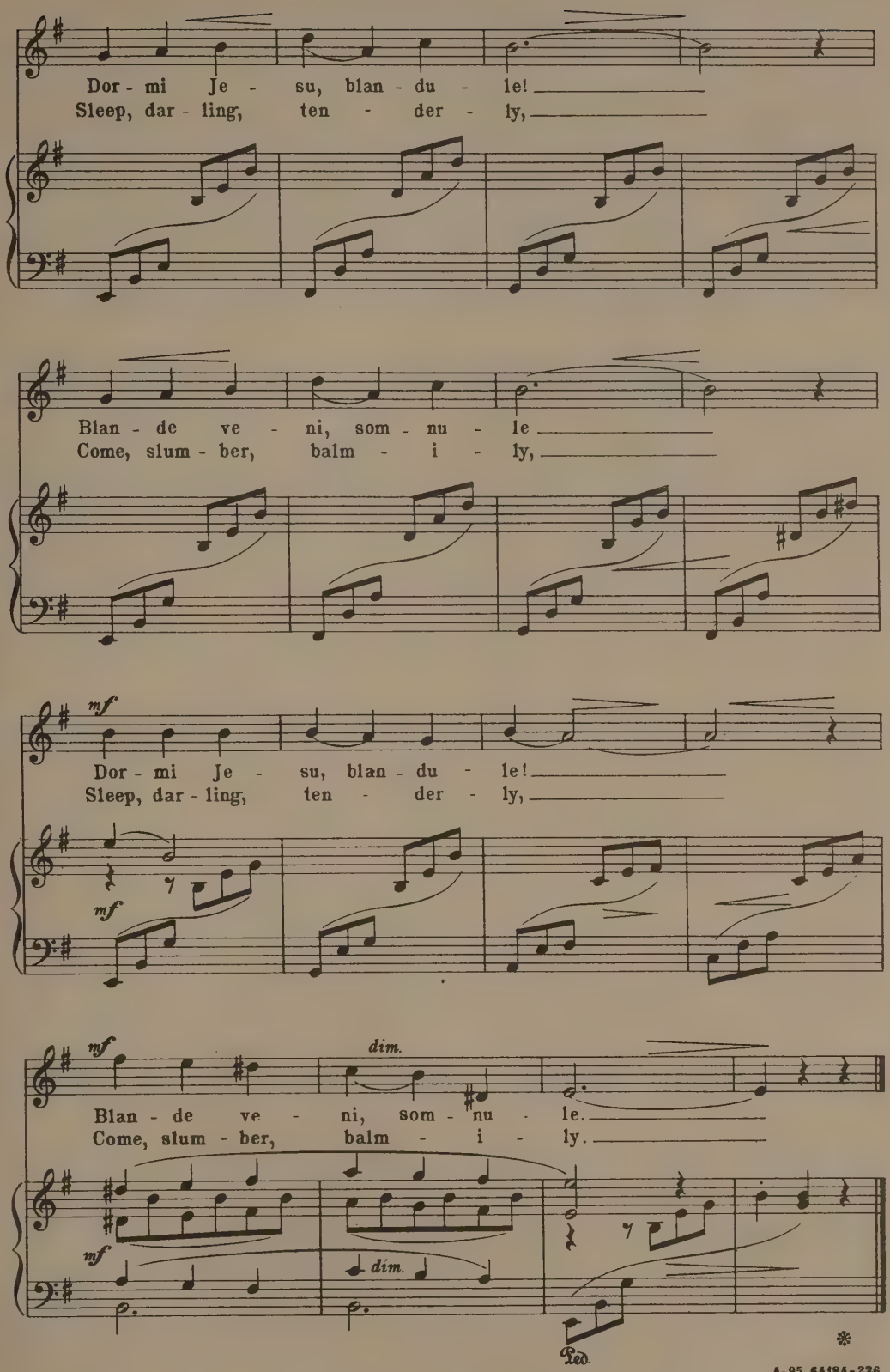
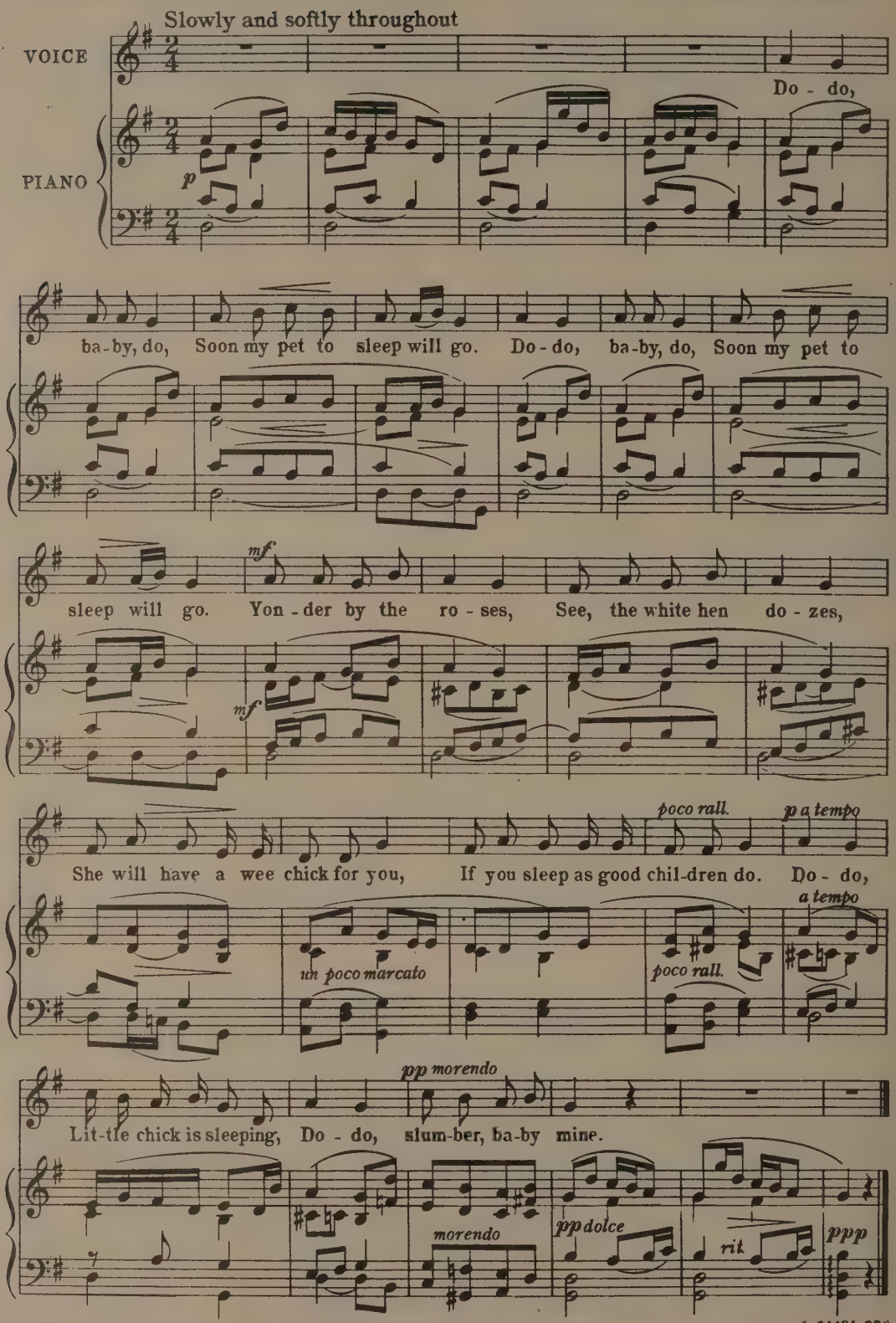

Dor - mi Je - su, blan - du - le!
Sleep, dar - ling, ten - der - ly,
Blan - de ve - ni, som - nu - le
Come, slum - ber, balm - i - ly,
mf
Dor - mi Je - su, blan - du - le!
Sleep, dar - ling, ten - der - ly,
mf
mf
dim.
Blan - de ve - ni, som - nu - le.
Come, slum - ber, balm - i - ly.
mf
dim.
Ped.

4-95-64184-226

# DODO, BABY, DO
(Dodo, l'enfant, do)

*English version by C.F.M.*

OLD FRENCH LULLABY
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney


Slowly and softly throughout
VOICE
PIANO
p
Do - do,
ba-by, do, Soon my pet to sleep will go. Do - do, ba-by, do, Soon my pet to
mf
sleep will go. Yon - der by the ro - ses, See, the white hen do - zes,
mf
poco rall.
p a tempo
She will have a wee chick for you, If you sleep as good chil-dren do. Do - do,
a tempo
un poco marcato
poco rall.
pp morendo
Lit-tle chick is sleeping, Do - do, slum-ber, ba-by mine.
morendo
pp dolce
rit
ppp

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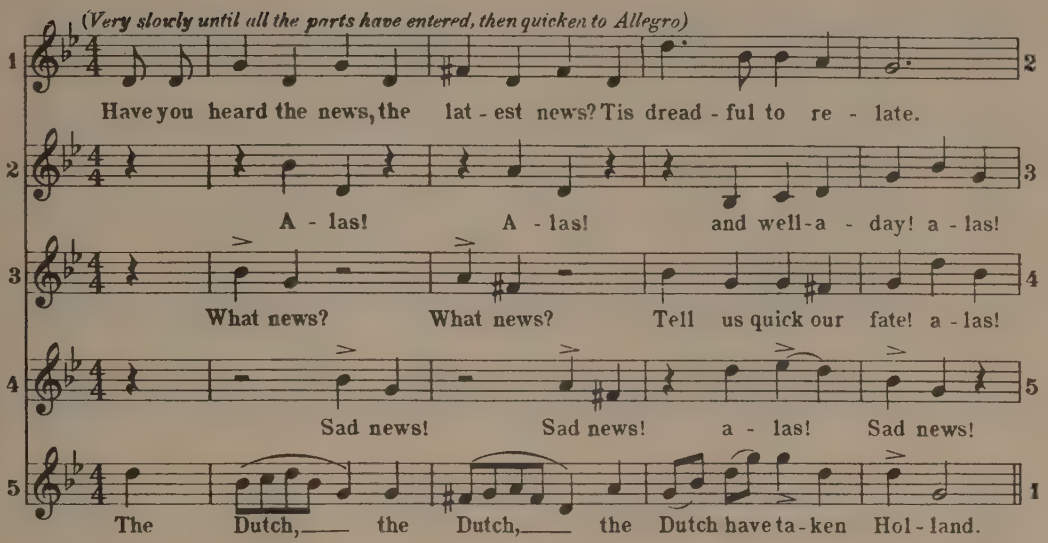
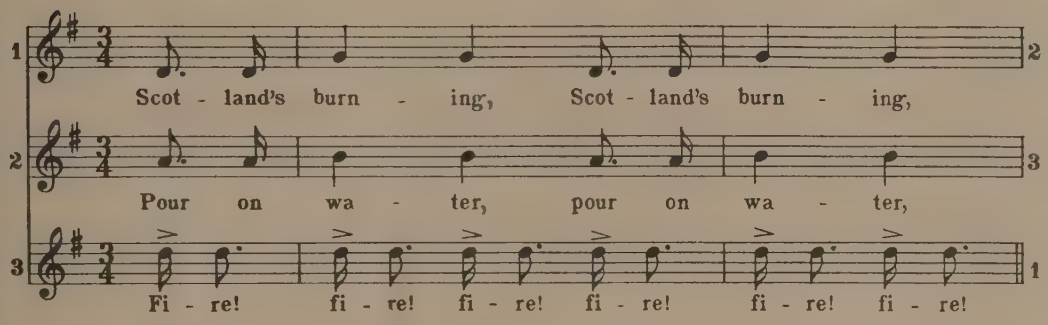
## HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?

(CATCH)


(Very slowly until all the parts have entered, then quicken to Allegro)
1 Have you heard the news, the lat - est news? Tis dread - ful to re - late. 2
2 A - las! A - las! and well-a - day! a - las! 3
3 What news? What news? Tell us quick our fate! a - las! 4
4 Sad news! Sad news! a - las! Sad news! 5
5 The Dutch, the Dutch, the Dutch have ta - ken Hol - land. 1

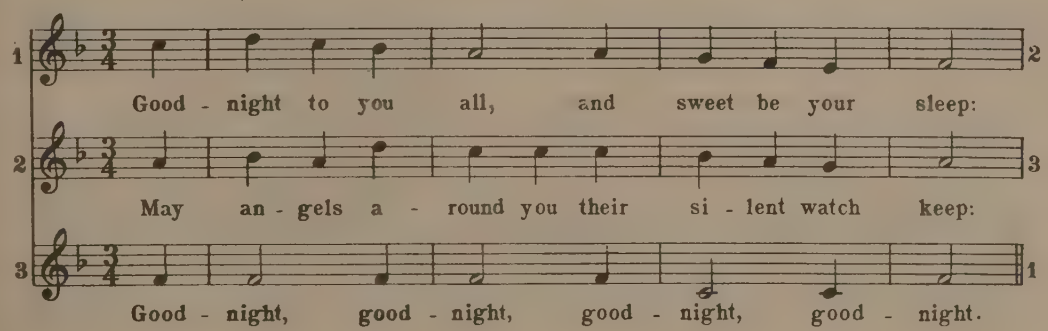
## SCOTLAND'S BURNING

(CATCH)




## GOOD NIGHT

(ROUND)


1 Good - night to you all, and sweet be your sleep: 2
2 May an - gels a - round you their si - lent watch keep: 3
3 Good - night, good - night, good - night, good - night. 1

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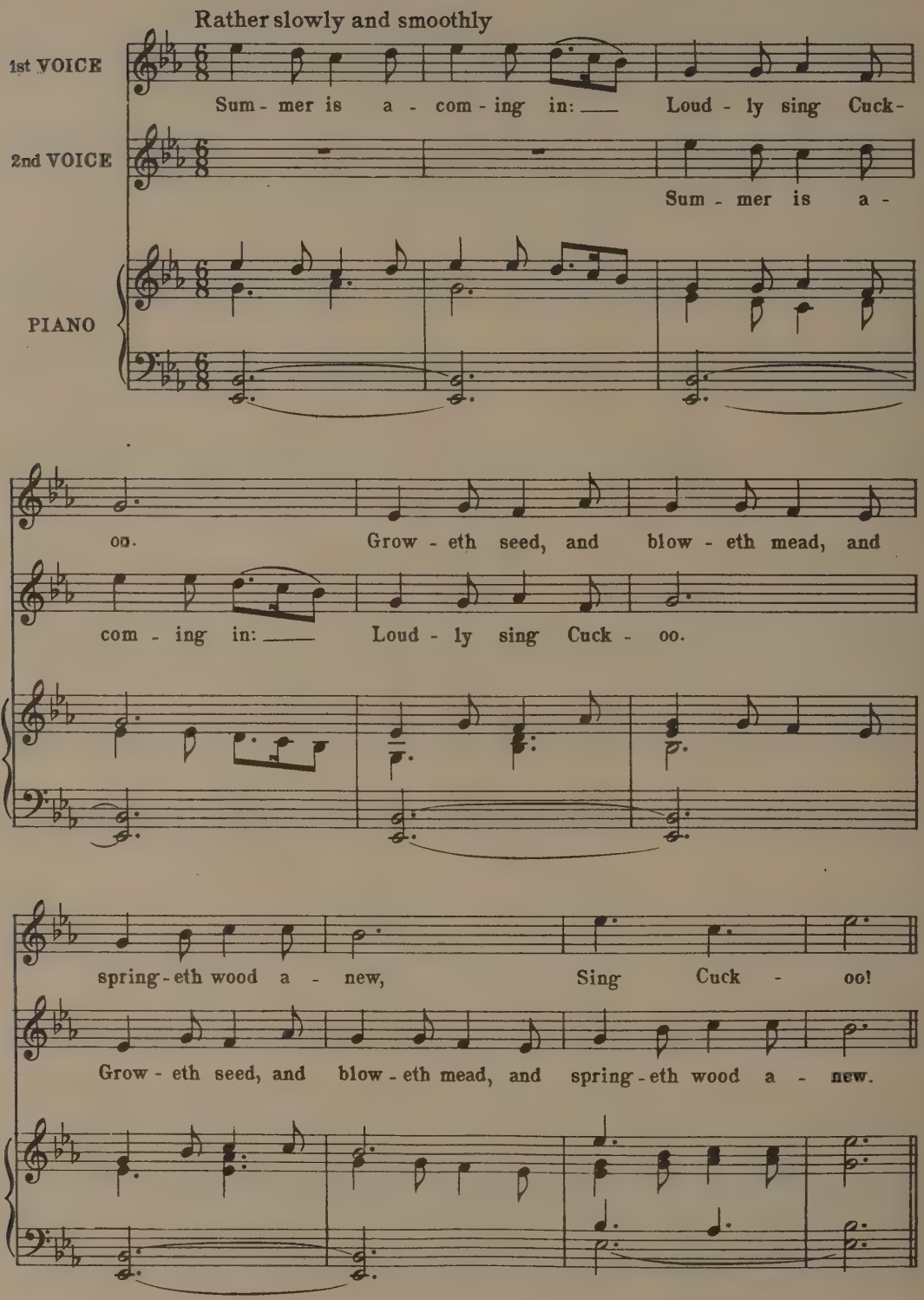
# SUMMER IS A-COMING IN

(CANON)

OLD ENGLISH (13th century)
Arr. by Gerard Barton


Rather slowly and smoothly
1st VOICE
2nd VOICE
PIANO
Sum - mer is a - com - ing in: Loud - ly sing Cuck -
Sum - mer is a -
oo. Grow - eth seed, and blow - eth mead, and
com - ing in: Loud - ly sing Cuck - oo.
spring - eth wood a - new, Sing Cuck - oo!
Grow - eth seed, and blow - eth mead, and spring - eth wood a - new.

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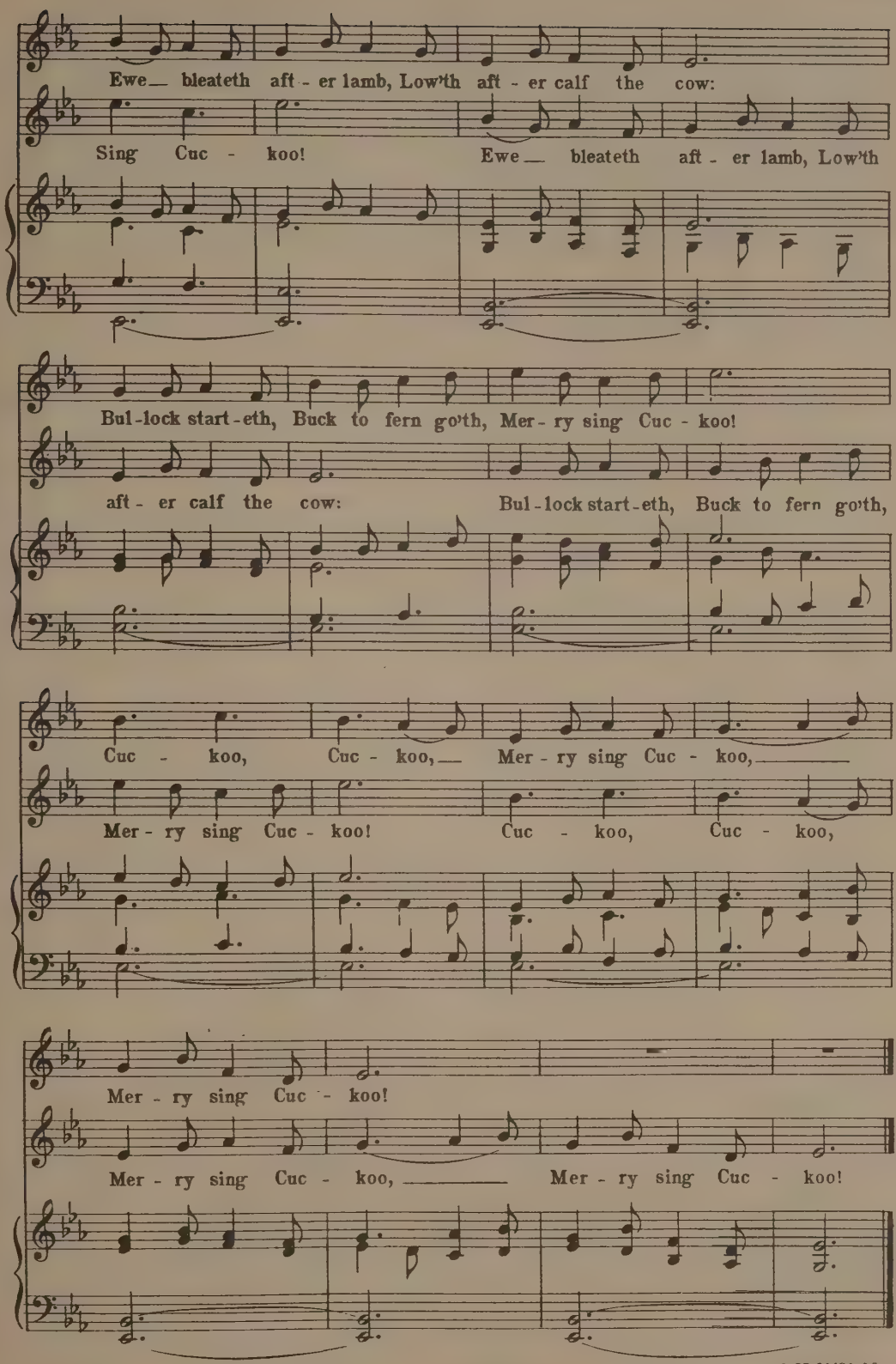
Ewe bleateth aft - er lamb, Low'th aft - er calf the cow:
Sing Cuc - koo! Ewe bleateth aft - er lamb, Low'th
Bul-lock start-eth, Buck to fern go'th, Mer - ry sing Cuc - koo!
aft - er calf the cow: Bul-lock start-eth, Buck to fern go'th,
Cuc - koo, Cuc - koo, Mer - ry sing Cuc - koo,
Mer - ry sing Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo, Cuc - koo,
Mer - ry sing Cuc - koo!
Mer - ry sing Cuc - koo, Mer - ry sing Cuc - koo!

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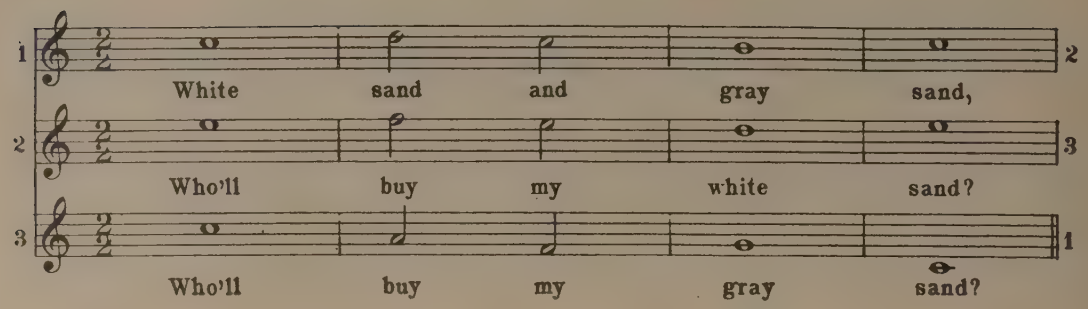
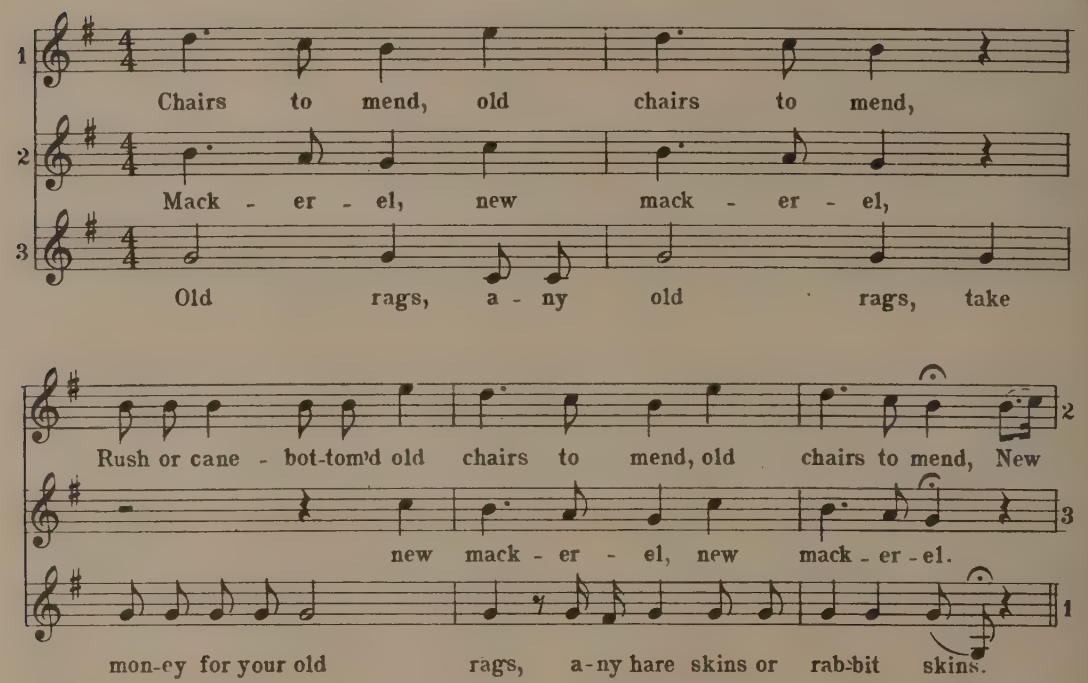
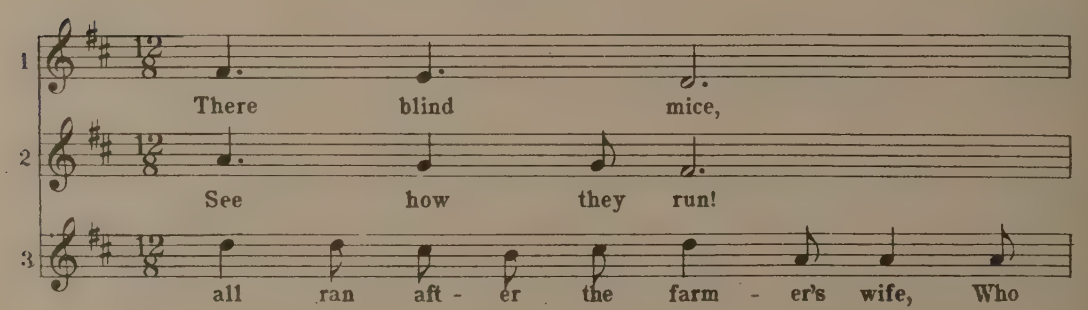
## WHITE SAND AND GRAY SAND
(ROUND)




## CHAIRS TO MEND!
(CATCH)


1
Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend,
2
Mack - er - el, new mack - er - el,
3
Old rags, a - ny old rags, take
Rush or cane - bot-tom'd old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend, New
2
new mack - er - el, new mack - er - el.
3
mon-ey for your old rags, a-ny hare skins or rab-bit skins.
1

## THREE BLIND MICE
(ROUND)

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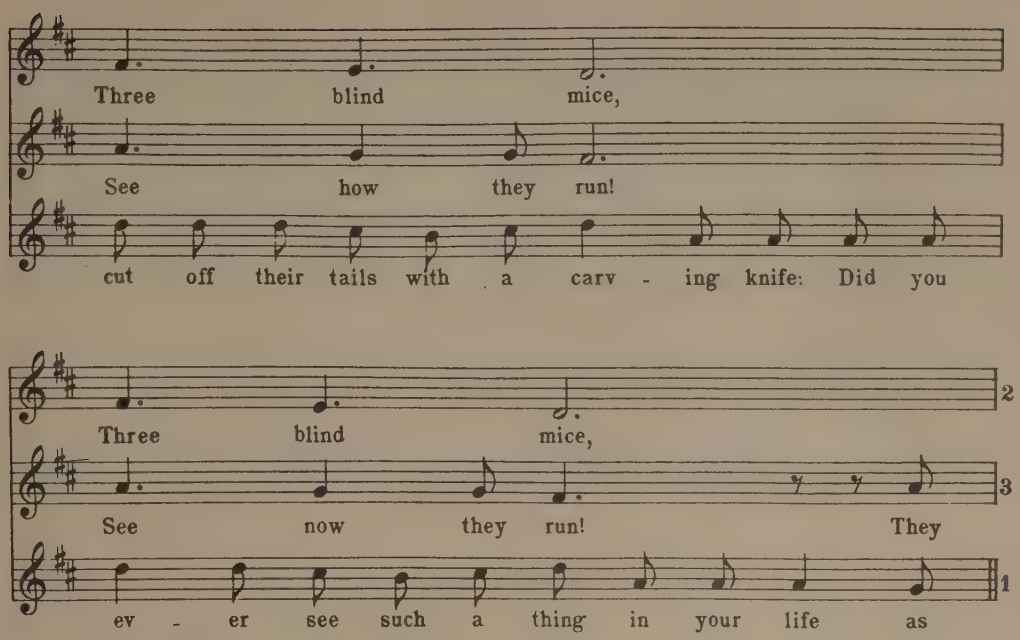
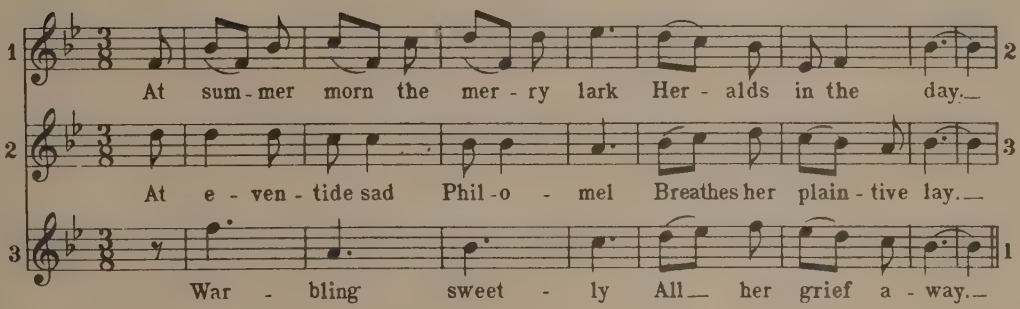

Three blind mice,
See how they run!
cut off their tails with a carv - ing knife: Did you
Three blind mice,
See now they run! They
ev - er see such a thing in your life as

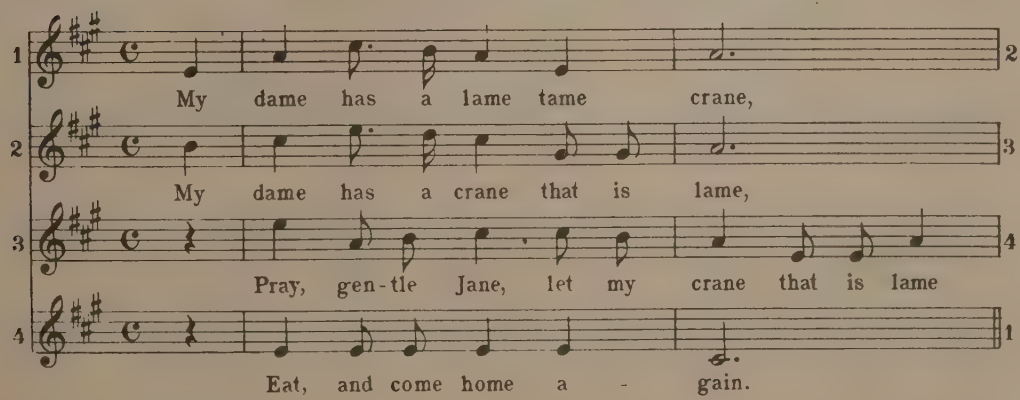
## AT SUMMER MORN

(ROUND)


At sum - mer morn the mer - ry lark Her - alds in the day.
At e - ven - tide sad Phil - o - mel Breathes her plain - tive lay.
War - bling sweet - ly All her grief a - way.

## MY DAME HAS A LAME TAME CRANE

(ROUND)


My dame has a lame tame crane,
My dame has a crane that is lame,
Pray, gen - tle Jane, let my crane that is lame
Eat, and come home a - gain.

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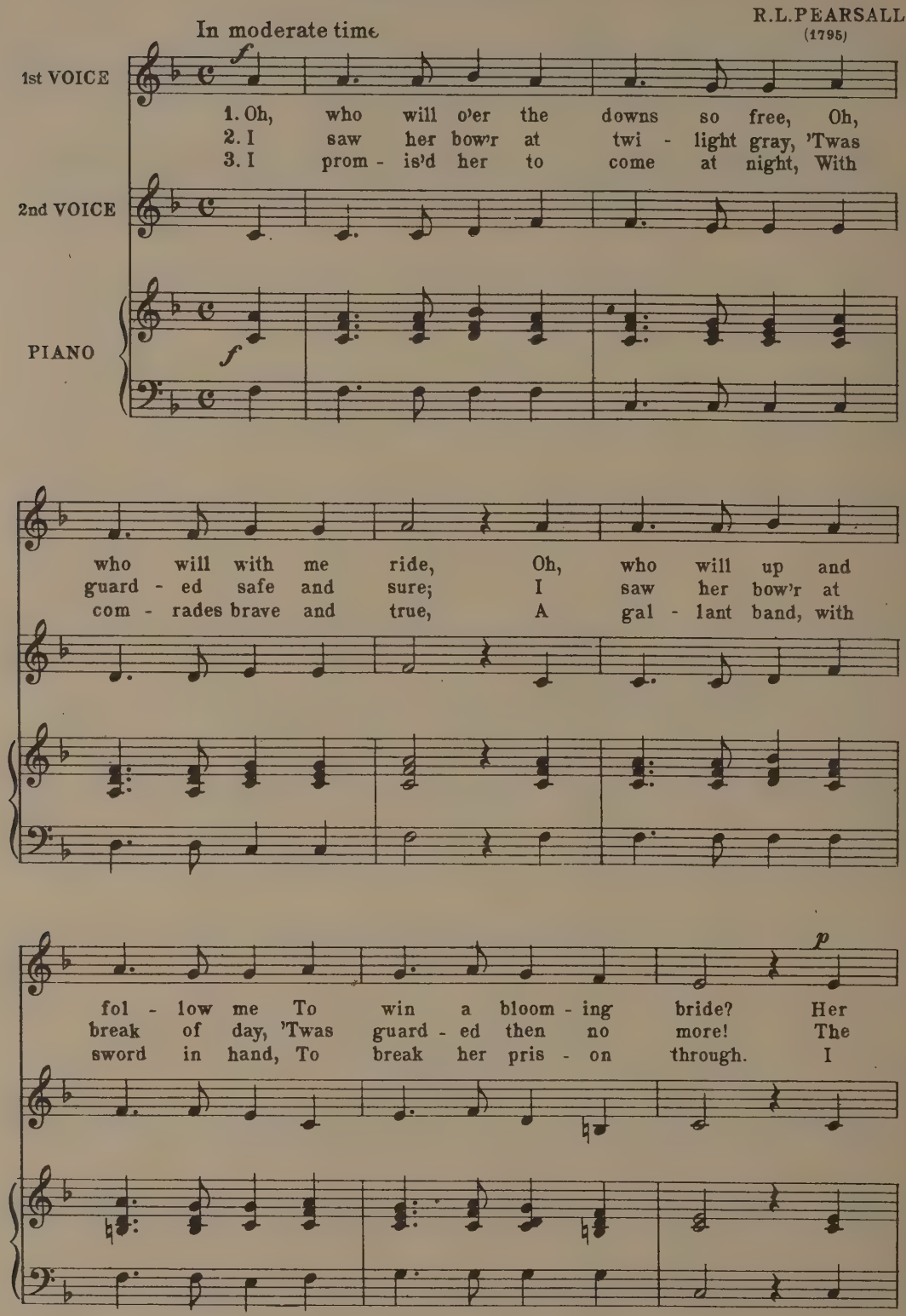
# OH, WHO WILL O'ER THE DOWNS SO FREE

(Two-Part Song)

R.L.PEARSALL
(1795)


In moderate time
1st VOICE
2nd VOICE
PIANO
1. Oh, who will o'er the downs so free, Oh,
2. I saw her bow'r at twi - light gray, 'Twas
3. I prom - is'd her to come at night, With
who will with me ride, Oh, who will up and
guard - ed safe and sure; I saw her bow'r at
com - rades brave and true, A gal - lant band, with
fol - low me To win a bloom - ing bride? Her
break of day, 'Twas guard - ed then no more! The
sword in hand, To break her pris - on through. I

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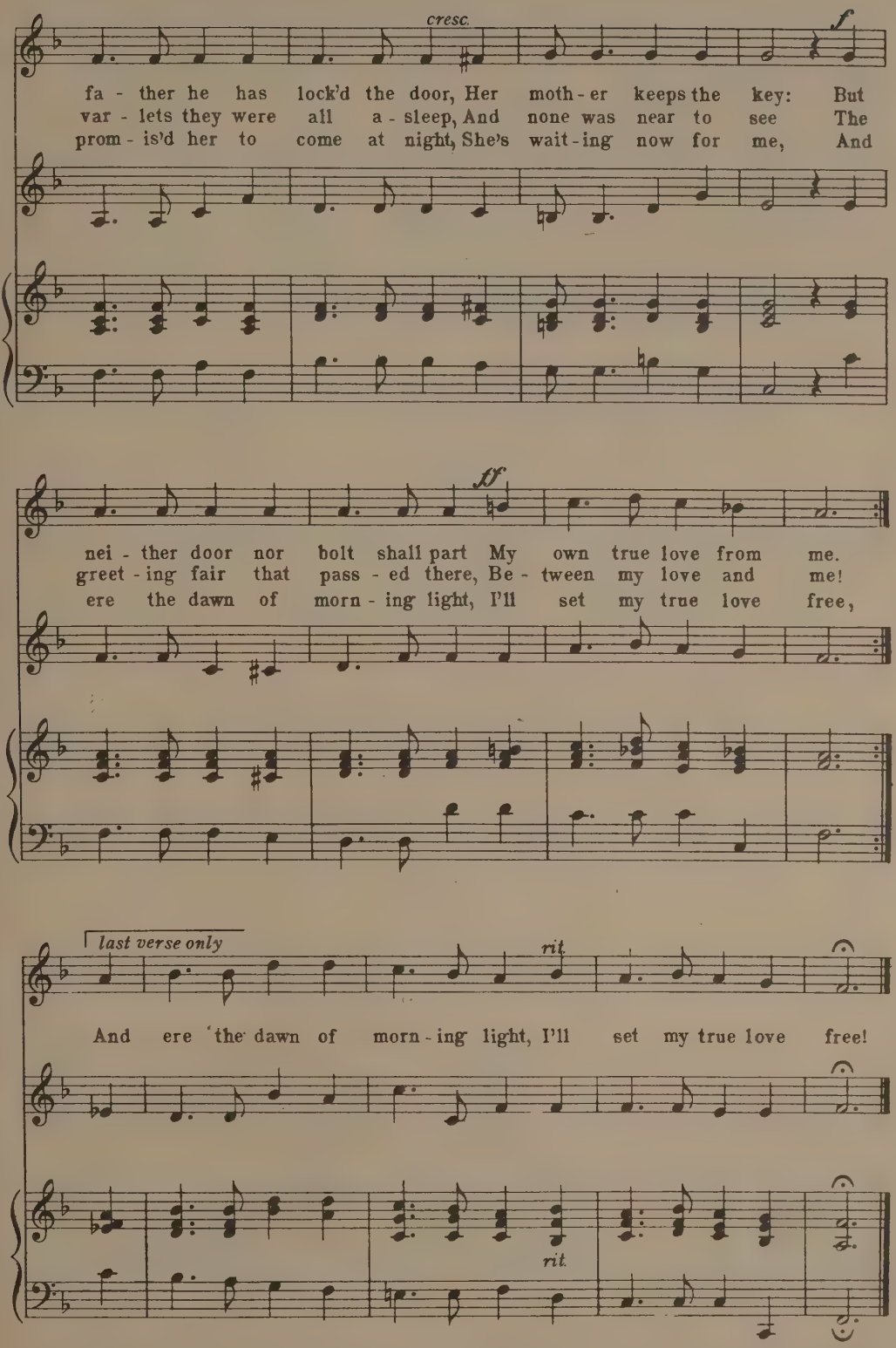

cresc.
f
fa - ther he has lock'd the door, Her moth - er keeps the key: But
var - lets they were all a - sleep, And none was near to see The
prom - is'd her to come at night, She's wait - ing now for me, And
ff
nei - ther door nor bolt shall part My own true love from me.
greet - ing fair that pass - ed there, Be - tween my love and me!
ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love free,
last verse only
rit.
And ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love free!
rit.

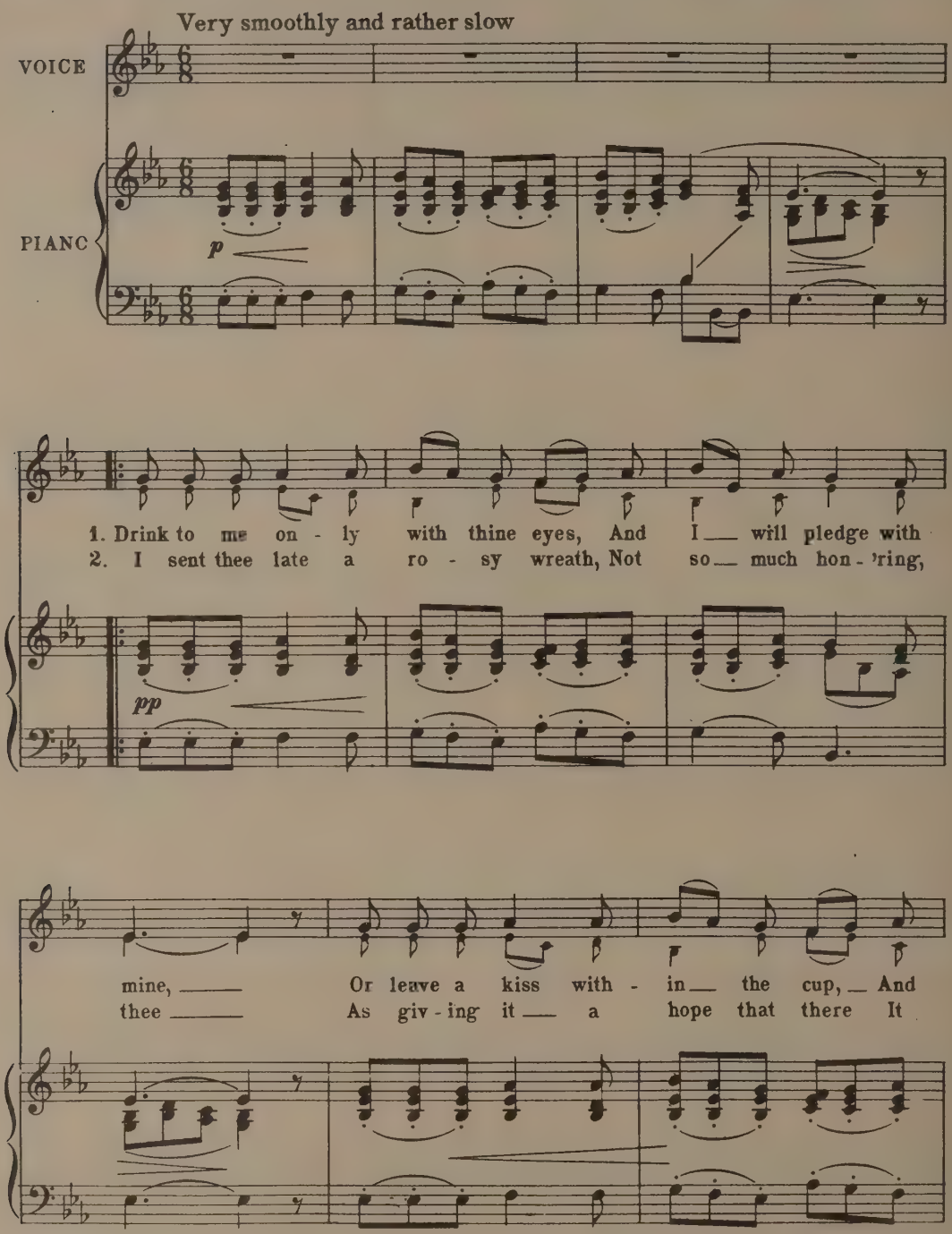
4-95-64184-226

# DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

(Two-Part Song)

BEN JONSON (1573-1637)

OLD ENGLISH AIR (Date uncertain)
Edited by W.A.F.


Very smoothly and rather slow
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring,
pp
mine, Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And
thee As giv - ing it a hope that there It

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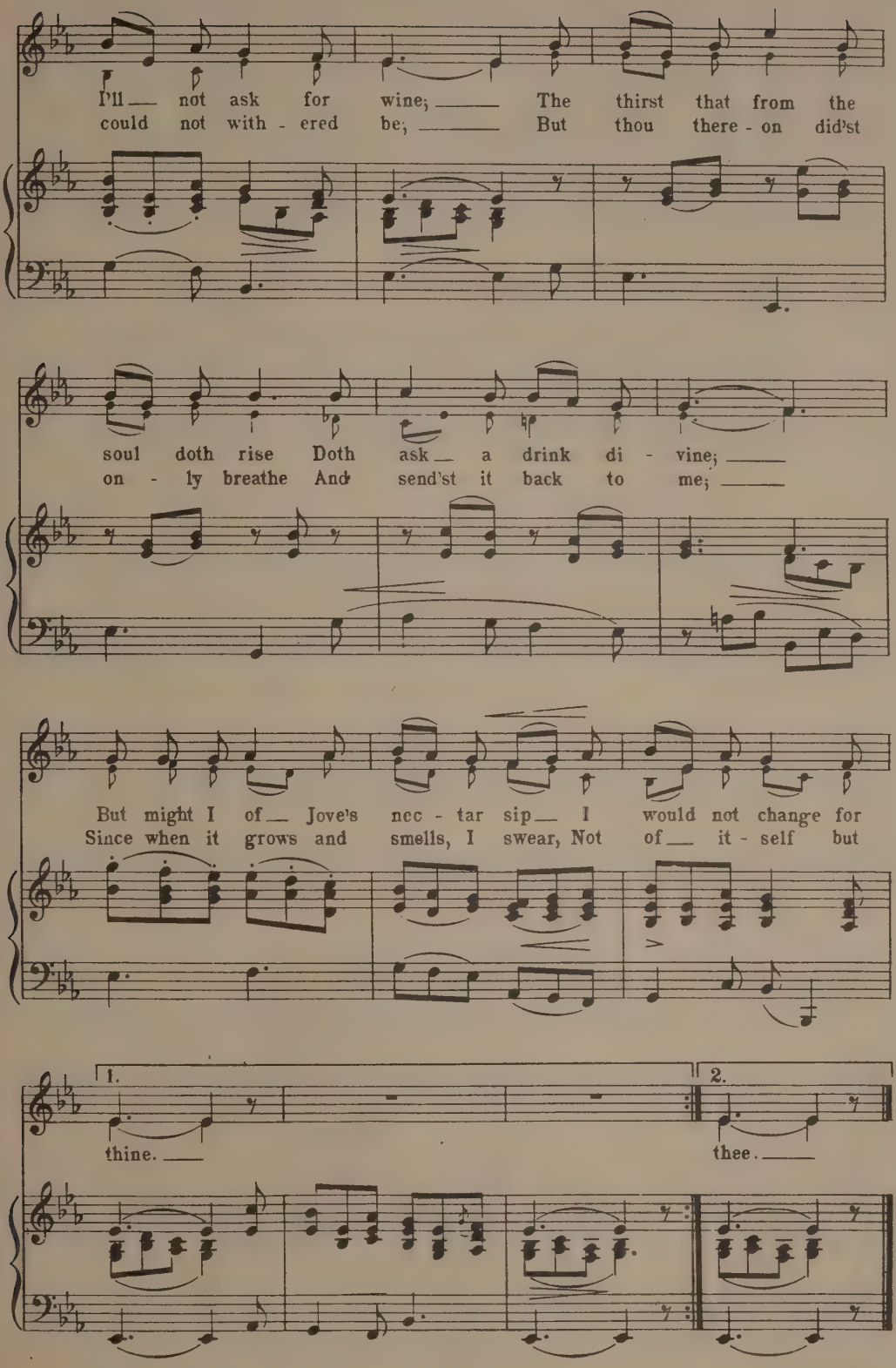
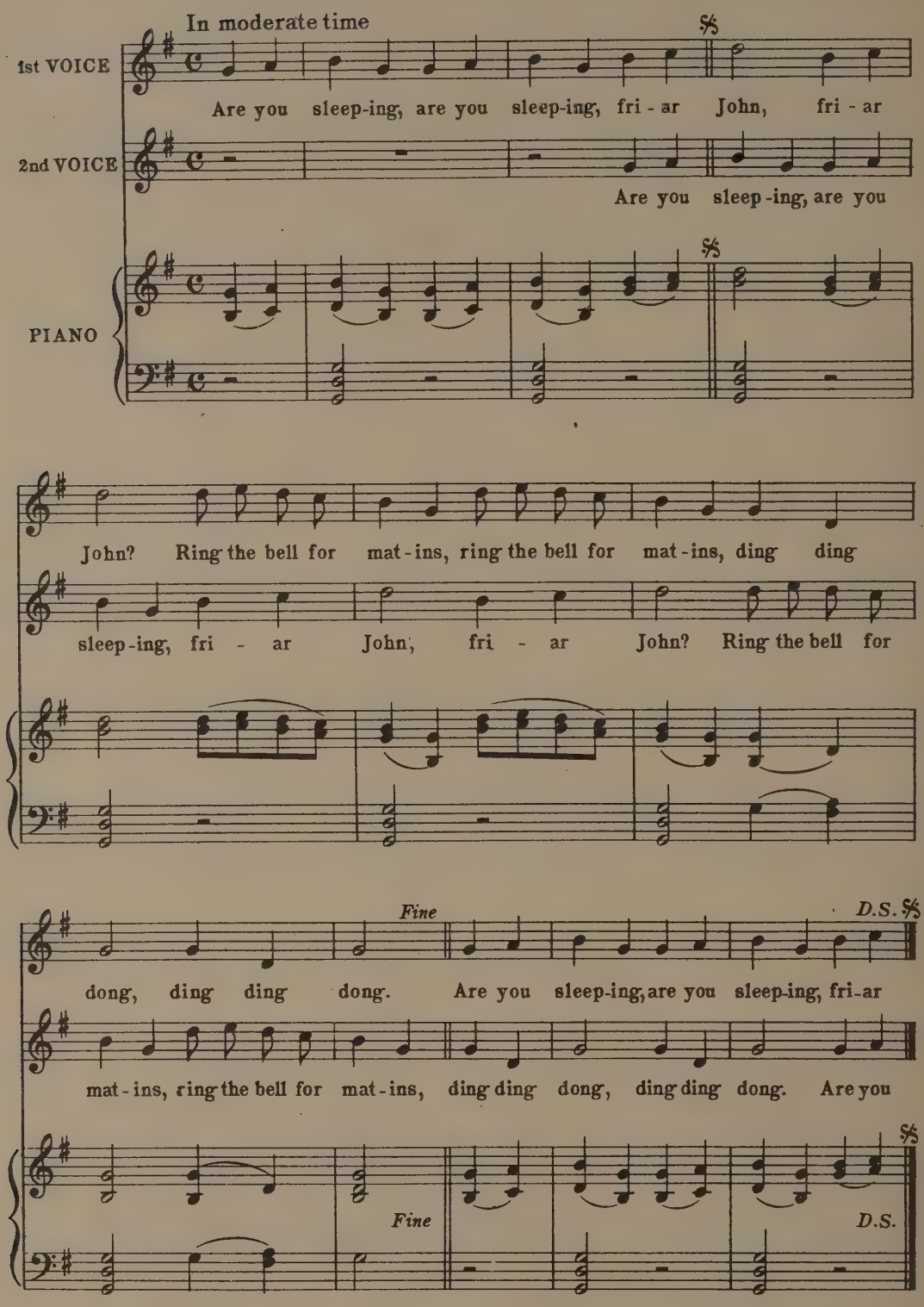

I'll not ask for wine; The thirst that from the
could not with - ered be; But thou there - on did'st
soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine;
on - ly breathe And send'st it back to me;
But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip I would not change for
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but
1.
thine.
2.
thee.

# FRIAR JOHN

(CANON)

OLD FRENCH


In moderate time
1st VOICE
Are you sleep-ing, are you sleep-ing, fri - ar John, fri - ar
2nd VOICE
Are you sleep-ing, are you
PIANO
John? Ring the bell for mat-ins, ring the bell for mat-ins, ding ding
sleep-ing, fri - ar John, fri - ar John? Ring the bell for
Fine
D.S.
dong, ding ding dong. Are you sleep-ing, are you sleep-ing, fri-ar
mat-ins, ring the bell for mat-ins, ding ding dong, ding ding dong. Are you
Fine
D.S.

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